64 SB71

THE VALLEY OF PEACE

Scrap Book

64 SB71

God bless this sea beat Island
And grant for ever more
That Charity & Freedom dwell
As now, upon her shore

Stanley N. Swift
A Consct 1943

The Path to Sankoty

By BLISS CARMAN

ass.

er 13, 1943

From cape to cape, is her hammock shape
Swung out on the ocean's blue.

On her peaceful breast, is a realm of rest,
For the weary ones of earth
And to all who reach her tranquil beach
She giveth a newer birth.

In her balmy air is a perfume rare
As from heavenly gardens blown
While in summer hours bloom myriad flowers,
On her moorlands weird and lone.

The Path to Sankoty

By BLISS CARMAN

It winds along the headlands
Above the open sea—
The lonely moorland footpath
That leads to Sankoty.

The crooning sea spreads sailless
And gray to the world's rim,
Where hang the reeking fog-banks
Primordial and dim.

There fret the ceaseless currents,
And the eternal tide
Chafes over hidden shallows
Where the white horses ride.

The wistful, fragrant moorlands
Whose smile bids panic cease,
Lie treeless and cloud-shadowed
In grave and lonely peace.

Across their flowering bosom,
From the far end of day
Blow clean the great soft moor-winds
All sweet with rose and bay.

A world as large and simple
As first emerged for man,
Cleared for the human drama,
Before the play began.

O well the soul must treasure
The calm that sets it free—
The vast and tender skyline,
The sea-turn's wizardry.

Solace of swaying grasses,
The friendship of sweet-fern—
And in the world's confusion
Remembering, must yearn

To tread the moorland footpath
That leads to Sankoty,
Hearing the field-lark's shrilling
Beside the sailless sea.

ass.

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Sconset, Mass.

September 13, 1943

Afar from the strife of the great world's life,
Lies the Isle, that my boyhood knew,
From cape to cape, is her hammock shape
Swung out on the ocean's blue.

On her peaceful breast, is a realm of rest,
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And to all who reach her tranquil beach
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As from heavenly gardens blown
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SCONSET BY-THE-SEA

A queer old fisher village by the sea,
With long low-lying sand, where great waves boom
And break the whole year through. Wide moors
Rich with gold gorse and purple heather bloom.

The grass grown, straggling streets run in and out
Past houses weather stained and strange to see;
Built in the fashion of a sailor's heart,
Like to a ship as what's on land can be.

And all in front, each house-wife's care and pride,
A tiny garden. Rows of Poppies red,
Gay flaunting Hollyhocks and Mignonette,
And good old fashioned "Jump-Ups" rear their head.

Quaint folk, with many a tale of bygone days,
When men sailed off, and sometimes came no more;
When women stayed at home to work and wait,
And wear their hearts out on that smiling shore.

The romance of those other braver days,
Hangs like a halo round the queer old town;
Shouts in the wind that comes across the sea;
Sighs in the wind that comes across the down.

Look out across the tumbling surf toward Spain
On some clear lazy golden summer day,
A vague mirage of towers and battlements—
It is a place to dream one's life away.

JEAN WRIGHT.

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Reaches of Sand.

Reaches of sand where the beach grass grows,
Reaches of sand where the sea wind blows,
Reaches of sand---oh, nobody knows
How soft and warm it is to the toes
Unless he has been in 'Sconset.

'Round it the ocean lies like a band;
He smooths it down with a lover hand,
He brings in tribute from every land
And lays it here on reaches of sand
Built by himself in 'Sconset.

From 'way up north at Sankaty Light
To the southern edge where surges bite,
In the heat of noon or cool of night,
These reaches of sand are one delight
To all who come to 'Sconset.

---Abbie Fosdick Ransom.

'Sconset

DID you ever hear of 'Sconset, where there's nothing much but moors,
And beach and sea and silence and eternal out-of-doors,
Where the azure round of ocean meets the paler dome of day.
Where the sailing clouds of summer on the sea-line melt away,
And there's not an ounce of trouble
Anywhere?

Where the field larks in the morning will be crying at the door,
With the whisper of the moor-wind and the surf along the shore;
Where the little shingled houses down the little grassy street
Are grey with salt of sea-winds, and the strong sea-air is sweet
With the flowers in the door-yards; me for there!

Courtesy of "Life"

—Bliss Carman

'SCONSET BELOVED.

Sweet tangled swamps where the orchids bloom,
Peat-smoke, wild roses and scents of the sea,
Soft through the dusk the dear village lights,
'Sconset beloved, heart's greeting to thee!

Thy white curving shore is the threshold of day,
Down at Low Beach night's wings are unfurled,
Over Tom Nevers the moon sails away
Through the sweetest air in the whole wide world.

Scrub oaks and pines on the frank, free downs,
Cool silver ponds where the wild ducks rest
And swaying reeds whisper to listening ears
"Here is life simplest and truest and best."

Evening and morning and turn of the tide,
Ah, falling leaves, and the sad plover's cry!
An ache in the heart for the west tide serves,
'Sconset beloved, good bye, good bye!

Mary Starbuck.

In 'Sconset.

The jubilant meadow lark's throat is atune
With joy of the sunlight, of day dreams and June;
The daisy clad moorlands slope down to the sea
Where surges are calling forever to me.

A trudge through the sands or a walk on the bluff,
A stroll on the moors with the wind blowing rough,
Then indoors to sit while the fog thickens up,
With a book and a lamp with something to sup.

I eat like a pirate, I sleep like old Rip
And wake like a child with a smile on the lip;
There's nothing but gladness and wonderful rest
And all that is sweetest and dearest and best.

---Abbie Fosdick Ransom.

A Souvenir of Siasconset

Abbie Fosdick Ransom
Sept 1911

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A Souvenir of Siasconset.

Siasconset, Siasconset,
There's a magic in the name,
For it conjures up a village
Where the streets are all the same;
All the houses, quaint and cosy,
Covered thick with ivy vines
Or the crimson rambler roses
Steep your senses in their wines.

And the azure sky is smiling,
And the azure sea invites,
Where the surf is singing, sighing,
Morning, noon and moonlit nights;
Where the loose, wet sand is shifting
You have lured our childhood back
And have turned Time's wrinkled finger
Toward the dawning of his track.

Far across the misty moorlands
We have watched the sun sink low
We have seen your starry heaven
Seen your beacon fires glow;
We have felt the years slip from us,
Till we lost our every care
And we breathed a "Now I lay me"
From a heart unused to prayer.

Copyright applied for — Abbie Fosdick Ransom.

DO YOU KNOW MY GARDEN?

Do you know my garden?
Oh, it's wonderful in the morning;
Dear, if you could only come,
You would see the roses open to the drowsy bee's soft hum,
There's a dear little pond with goldfish,
There are marigolds tipped with dew:
Oh, I wish you could know my garden,
For my garden was made for you.

Do you know my garden?
Oh, it's wonderful in the evening:
When the light begins to fade,
And the fairies dance in the shadows the waving trees have made,
There's a nightingale serenading
In the height of his throne above:
Oh, I know you would love my garden,
For my garden was made for love.

(over)

Flowers or bush or tree,
He who watches patiently
The growth from nurtured sod
Who thrills at newly-opened bloom
Is very close to God."

Upon a beauteous, living scroll his
brief
For immortality."

COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND TEXTILE MILL AGENTS

KNIT UNDERWEAR

ALL PRICES QUOTED SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE, AND ANY ORDERS RECEIVED BY US SUBJECT TO OUR ACCEPTANCE

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

D

Used to love my garden
But now my love is dead
And found a batchellors button
In block eyed Susan's bed

The
Climbing roses of Oconset, are joyful sisters
who
could never say, No. to a bee

They
are astoundingly prolific
And
Wantonly cheerful - but not the pure type
They
have remarkable staying powers
And
bloom passionately all summer
And
encourage the bees till they die

KNIT UNDERWEAR

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AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

"Gardens"

(Author Unknown)

"Gardens are such friendly things!
They set the neighbors calling,
'Don't you want some zinnia seed?'
Or, 'Rain will soon be falling.
See, my marigolds are up!
Your sweet peas—are they growing?'
Pretty soon you've got a friend
Almost without your knowing.

"Little paths across the grass
Link you to your neighbor.
You just have to go and see
The products of his labor.
Gardens are such friendly things;
They raise much more than flowers.
Friendships true and kind and strong
Spring from garden hours."

"Spring Song"

By DANA BURNET

"Who, walking in the world, shall see
New green upon a white birch tree—
Let him look up as he passes by,
For there is beauty to his eye.

"And who walks where a brook is flowing
And comes upon wild iris growing—
Let him be stopped, and let him stand,
For there is beauty to his hand.

"But who, in the drawn dusk, shall hear
A wood-thrush singing love and cheer—
Let him be healed, let him be whole,
For there is beauty to his soul."

"He Who Owns a Garden"

BY KATHERINE EDELMAN

"He who owns a garden,
However small it be,
Whose hands have planted in it
Flowers or bush or tree,
He who watches patiently
The growth from nurtured sod
Who thrills at newly-opened bloom
Is very close to God."

"Results and Roses"

By EDGAR A. GUEST

"The man who wants a garden fair,
Or small or very big,
With flowers growing here and there,
Must bend his back and dig.
"The things are mighty few on earth
That wishes can attain.
Whate'er we want of any worth
We've got to work to gain.
"It matters not what goal you seek,
Its secret here reposes:
You've got to dig from week to week
To get Results or Roses."

"Making A Garden"

"Man ploughs and plants and digs and weeds,
He works with hoe and spade;
God sends the sun and rain and air,
And thus a garden's made.
He must be proud who tills the soil
And turns the heavy sod;
How wonderful a thing to be
In partnership with God."

"Who Makes A Garden"

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

"Who rears four walls around a little plot,
Some still secluded spot,
And digs and sows therein, has done a thing
Beyond his reckoning.
In one small fended space
Beauty and deep, untellable content
Make their abiding place,
And measureless peace is pent.
There time takes note of tender happenings:
The shimmer of a butterfly's blue wings
Above the clustered phlox:
A spider's will to work a miracle
Between two hollyhocks;
A hidden cricket's humble prophecies,
A brown bird by a pool, and all that goes
Into the lovely lifetime of a rose;
A pansy's lore, and little questing bees'
Strange, sweet biographies.

"Who makes a garden plans beyond his knowing.
Old roads are lost, old dwellings have their day,
And he himself, far summoned, passed hence
On unfamiliar way;—
But lo, he has not perished with his going!
For year by year, as April's heart is stirred,
Spring after punctual spring,
Across the little acre's wintry gray
Comes, slowly traced, an old, authentic word
In radiant lettering;
A shining script of tendril, vine and whorl—
New green, pale gold, clear lavender, and pearl,
Petal by delicate petal, leaf by leaf . . .
As though his own hand, from the mystery,
Wrote for all earth to see,
Upon a beauteous, living scroll his brief
For immortality."

THE LAWS OF SIASCONSET.

A ballad proposed with a pipe of tobacco, as an evening's amusement to fishermen. To the true Republicans of Siasconset, and to all who wish well to the cause of simplicity and plain dealing in society, one with another (which characterized the golden age of the ancients), this humble tribute is respectfully inscribed

By Philo-Simplicitas.

Wide in the East, on Nancy's Isle,
Where roars the white surf louder,
Ascends to view the happy vill,
For freedom famed, and chowder.
Fresh from the wave they take the cod,
To feast the soul that wants it:
Its air is pure, its water good,
Its name is Siasconset.

Old Saturn's reign is here begun,
The Orient of the nations:
Here kings and compliments are done,
And all your Boston fashions.
The song, the jest, the smile serene
Amuse the friend that haunts it:
Here old simplicity is seen,
In ancient dress, at 'Sconset.

's pump, the lymph oblivious pours,
To drown despite and treason:
[illegible] purer air at once restores
To liberty and reason.
[illegible]erring virtue asks excuse,
'Tis free good-nature grants it.
[illegible]t which else would be abuse
[illegible]s wink'd by laws of 'Sconset.

And should your fault incur a grudge,
Our court you must attend, sir:
Your Speaker's Conscience: Reason, Judge:
Your jury is a friend, sir.
This court guards well our dearest rights,
And when the country owns it,
Lawyers will starve with all their wits,
And curse the laws of 'Sconset.

Hygeia here her reign resumes,
The hyp'd and crazy healing,
Restores old wounds, dispels the glooms,
And brings the callous feelings.
Then let religious maniacs prate,
And on the treaty bounce it.
Here invalids in church and state
Are all made whole at 'Sconset.

The mind with priestcraft long beguiled
May choose, with freedom handy,
Good Moses with the Spirit fill'd,
Or Thomas Paine with brandy.
And thus will I, though pope and sect,
With bulls and zeal denounce it:
My reason's mine to think and act,
Like thee, friend Siasconset.

The souls of once too rude a form
Receive a softer moulding:
Here Jacobins forget to storm,
And wives leave off their scolding.
The wight in town, who swells with pride,
Or like Clesippus vaunts it,
The paltry coxcomb lays aside,
and wears the man at 'Sconset.

THE LAWS OF SIASCONSET. #3

Should party zeal the bosom rile,
'Tis here nor felt nor seen, sir,
For chowder well corrects the bile,
And dissipates the spleen, sir,
Then, when with B " " k the wild heart swells.
Some genius bids renounce it,
For no revenge nor malice dwells
With thee, O Siasconset.

Now, let the fair one share her part,
Sweet village, in thy candor,
Safe to disclose her feeling heart,
Nor fear the scorpion, slander.
Thus the fond maid shall find excuse,
If first she makes the onset:
Her soul's elect her hand may choose
By laws of Siasconset.

Should polygons and catspaws ask
My judgment of the Vi'lence,
This law I'll claim to wear the mask,
And answer them in silence.
Thrice happy vill, extend thy reign.
Till every nation owns it:
Thus shall the world its glory gain
Beneath thy laws, O 'Sconset.

Nantucket's Deer Park

Unlike the neighboring island of Martha's Vineyard, where the last heath hen has, in all probability, drawn its last breath, Nantucket is so overrun with game in the form of deer that it is becoming something of a problem whether the islanders will henceforth live off garden truck or venison. A lone deer, swimming thirty miles at sea, was rescued about ten years ago and put ashore on Nantucket by fishermen. A humane citizen, Breckinridge Long, now Ambassador to Italy, sent for two young does, and now there are deer estimated at two hundred head roaming the moors of 'Sconset and browsing in truck gardens from Great Point to Tom Nevers Head. It's nice, of course, to have the critters around, but now and then a body would like a fresh head of lettuce or some beans to build a mess of succotash. And besides that, the Massachusetts law forbids shooting the deer or otherwise translating them into table fare.

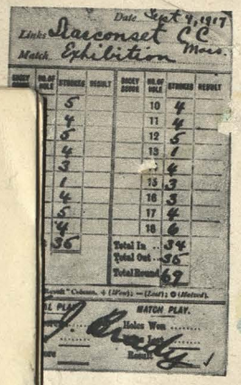
Nantucket is a place that has a happy faculty for always appearing in the news in connection with pleasant things. Ishmael, in "Moby Dick," reported the finest chowder in the world at the Try-pots Inn there, both quahog and haddock. Only a few years ago Nantucket dedicated a whaling museum which attracts scores of visitors every summer on the steamers from New Bedford and Wood's Hole. Captain Jones of the Lillian, when he went as Nantucket's representative to Massachusetts General Court under the gilded dome of Boston Statehouse, almost always had sound things to say, and we have yet to hear of anything that wasn't pleasant about a Folger or a Backus. Old Nantucket is fortunate in being an island of fair repute, and a herd of

a short d… …new Mike quite well an… …telephone him about a… …I think it was …e fo… …v day. It was my… …had one at the old sixth ho… …ere you drove from the top… …ongside Johnny O'Connell's sal… …Cortlandt Park links) a few yea… …y.

Brady …abor Day Labors

Mike congratulated me and said he wished he could make one. Lo and behold, the very next morning the bold Mike plays an exhibition match and when he got to the short sixth hole, he smacks his tee shot into the cup for the first ace of his career. He told me later that he felt inclined to quit there and then and rush to a telephone to tell me all about it, but the fact that some 500 spectators were watching him play, altered his desires. He kept on. He stepped up on the thirteenth tee and felt as cocky as a victorious Sarazen (and boy, is that the essense of cockiness?), and with that confidence which alone belongs to the inspired, actually holed out his tee shot. *Mike Brady made his second ace in the same round!*

For proof glance at the accompanying photographic reproduction of the score, along with Mike's signature. And if you don't believe me, write Mike Brady yourself. He'll tell you.


Date Sept 4, 1917
Links Siasconset C.C.
Match Exhibition Mass.

		5			10	4	
		4			11	4	
		5			12	5	
		4			13	1	
		3			14	4	
		1			15	3	
		4			16	5	
		5			17	4	
		4			18	6	
		36			Total In	34	
					Total Out	36	
					Total Rounds	70	

MATCH PLAY.
Holes Won .....
Holes Lost .....
Result .....

…ery of 500 saw …y ace the 6th and 13th.

…York out …oled …eek- …nset …only

Benny Cleveland's Job

GOLF. 1907

Odd Shots Brought Off at Nantucket Island and Hackensack.

On the twelfth hole of the Siasconset course, Nantucket Island, last Saturday, Stanley Swift of Detroit hit a robin on his cleek shot that had flown up about fifty yards ahead. The under part of the beak was all that was left of the bird's head, but the flight of the ball was not noticeably checked. Swift's partner at the time was W. A. Adriance of the Dutchess Golf and Country Club, Poughkeepsie. Digby Bell is president of the Siasconset Golf Club. The club championship will be decided this week, the contestants including H. E. Armstrong of Fox Hills and George Ryall of Yountakah.

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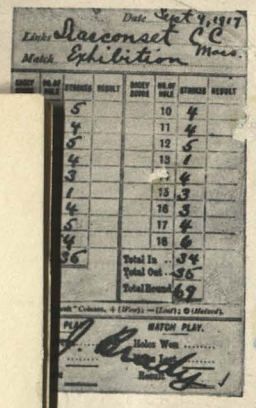
Date Sept 9, 1917
Club Nasconset C.C.
Match Exhibition Mass.

	5				10	4	
	4				11	4	
	5				12	5	
	4				13	1	
	3				14	4	
	1				15	3	
	4				16	3	
	5				17	4	
	4				18	6	
	36				Total In	34	
					Total Out	36	
					Total Round	62	

"Colonel, 4 (Fore); —(Lost); ⊙ Halved."

PLAY — MATCH PLAY. — Holes Won ..... — Holes Lost ..... — Result ..... — Brady 1

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…ork …out …oled …eek- …nset …nly

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FOREWORD

The subject, Benjamin Franklin Cleveland, died in Nantucket, Nov. 8, 1906, aged 59 years. He was an eccentric character, a bachelor, and earned his living "by doing odd jobs." The poem "Benny Cleveland's Job" was written by Joseph A. Campbell and was first printed in The Inquirer and Mirror, November 12, 1910. The "reply" was written by Henry A. Clifford and was published in The Inquirer and Mirror, September 2, 1911.

Benny Cleveland's Job.

When portents are abroad at night
and tempests lash the shore,
And mateless wives grow timid at the
ocean's fearful roar,
'Tis then a gloom comes o'er me, and,
with many a plaintive sob,
I long for quaint Nantucket and for
Benny Cleveland's job.

In days of old brave knights were
wont to guard the ladies fair,
Or rescue lovely maidens from the
robber baron's lair;
But on no such quest chivalric was
our Benny forced to roam—
He kept his knighty vigil each night
at some dame's home.

His fee as Guardian Angel all Nantucketers well knew,
'Twas fifteen cents for one night, or
twenty-five for two;

Nantucket's Deer Park

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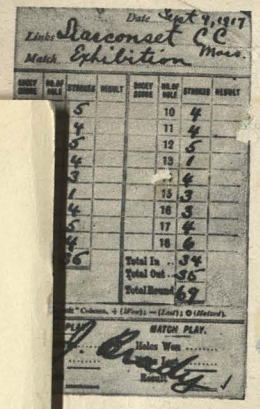
Date Sept 9, 1917
Links Siasconset C.C. Mass.
Match Exhibition

SCRATCH SCORE	NO. OF HOLE	STROKES	RESULT	HOCKEY SCORE	NO. OF HOLE	STROKES	RESULT
5					10	4	
4					11	4	
5					12	5	
4					13	1	
3						4	
1					15	3	
4					16	3	
5					17	4	
4					18	6	
36					Total In	34	
					Total Out	35	
					Total Record	69	

MATCH PLAY.
Holes Won .....
Holes Lost .....
Result .....
Brady

[illegible]y of 500 saw [illegible] ace the 6th and 13th.

[illegible]ork
[illegible]out
[illegible]bled
[illegible]ek-
[illegible]set
[illegible]nly

GOLF. 1907

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So, trustful in his watchfulness, wives
gave themselves to sleep,
To dream of absent husbands in their
journeys o'er the deep.

And husbands tossed in fragile craft
midst wild, tempestuous seas,
Gave little fear for loving hearts who
lived at home at ease,
For, confident as Faith itself, they
knew that none could rob
Their Lares and Penates when Ben
was on the job.

To his fathers Ben's been gathered
these, many, many years,
But no memory is more cherished in
the minds of Island dears,
And while frequently at sewing bees,
they oft love to recall
The halcyon days when Benny was
protector of them all.

Now, having met the 'Tucket girls,
'tis very clear to me
That Benny was a wise old owl and
excessive was his fee;
For, free of charge on stormy nights,
you bet that up I'd bob
To try to displace Benny from his
most alluring job.

So, when portents are abroad at
night and tempests lash the shore,
And mateless wives grow timid at
the ocean's fearful roar,
I know you cannot blame me, if, with
many a wistful sob,
I long for quaint Nantucket and for
Benny Cleveland's job.

—Joseph A. Campbell.

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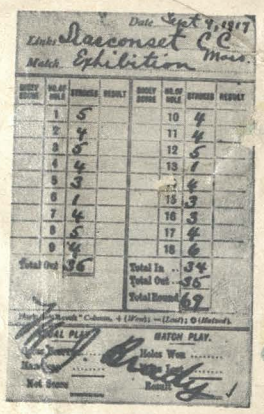
Date Sept 7, 1917
Club Nasconset C.C.
Match Exhibition
Mate
STROKE PLAY.

Hole	Strokes	Result	Hole	Strokes	Result
1	5		10	4	
2	4		11	4	
3	5		12	5	
4	4		13	1	
5	3		14	4	
6	1		15	3	
7	4		16	3	
8	5		17	4	
9	4		18	6	
Total Out	36		Total In	34	
			Total Out	36	
			Total Round	69	

MATCH PLAY.
Holes Won
Holes Lost
Result

Gallery of 500 saw Brady ace the 6th and 13th.

Well do I recall the time back in 1917 when I was sweltering in a late summer New York City heat wave and of how I pulled out for Martha's Vineyard, Mass., to get cooled off. Mike Brady was spending the weekend over Labor Day at the Siasconset Country Club, Nantucket, which was only

To the Author of "Benny Cleveland's Job".

I've read your poem o'er and o'er,
  And heard your plaintive sob,
And wonder not that you aspire
  To Benny Cleveland's job.

In those old days, those good old days,
  Tradition now doth teach,
Ben was the only guardian
  Who dwelt upon the beach.

But there are others now, you know,
  Who, for these many years,
Have summered on Nantucket isle
  And mingled with its dears.

From north and south, from east and west,
  The happy mortals flee
To old Nantucket's wave-washed shore—
  From care and trouble free.

They're landed on the steamboat wharf
  In numbers truly great,
And all the business of the town
  Is now quite interstate.

The Sherman law applies to a…
  And compe…
In working …
  There's no…

No rebate w…
  Nor when …
In working …
  There's no…

The rule of …
  And usele…
For all mus…
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—Henry A. Clifford.

GOLF. 1907

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Date Sept 7, 1917
Links Siasconset C.C.
Marks Exhibition Match

…take it and grin
…e is rubbing it in,—
…ss as well as a win;
…at I want along.

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  In numbers truly great,
And all the business of the town
  Is now quite interstate.

The Sherman law applies to all
  And competition's free;
In working Benny Cleveland's job
  There's no monopoly.

No rebate when the fees are paid,
  Nor when the bargain's made;
In working Benny Cleveland's job
  There's no restraint of trade.

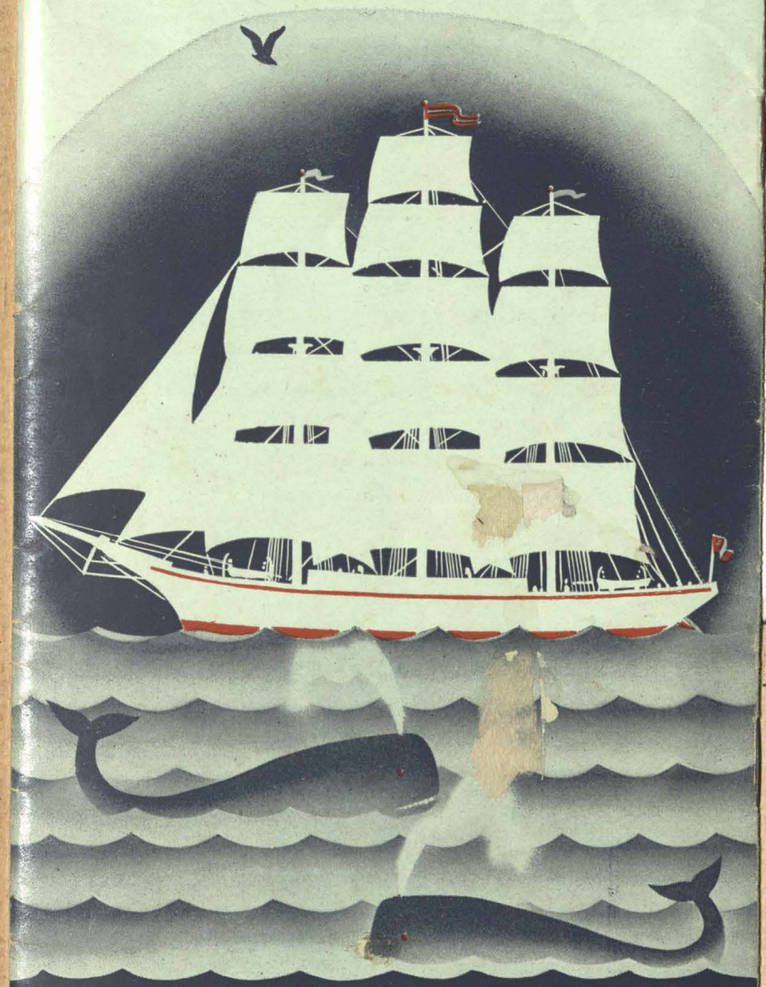
The rule of reason must prevail
  And useless is each sob,
For all must have an equal chance
  At Benny Cleveland's job.

—Henry A. Clifford.

A garden is a magic place
Of hope and promise. growth
and grace.
Where rain and sun. and earth
combine
In working Miracles divine
A garden is a place to find
content-ment for a troubled mind
The wonder of young growing things.
A sense of peace and quiet things.
A place to love, and laugh. and dream.
In starlight hush and moonlight gleam.
With all the trials of the day.
Washed like the marks of toil away.
A place to prove the love of God.
For in the bounty of the sod.
Amidst his own achievments rare.
He walks in quiet beauty there

And he who plants a garden knows.
From where the mellow tillage grows.
Not only what the eye can see.
But proof of immortality.

Nantucket Island



THE IDEAL HEALTH *and*
VACATION RESORT
30 miles at Sea

Places of Interest on Nantucket

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Whaling Museum, Broad street.
Old Mill (off Pleasant street) built in 1746.
The Oldest House, Sunset Hill (built in 1686).
Maria Mitchell Memorial and Observatory, on Vestal street.
Old North Vestry, Beacon Hill (off Centre street).
Franklin Memorial Fountain, Madaket road.
Coffin School, Winter street.
Easy Street Gallery—Art Exhibit.
Public Library, Atheneum Building, Federal and Pearl streets.
Pacific Club Building (Cap'n's Room), Lower Main street.
Old Jail (built in 1805), Vestal street.
U. S. Radio Compass Station, Surfside.
Stone Alley, between Orange and Union streets.
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U. S. Coast Guard Station, Madaket.
Elihu Coleman Farm-House, Hawthorn Lane.
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Site of Tristram Coffin Homestead, near Capaum pond.
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HOTELS

Address Nantucket, Mass.

Name	Rooms	Rates—American Daily—unless noted	Rates—European
Sea Cliff Inn	150	$5.00 to $12.00	Also Cottages
The White Elephant	90	on application	Also Cottages
Ocean House	64	$6.00 to $8.00	$2.00 and up
The Gordon Folger	40	$5.50 to $10.00	
Ships Inn	35	$5.00 to $9.00	
Crest Hall	33	no dining room	$1.00 to $3.00
The Breakers	31	$6.00 to $9.00	Also Cottages
Roberts House	30	$4.50 to $5.00	
The Nesbitt Inn	30	$5.00 to $7.00	
Hotel Overlook	30	no dining room	$1.50 to $1.75
Wood Box	20	$4.00 to $5.00	
Anchor Inn	16	$5.00 to $7.00	
Springfield Lodge	16	no dining room	$1.50 to $2.50
Stetson House	10	$3.50 up	
Easton House	7	no dining room	$1.00 and up
The Nantucket	6	on application	
Ivy Lodge	5	$5.00	
The Mad Hatter	4	$4.50 to $7.00	
Spouter Inn	3	$22.00 week, up	$8.00 week, up

Address at Siasconset, Mass.

Name	Rooms	Rates—American Daily—unless noted	Rates—European
Beach House	100	$6.00 to $10.00	
"Old 'Sconset" Inn	40	$5.00 to $7.00	
Wander Inn	10	$3.50 to $5.00	

Address at Wauwinet, Nantucket, Mass.

Name	Rooms	Rates—American Daily—unless noted	Rates—European
Wauwinet House	30	$7.00 to $10.00	Also Cottages

Real Estate Agents

Address Nantucket, Mass.
Gladys Wood
Wauwinet Company
Abbott S. Coffin Co.
Congdon & Coleman
Alfred E. Smith—Nantucket Co.
A. W. Ayers Agency
Reuben S. Glidden

Address Siasconset, Mass.
Mrs. Anna E. Bowers
Albert F. Egan
Mrs. Annie Wait
Miss Mildred Burgess
Anna E. C. Barrett

NANTUCKET INFORMATION BUREAU

Nantucket, Mass. *Dept. X, For Further Information.*

Nantucket Island

To the artist, Nantucket presents a world of opportunity. Nature and the architecture of whaling days. The waterfront and the "moors" offer subjects that no one will live to complete.

Students will find masters known throughout art circles to guide them in their chosen work, and professionals and amateurs alike will place their work in the annual Sidewalk Art Exhibit.

To describe adequately the attractions of Historic Old Nantucket would require a volume.

You'll want to see the Whaling Museum on Broad Street, where a true record of Nantucket's heritage is kept. The Historical Rooms on Fair street, with the connecting Quaker Meeting House built in 1838.

New England's most perfect architecture is on every hand.

We associate 'Sconset with rose, informality, tranquility, the Sankaty Head Golf Club and surf bathing. In the good old days, when actors were actors and summers were spent in old clothes, it was 'Sconset that laid claim to the "Actors' Colony" . . . the summer headquarters of the New York Lamb's Club. The rose-covered cottages of a hundred years ago still compose the village overlooking the broad Atlantic. There is only one 'Sconset.

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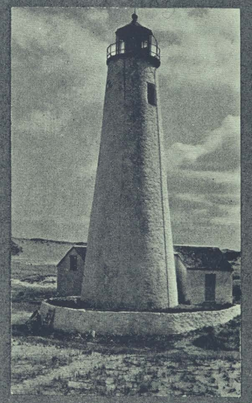

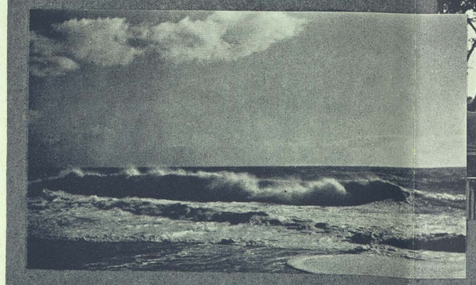

The Lure of Nantucket Island

It is hard even to begin to tell you what Nantucket has to offer you as a summer playground, but certainly you will find rest, relaxation, and amusement, all spiced by the centuries-old atmosphere of an island that is unique in America. All the members of your family will remember every minute of their stay, and their only regret will be that there will come a time when they must return to Town until another year.

A sail up the harbor, a swim in the invigorating waters, a round of golf, a canter or a walk along the rutted roads, a drive over the paved roads, a battle with a fighting bluefish, or a hunt over the colored carpet of the Fall moor, all give true enjoyment.

Absorbing the beauty of perfectly-kept houses throughout the town, sketching or filming lovely doorways opening on cobbled streets, seeking out the thrilling traditions that are the foundations of the proud history of America's greatest whaling port, or marveling at the unequalled preservation of antiquity from one end of town to the other; star-gazing through the historic telescope of the Maria Mitchell Observatory, or browsing through the shelves of the fine old Atheneum Library—of such is the perfect summer made.

Historical

Nantucket, in itself, is an historical exhibit. Nearly the entire town stands today as it did a century ago when the Island's fortunes were at their peak and Nantucket whaleships were at home in the utmost reaches of the seas. The Nantucket Historical Association is organized to improve and keep the records of Nantucket's past, and it maintains for the public the Historical Museum and Quaker Meeting House, the Oldest House with its famous horseshoe chimney, the Whaling Museum in charge of one of the few remaining whalers, and the Old Mill, still turning and grinding corn on stone.

Bathing Beaches

Nantucket has two fine bath-house establishments located on a superb beach. There is also the convenient Children's Beach where the youngsters can splash and play under the watchful eyes of a life guard. Miles of beach outside the village limits provide grand picnic and swimming spots for those who would rather keep away from the formal bathing hour.

The Island water is fresh from the open sea and its contact with the Gulf Stream keeps the temperature close to the 70 degree mark all summer and well into the early fall. Swimming in water ten to fifteen degrees warmer than elsewhere on the New England coast offers real pleasure and, be it surf or still-water that you like, Nantucket has it. Siasconset offers the rolling breakers of the Atlantic, as do Wauwinet and the entire south and east sides of the Island. At Nantucket Town are the still, warm waters of the harbor and Nantucket Sound.

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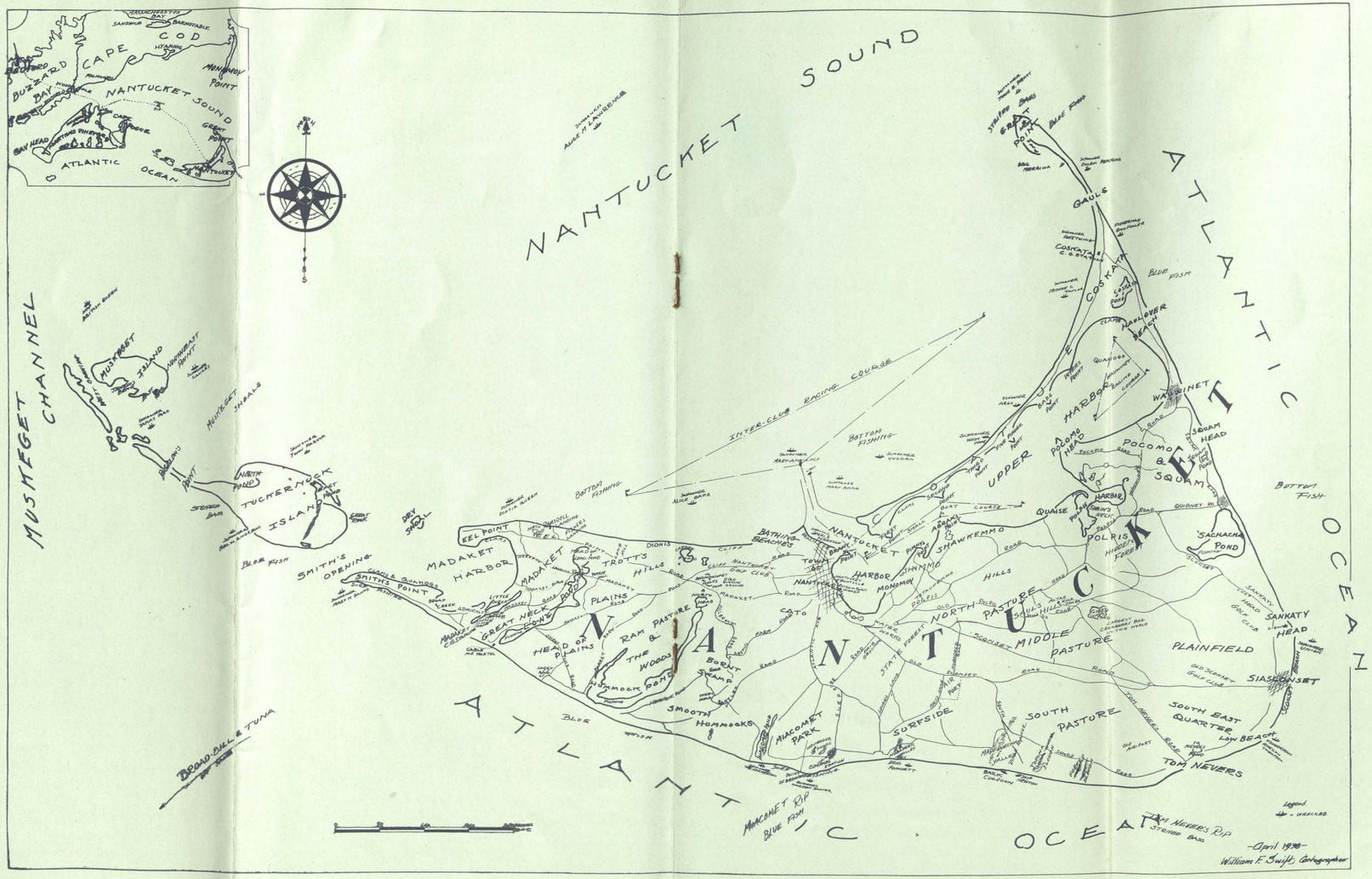

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Ray's C[illegible]nd Fair streets.
[illegible] Shop, Federal
[illegible] street.
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Entertainment

The Nantucket Players present Broadway and Hollywood talent three nights a week on the newly-enlarged stage of the Yacht Club; while the Fawcett Players, an island group, put on a nightly series of plays based on Nantucket history in an interesting old wharf theatre.

First-run movies are shown at the local theatre and at the 'Sconset Casino weeks before they reach Broadway.

The Yacht Club, 'Sconset Casino, and the Sankaty Head Golf Club offer dance music by a nationally known New York orchestra.

Clubs

The Nantucket Yacht Club is the Island base of social activity. Weekly dances, the annual regatta, the annual ocean race, semi-weekly races for four classes of boats on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are only part of the program. In addition, there are dinner-dances and specials, tea on the lawn, or cocktails if you prefer, every afternoon. Six fine clay courts, with almost continuous tournament competition and an excellent instructor, take care of the tennis-minded. Then there is Badminton and general activity at all times.

Over on the east side of the Island is the justly famous Sankaty Head Golf Club with its exceptional eighteen-hole course where the natural hazards of the moor are combined with the usual ingenious hazards prepared by man.

In Nantucket, there is the Nantucket Golf Club, also with a fine eighteen-hole course, where golf is the central attraction. A nice clubhouse, plenty of service, and very reasonable dues, green fees, and instruction make this club very popular.

The 'Sconset Casino is not a casino at all, but a complete tennis club with all the attributes of a perfect center for the younger set. The Casino's seven clay courts have been famous for quality for a generation.

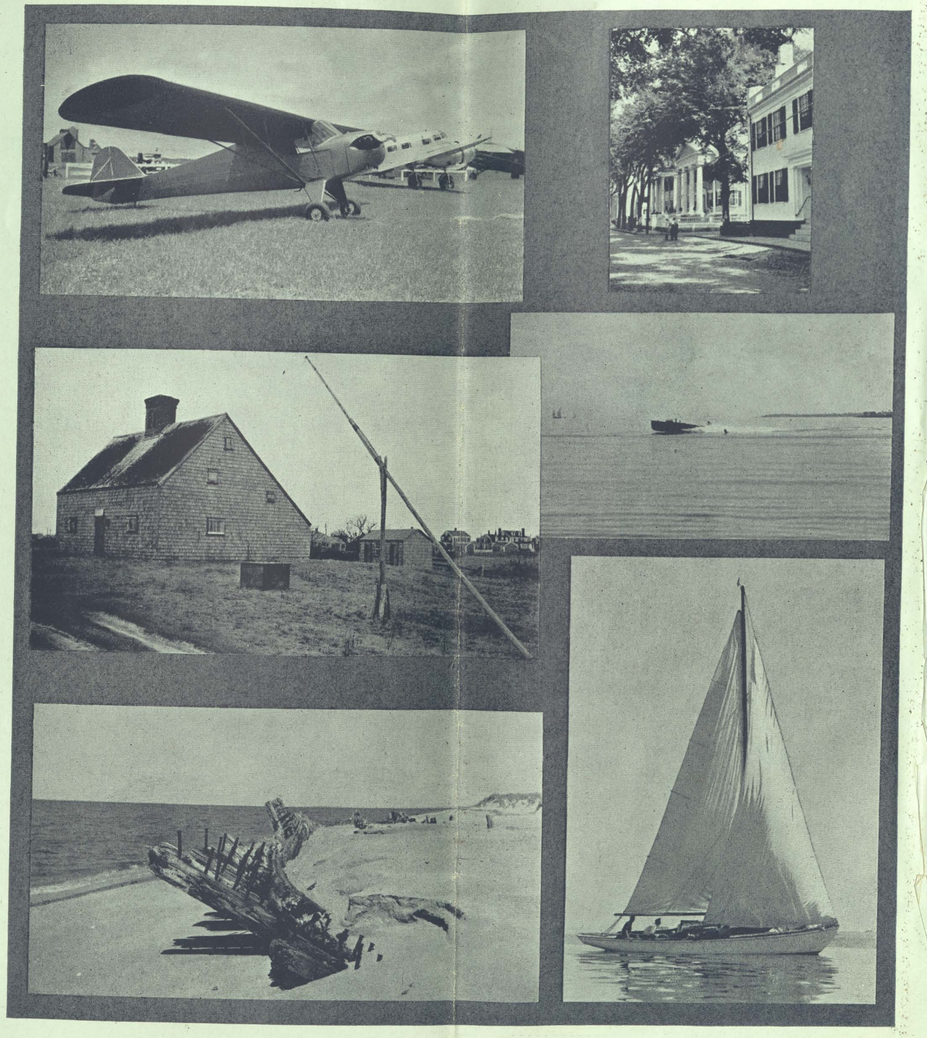
Nantucket seems to be the only place left where the devotee of the pink coat and the pack is able to hunt live game during the summer months. The Nantucket Hunt Club with its fine stables, its famous pack of harriers, able Whip and Master of Hounds is a popular meeting place for early-morning riders. The neighboring farms and countryside are well equipped with jumps (although there is always a way to get around them), and the nimble jack rabbit can furnish all the sport that either the pack or the rider might wish.

The Neighbors

The Nantucket Neighbors, an organization for the benefit of the vacationist who does not care for the strenuous life of the social whirl, greets you, introduces you, and offers a great selection of places to go, things to do, and friends to go and do with. Its popular evening meetings bring together islanders and summer visitors and provide programs of speakers, historians, scientists, and generally interesting people.

Hunting and Fishing

When bluefish are running, there is no better sport for the fisherman than the beach or offshore battle with the Nantucket bluefish. For those who like more fish and less work there are a number of guide boats, well equipped and with good skippers, that will take you in charge at reasonable rates. Nantucket is well known to the judges of national big fish contests for the size and fighting-qualities of both the stripers and bluefish. By its



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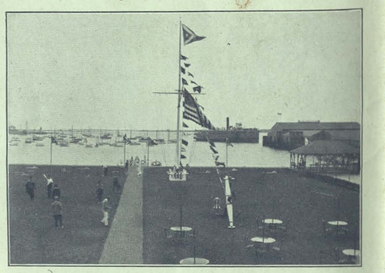


position, Nantucket is the center of activity for both tuna and swordfish, and fishermen who worship at the altar of heavy tackle, and who own their own boats, will find fish a great deal closer to the shore than they imagine possible.

The Island abounds with pheasant, deer, rabbit, and duck in the Fall, during the open season, and every courtesy is extended to those who wish to stay over and enjoy the sport.

The Nantucket Sportsmen's Club, which is back of one of the earliest programs in the state for conservation and propagation, provides the use of its skeet field to those who are interested during the summer.

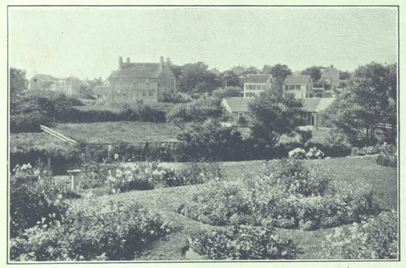
Around Town

Nantucket is a compact village and its winding streets and lanes provide ever-varying walks. Bicycles are popular and they can be rented for long or short periods. Horse-drawn surreys still ply the streets and are for hire, with drivers who can spin many an interesting yarn about points of interest. Sight-seeing buses take parties through the village and to outlying sections of the Island.

Nantucket makes it its business to see that you are well taken care of and that you enjoy Nantucket Island to the limit.

When you write, let us know your individual needs as to accommodations. Our offerings of houses, cottages, hotels, and rooms cover a wide range, so let us know exactly what you want, that we may be of all possible service to you.

NANTUCKET PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.



To get to Nantucket Island from wherever you are:

By train, overnight to Boston, thence for further information call the South Station Information Bureau.

Or to New York, and connection can be made from Grand Central Station on the N. Y., N. H. & Hartford Railroad. Best connection is the sleeper out of New York, arriving in Woods Hole, where you will find the boat waiting.

Or from New York, the Colonial Line Steamer to New Bedford, an overnight trip that meets with the outgoing boat at New Bedford.

In your car, or by bus, to New Bedford or to Woods Hole, where several boats leave for Nantucket during the morning and early afternoon. More definite information, at the season you are traveling, from any N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad or N. E. Steamship information booth, or at any "Ask Mr. Foster Travel Bureau" anywhere.

If you intend to bring your car over on the boat, make reservations by mail with the New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard & Nantucket Steamship Company, New Bedford, Mass.

If your stay is to be short, make reservations for your car each way at the same time.

The steamer trip from New Bedford to Nantucket is scheduled as follows: Leaving New Bedford, in one hour and twenty minutes you are in Woods Hole, at the base of Cape Cod; thence, in fifty minutes more, you are in Oak Bluffs on Martha's Vineyard; then, on to Nantucket, and in another two hours and twenty minutes, you arrive in the Town of Nantucket. In all, a pleasant water trip of four hours and a half from New Bedford, or three hours and ten minutes from Woods Hole. The fare is slightly over $2.00.

You will find plane service leaving various points, including Boston, in fine ships, that will bring you to Nantucket in no time at all, and it is a wonderful flight over the Cape and various harbors and bays and Nantucket Sound. Charter planes are also available.

If you come up the coast in your own boat have chart No. 1108. If you come down the coast, Nos. 1108 and 70 will be helpful.

Any way you decide to come, it is a trip to be remembered.

Perhaps this corner will help you to ask us:

WHAT ARE YOUR INTERESTS?

☐ Golf
☐ Fishing
☐ Sailing
☐ Tennis
☐ Historical
☐ Hunting
☐ Still-water Bathing
☐ Surf Bathing
☐ Yacht Racing
☐ Nature Study
☐ Summer School or Camp
☐ Art

Number in your party .....Adults .....Younger .....Servants

Proposed length of stay .....

What do you wish to spend for accommodations?

Accommodations required — Hotel ☐ Inn ☐ Cottage ☐

Room with Private Family ☐

Your Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Return to Nantucket Information Bureau, Nantucket Island, Mass.

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…form… …Shop, Federal
… street.
…ent, Upper Main

Syracuse N.Y May 19, 1881

Siasconset, Mass.

There was one magnificient swimmer Col. S. of Det, who for a whole hour, twice a day, in the wildest weather, struck boldly out beyond the limits, set by the most venturesome and swam with the tide for a quarter of a mile, then walked up the shore to his starting point and repeated time after time, the perilous effort. When the clouds darkened the sky and the wind howled and the surf roared the loudest and the rips out near the gloomy horizon were throwing up great white leaping columns of water, this sight of a mans head - nothing more - far out from shore rising and falling with the big waves, was something not soon to be forgotten.

From "Sconset Cottage Life"
by A. Judd Northrup

* * *

Forty-six years ago to a
onel Frederick Swift of
carrying an American flag
hand which he never allowed
dip into the water, plunged
surf in front of the Sanka
Lighthouse and swam to the
bathing beach in record tim
was a great feat in those
1885, and all the villagers v
sembled on the bathing be
greet the Colonel. Last Sa
his son, Stanley Holbrook
completed the same swim,
with Mary Gwinn Vaux an
Norris Vaux (the Gertrude Ed
'Sconset). Lewis Chauncey
the official cheerer in all ac
both here and at Shimmo, was
keeper. The swim took just 3
utes.

Nantucket Inquirer

"RDAM

AMSTERDAM "YOUTH" MAKES LONG SWIM

1931

AMSTERDAM, Aug. 12—In company with a number of other swimmers Stanley H. Swift of this city swam from the Sankaty Head lighthouse to the Siaconset bathing beach in 38 minutes. This was just 46 years after his father, Colonel Frederick Swift, of Detroit covered the distance with an American flag in one hand which he did not allow to touch the water during the swim.

A lady was standing on the float when the air-plane suddenly started its propeller whirling, preparatory to taking off for the flight to New Bedford. The sudden breeze lifted the hat from her head and landed it on the water. Stanley Swift, who was standing near-by, rescued the headgear little the worse for its bath. The lady's husband turned to Swift and handed him 30 cents. "Here", said he, "take this and buy yourself a beer. You have saved me $3.00 for a new hat for my wife." Swift took the 30 cents, but we do not know about the beer.

Explanation.

In order to correct a fal
sion we are very glad to
the item under our heading
Heard", in our last issue,
any way refer to Stanley
well-known and highly-este
mer resident of Siasconset
years.

A Mysterious 'Sconset Bell.

In the basement of the schoolhouse
'Sconset is a mysterious bit of mar-
me history—the bell of the brigan-
ie *Flora*. Recently come upon by
o members of the school committee,
e bell to date represents an un-
solved mystery as to how it came to
its present resting place.

James Coffin, of 'Sconset, states
that the bell was the original school
bell for the first 'Sconset school, an
that he never understood how it hap
pened to perform that duty.

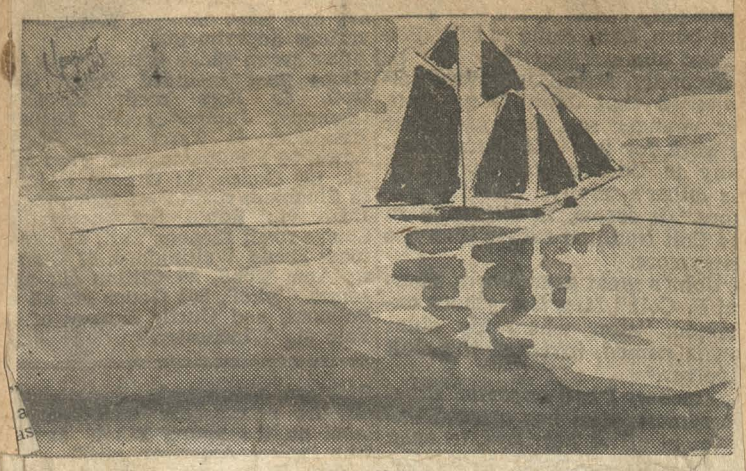
The bell bears the name *Flora* an
the date "1797." That it is of Scan
dinavian origin is shown by the in
scription "Bjorkmann—Theborg," ev
idently the name of the bellman an
the city where it was cast.

Altogether, it is a most interesti
bt of mystery, and it is hoped th
some reader of *The Inquirer a*
Mirror will be able to throw a bit
light on it.

Cliffside Beach, not overcrowded yet not repressively exclusive, gives a pleasant picture of a popular New England beach at its attractive best.

Though its whaling-boom days may be far in the past, Nantucket has found a comfortable modern commercial substitute in the resort trade.

Seagoing Man



SUNSET

SIASCONSET,
May the 30th, 1841.

I, Obed Gardner, master mariner, now living in 'Sconset, write down this will.

Item,—I have cruised with my wife Huldy Jane since 1811. We signed articles in town before the preacher on Independence Day. I want her and my oldest boy Jotham to be Captain and mate in bringing to port whatever I leave and to see that everyone of the crew gets the lay as writ down on this paper. I put mother in command. I know she'll be captain anyway, for six months after we started on our cruise I found out that I was mate and she was master, I don't mean that she mutinied, but I know that whenever we did'n't agree she always manoovered to work to windward. Maybe it was all right for she could sail closer to wind than I could and could manage the crew of little ones that she had as much to do with shipping as I did. She always wanted me to do the swearin when there was trouble. I know that when she and Jotham break bulk the cargo will be got out as well as I could do it myself.

Item,—In 1838 Captain Ichabed Worth got tired of the old Nancy Rotch and wanted to get rid of her so he got me to take a piece of her. When I saw her last she was lying at the wharf in Valparaiso moren half full. I mean she was moren half full of oil. I want Jotham to have that piece as extra pay for what he does in settling up my affairs for heel have to steer things while mother is taking observations, watchin the weather and looking over things below decks.

Item,—I want mother to have the house on Union Street until she goes aloft. Then I want it to go to the children in equal lays and if any child dies I want the lay of the parent to go to the parents young ones. But I don't want my daughter Belindy to have anything as long as her husband is living. He is a lubber but she has been cruising with him for years. I haven't got anything agin him but he does not know how to navigate the sea of life. I do believe if he wanted to stop a leak aboard ship it would be just like him to go into the hold with an augur and bore a hole threw the plankin to let the bilge water out into the sea. But Belindy likes him. Thats just like a woman. If I should give the lay out and out to her, I am afraid her husband would manoover to get hold of it. So I want mother and Jotham to put it out at interest and give what comes out of it to her until her husband ships for a corpse below decks in the grave yard. Then she can take the lay and do what she wants to with it.

Item,—I dont want my son Ezry to have anything from what I leave. All the children except him was good ones. They looked out for mother and me. He did't take after either of us except the time he took after me with a fid and hit me over the starboard eye. He new what was to come and was smart enough to jump into Johnny Gibbs catboat, haul in the sheet and steer for the continent. When he got to Bedford he shipped out as boat steerer on the old Falcon. I was glad he did. I don't know where he is now but I heard he was master of a steamboat running between Canton and Whampoa. I havent got any use for him and I guess he hasn't any for me. The black eye he gave me is outlawed and I don't now lay anything up agin him for that.

Item, I want mother and Jotham to settle up things as soon as they can, break bulk and make a fair divide between the children. But dont forget what I have writ down about mother and Belindy. I dont think Belindys husband will make any fuss about the way I have taken care of her unless she runs head on the shoals of a lawyers office. Then look out for squalls. I hope sheel stand off if she sees a lawyer coming thort her bows.

Item, I want mother to have half of what comes of what is left of my property besides the house in Union Street. She deserves it. Every time I was around the Horn she did her duty to the young ones and I want her to have enough to live on until she goes aloft. Then I want her lay to go to the children in equal pieces except that Belindy shall only have what comes of it untill her husband dies. If mother wants to marry again thats her business. I never did like to cruise without a mate and I guess she wouldnt like to either.

OBED GARDNER,
Master Mariner.

* * *

Capt. Obed Gardner ast us into his porch and opened his locker. He then ast us to take a drink of rum that fetched to him from Boston by Capt. George Swain in his schooner. We done so. It was masterly warmin to our insides. Then he pulled this paper out of his pea jacket and signed it and said it was his will and ast us to sign as witnesses. We done so, then he ast one of us to write down what took place and as they said I was more of a skoller than they, I did so.

JETHRO COFFIN 2d,
ELEASUR PADDACK,
SHUBAEL STARBUCK.

...tucket, Th... She S...nd

Those hardy natives of N...tucket who forward the suggestion of secession from America two years ago in a spirit of facetiousness had better watch their step. Not only has the movement been revived with fresh earnestness, but, now that the troubles of the island have been brougnt to the personal attention of the President, it is not inconceivable that secession may be granted. The danger of this resides in the possibility that the President's political henchmen, in looking into the situation, may discover the awful fact that this county of a safely Democratic state has been as stubborn and recalcitrant as Vermont and Maine. Not only did it cast thirteen fewer votes for Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936 than in 1932, but it cast 157 more votes for Mr. Landon than it did for Mr. Hoover. The island went Republican last November by almost two to one. This in itself is tantamount to secession—or, at least, to lèse majesty.

But this is not Nantucket's only crime. Its citizens are rugged individualists, and proud of it. Descended, most of them, from the old whalers, they are an independent, courageous, self-willed people. They have no sympathy for newfangled notions, such as the building of a seven-mile sidewalk from Nantucket to Siasconset. They resent the minions of the mighty Farley sent in to administer unwanted Federal offices for them, to the exclusion of the island's "best people." They dislike having to bear a substantial share of taxation. Such wrong-headedness is intolerable in an age of collectivism and regimentation, when Washington's wishes rule the land and Republicans are classed with traitors, infidels and Tories. The Nantucketers have virtually forfeited their rights to remain in the Union.

One possible form of secession—separation from Massachusetts and the erection of a forty-ninth state—would be even worse than the present situation because Mr. Farley would make it conditional upon the colonization of Nantucket by enough New Dealers to insure its permanent position in the "safe" column. To be sure, with only Vermont and Maine "unsafe," this would hardly seem to be asking much. But not even those two states went two to one against Mr. Roosevelt. Nigh unto a thousand safely New Deal "furriners" would have to be settled on the island to insure its perpetual submission to the Roosevelt régime. This would be asking too much of a people who, during the four brief summer months, see so many outsiders that they thank God when the season is over and they can settle down to peace and quiet, broken only by intensive arguments about the weather and general jeremiads about the deplorable state of the mainland. The country undoubtedly is going to the dogs, but it would be a comfort to be assured that, come what may, Nantucket will remain American. Rather let the rest of the nation secede.

Nantucket—There She Stands!

By Joseph Driscoll

The Herald Tribune

ONE hears much talk these days of certain islands and their relation to the Roosevelt doctrine of hemispheric defense against Axis invasion. One hears of Iceland and Greenland, of Newfoundland, Bermuda and the Bahamas, of Jamaica, St. Lucia, Antigua and Trinidad, of Puerto Rico, Guam, the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands. But, in this connection, one hardly ever hears of Nantucket.

Which is passing strange, for Nantucket in the hands of an enemy might constitute a knife aimed at the heart of America. It has an air field, it has harbors and it has miles of desolate, uninhabited sand dunes on which parachutists conceivably could land as softly as they did on the Isle of Crete.

If Nantucket has any defenses of its own they are not visible to the casual tourist. One sees no cannons on the hills, no machine-gun nests at every fork of the road, no destroyers on patrol duty, such as one would see around, let us say, Iceland, since its occupation this year by the British and the Americans. The nearest approach to defense activity on Nantucket would be the United States Navy radio compass station at Surfside or the Coast Guard stations at Madaket and Coskata. As for ships, nothing more deadly enters the harbor of Nantucket than the ferryboat Naushon bringing excursionists from New Bedford, Woods Hole and Martha's Vineyard.

* * *

Despite its seeming helplessness before invasion one need not lie awake of nights worrying over Nantucket's becoming another Crete. For, in many respects, Nantucket is the best and most heavily guarded island in the world. The Atlantic fleet of the United States Navy, comprising 150 assorted warships of all categories, is always within call of Nantucket. This is because Nantucket Island occupies a strategic position athwart the entrances of New York and Newport harbors, which happen to be mighty naval bases. In peace time as in war, ships approaching America from the other side of the Atlantic get their first landfall after sighting the Nantucket lightship. The same lightship serves as a beacon and turning point for craft comin. north from Norfolk or south from Boston. It could well be said that Nantucket is a crossroads for Atlantic commerce and defense.

The strategic importance of Nantucket is equally appreciated by those aviation enthusiasts who lack confidence in navies to ward off long-range bombing planes and carrier-based fighters and scouts. Within an hour, New York could have hundreds, even thousands, of defender planes swarming all over Nantucket and the waters beyond, they point out. (If New York had the planes in the first place, of course.)

* * *

In any event, the nation need not fear for Nantucket. Our original Atlantic outpost, Nantucket stands now as she has always stood, fearlessly, almost indifferently, looking out across the Atlantic—in both directions.

My friend Charlie Selden was wise enough to realize the peculiar virtues of Nantucket. For many years Selden was a distinguished foreign correspondent; until a few years ago he was chief of the London bureau of "The New York Times." His by-line was to be reckoned with in any dispatch on Parliament and the Prime Minister, or on India, Kenya or Khartum. His cables ignored petty European troubles and concentrated on high affairs of state.

The time came when Charles Selden decided to retire to private life. His colleagues suspected he intended to prepare his memoirs à la Walter Duranty, Vincent Sheean, Negley Farson and John Gunther. At a farewell luncheon in his honor at London's Savoy, tendered by the American Association of Foreign Correspondents, of which he had been president, Selden was urged to disclose his real purpose in retiring at an age when he still had a lot of life left in him.

"I have no plans," Selden declared firmly. "I have no plans to write any books or articles whatsoever. I have no plans at all except to settle down in Nantucket for the rest of my life, grow a beard and watch the ships sail by."

* * *

Driving down cobblestoned Main Street the other day, I think I saw Charlie Selden for the first time since we parted in London. I wasn't certain, for the man I saw on Main Street sported a luxuriant gray beard fit for an old whaling captain. Our Mr. Selden was clean-shaven in his Fleet Street days.

No doubt I could have settled the question by accosting the stranger and looking under his beard. I did nothing of the kind, for that would have been an invasion of his privacy. And one of Nantucket's virtues, the same as in London, is respect for one's privacy.

My bearded gentleman was observed with a newspaper under his arm emerging from Roger's news emporium, in lower Main Street, which deals in the latest journals from New York and Boston. Could it be that Charlie Selden, when not preoccupied with growing a beard and watching the ships sail by, likes to read up on foreign affairs and check up on what's happening to the Europe he tired of? If so, Nantucket must seem more like a paradise today than ever before.

Dropping into the Chamber of Commerce office for information about the shortest route to New York, I encountered a pleasant young woman in charge.

"Sorry," she said, looking up from her knitting, as I explained my mission, "we don't give out any off-island information."

Gardner's kodak shop, at the bottom of Main Street, has a proper sense of its own importance. On an outside wall it has painted a map showing exactly how many miles distant the principal cities of the world—London, Calcutta, Shanghai, Singapore, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, etc.—are in relation to Gardner's shop. If memory serves New York City was listed at 200 miles.

* * *

Your guide book will inform you that Nantucket Island lies 100 miles from the eastern end of Long Island and twenty-five miles south of Cape Cod, from which it is separated by Nantucket Sound, its eastern and southern shores being washed by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. The nearest land on the east is Portugal, at a distance of 3,188 miles, and on the south the West Indies, 1,463 miles.

Nantucket is some 2,400 miles south-southwest of Iceland. The two islands are not unknown to each other. There is reason to believe that the first white man to visit Nantucket's shores, this along about A. D. 1002, was the famous Eric the Red, from Norway and Iceland.

Nantucket was definitely discovered in 1602 by an English mariner, Bartholomew Gosnold. In 1641, some twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims in Massachusetts, the island of Nantucket was sold by Lord Sterling to Thomas Mayhew and son, Thomas jr., and in 1659 the elder Mayhew resold the island for "thirty pounds current pay and two beaver hats." The purchasers included representatives of the Coffin, Starbuck, Macy, Hussey, Swaine, Coleman, Barnard, Bunker and Smith families, which have figured prominently in Nantucket's history and some of whose descendants are active along Main Street to this day.

The last full-blooded Indian, Dorcas Honorable, died in 1822. A half-breed named Abram Quary, said to be the last man with Indian blood in his veins, died in 1854.

The whaling industry, which gave Nantucket its greatest importance, died in 1869, so far as Nantucket was concerned, that being the year in which its last whaler sailed. In 1840 Nantucket boasted a population of 9,712 and was the largest whaling port in the world. Today the town of Nantucket, which holds the bulk of the island's population, has about 3,000 residents, augmented in the summer by thousands of tourists. The principal means of livelihood now are tourists, fish, cranberries and bayberry candles.

* * *

Nantucket, once a part of New York, was annexed to Massachusetts in 1692. Its tourist traffic comes mainly from New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey.

Except for the ubiquitous tourist, "Nantucket," an Indian word meaning "at the land far off at sea," enjoys a kind of splendid isolation. This is not to say, however, that all is absolute peace and harmony within its blessed fifty square miles. For some weeks now there has been a miniature newspaper war in progress between the two local weeklies, "The Inquirer and Mirror," founded in 1821, and "The Nantucket Journal," which takes its name from a weekly founded in 1878. Harry B. Turner is editor and publisher of the former, whose nine-column-wide sheets are the largest newspaper pages in America. Arthur C. Hayden is editor of the revived "Nantucket Journal," of tabloid size. The tabloid has stirred up some commotion by its repeated charges that Nantucket politics is controlled by a clique of business men in their own interest.

* * *

Even though the politicians remain, Nantucket is rid for the season of its tourists, for which it is duly thankful. The dispersal of the tourists, which began on Labor Day and is now nearly complete, inspired "The Inquirer and Mirror" to verse as follows:

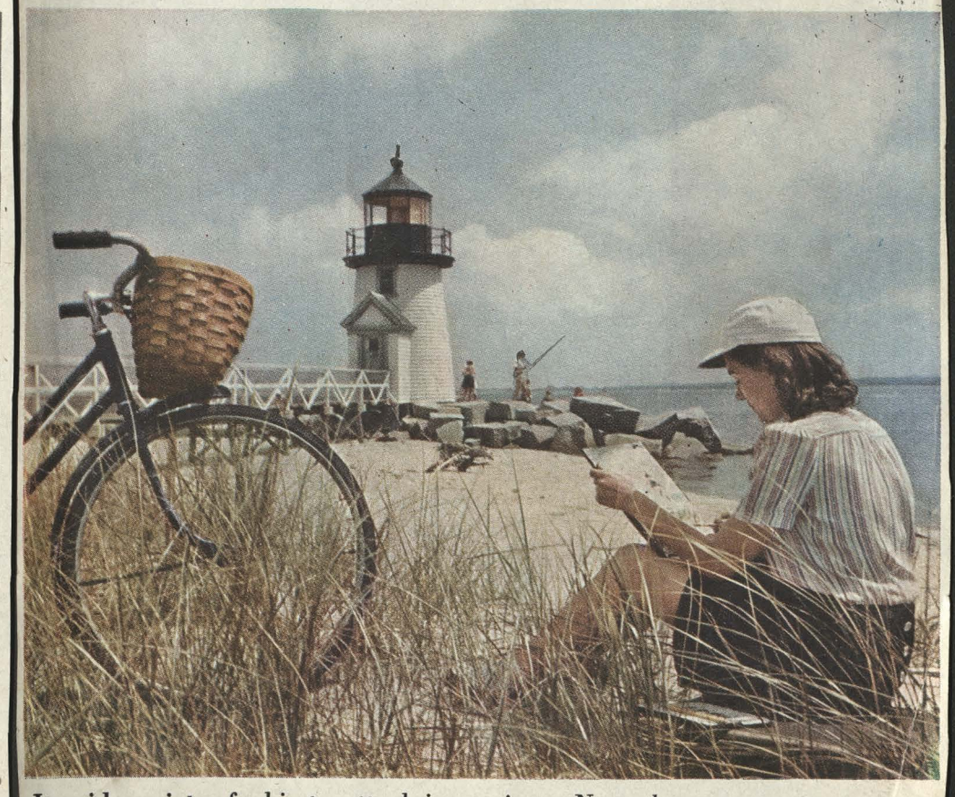
It's Tuesday, September the Second,
The Naushon's shoved off from the pier,
Carrying with her the last of the trippers.
They're gone, thank God, for a year.
Soon the streets will be still and deserted,
Both the horses will be out to grass,
And a car or two coming up Main Street
Will seem noisy and "de trop" as they pass.
Then old faces will come back to Main Street,
The ones that you want to see twice,
Nantucket's tucked in for the winter,
There's no profit, but—gee, ain't it nice!

There are more lines to this poetry, which is by "Anonymous," but I hope I have quoted enough to emphasize the independence with which glorious old Nantucket, which fought its way valiantly through the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 and subsequent bloodlettings, contemplates serenely this crazy modern world—a world in which it does not intend to be invaded permanently by any forces, not even by tourists "from America."

Main Street of Nantucket is lined with stately elms and mansions of another era. Houses were built by Yankee traders in the early 1800's.

Jethro Coffin house, built in 1686 as a wedding gift to young Jethro, is oldest in Nantucket. Design on chimney is thought to have been witch protection.

Beach picnic is an institution. This is at Siasconset, better known as 'Sconset, swankiest Nantucket beach. Naturally, it's a clam bake.



Its wide variety of subject matter brings artists to Nantucket every summer. Here one of them tries to capture Brant Point Lighthouse in water colors.

Missing Mariner, After 30-Day Tour

1/5/45

The search for William Samuel Clark, 100-year-old former seaman who disappeared on April 7 from Sailor's Snug Harbor, in Staten Island, ended early yesterday when a policeman sat down near him in a restaurant on Houston and Mulberry Streets.

With a weariness only natural after a one-month $100 spending spree, devoted to seeing the sights of New York, Mr. Clark readily agreed to return to the restful life of the seamen's home. Enjoying again the endowed comforts of the refuge, he spent last night in retelling fellow former seafaring men in the home with yarns of the most exciting trip of his long life. In a lifetime of sailing the seven seas as ship's carpenter in sail and steam, Mr. Clark never had a good look at New York. Last November, when he came to New York from Chicago, where he had been living since he retired from the sea in 1922, he was too fatigued from the long train ride to tour the city. Besides he didn't have the funds for a good tour.

This was remedied on Jan. 15, when the former mariner who celebrated his 100th birthday in October received $100 for describing some of his experiences on a radio program. Since all the comforts and necessities of life are provided by the sailors' home, there was little for Mr. Clark to spend his money on. So on April 7, instead of taking his customary walk to the docks to watch ships enter and leave the Lower Bay, he quietly boarded a ferry to New York. For the next few days he roamed the streets, recalling the days of his youth, when the girls were pretty, the bells were ringing, the docks were crowded with sailing vessels, and the waterfront saloons along the East River were alive with singing and dipping yarns with the hard-bitten seafaring men of today who especially delighted to hear him recall how he had once seen Abraham Lincoln speak in front of the old Astor House. He believed that Lincoln was one of the greatest men in history. He drifted from one place of entertainment to another in buses, subways, and even an occasional taxicab. He visited dance halls and motion-picture

THE UNHAPPY HERO

by Jonathan Daniels

THE last of the surfmen are disappearing from the wide arc of sea islands which screen the "graveyard of the Atlantic," before the beak of Cape Hatteras, where so many ships have been pounded ashore. There are planes watching in the sky now. A whole mass of new equipment for the saving of ships and men is succeeding the old combination of tough surfboats and surfmen which served the shore and the ships for so many years.

One of the last of the surfmen was old "Captain" James Henry Garrish, of Ocracoke Island and the U. S. Coast Guard, a huge man who never wore shoes in the summertime, even when Coast Guard brass came inspecting, and who sometimes astonished visitors by striking matches on the soles of his feet. His real rank was warrant boatswain, but everyone called him Captain.

Those who knew him believe that the most panicky moment of his life was not spent in a dune-high surf on the way to a ship in distress but at a dinner when he received a high Coast Guard decoration for a particularly daring rescue.

The Commandant of the Coast Guard himself was present. There were Congressmen and other dignitaries about the board. There were speeches from everybody — except Captain Garrish — until Captain Garrish made what the Commandant said afterwards was the most eloquent speech he had ever heard in his life. It did not come easy. Captain Garrish was a dumb and miserable man when they pushed him to his feet. He got more red and more silent than ever in the applause. And finally the Commandant himself said almost peremptorily:

"Well, just tell us in your own words what happened."

Captain Garrish's Adam's apple bobbed up like a red whaleboat in a storm.

"Well, we seen 'em out there and went and brung 'em in."

The Commandant himself led the tumultuous applause.

He still had about 30 cents

a little of the downpour in the bucket he had used for bailing. It tasted pretty good, but was distinctly salty.

"I never thought much of water as a drink before," said Mr. Wolfe, "and that wasn't very good water I guess, but it tasted right good."

It was still foggy Friday, but the wind had abated somewhat, though the seas still ran strong. Mr. Wolfe just kind of loafed through Friday, he said, waiting for night, when he had his third chew of tobacco.

In the first dawn Saturday he could see clouds scudding overhead and by the time real daylight came it was clearing. Early in the morning he saw a black-painted steamship heading north. It passed him within about a mile and Mr. Wolfe stood up and waved his coat wildly, but the ship passed on over the edge of his horizon without sighting him.

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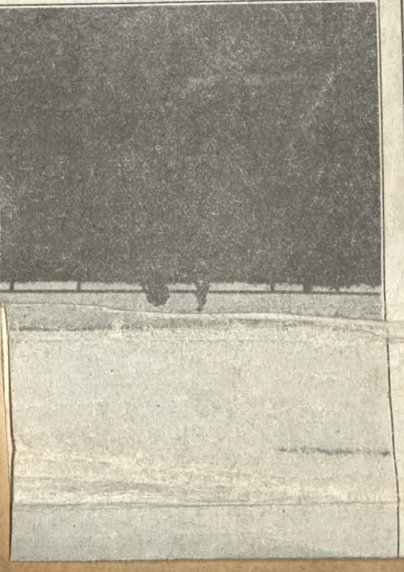
THE WATER



Missing Mariner, 100, Is Found After 30-Day Tour of New York

The search for William Samuel Clark, 100-year-old former seaman who disappeared on April 7 om Sailor's Snug Harbor, in aten Island, ended early yesterday when a policeman sat down ear him in a restaurant on Hous- n and Mulberry Streets.

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Still in possession of eleven of his own teeth and looking like a robust youngster of seventy-five, Mr. Clark found the food in lunch rooms, diners and bars palatable. The inconveniences of living in Bowery flophouses were brushed off as nothing compared with forecastle life of the nineties.

It was only a few hours after the officers of Sailor's Snug Harbor appealed to the Missing Persons' Bureau for assistance in locating the aged seaman that Patrolman James Kehoe, of the Police Telegraph Bureau, reading an account oof Mr. Clark's disappearance, recognized him as the man sipping coffee near him in the restaurant only a few blocks from Police Headquarters.

Mr. Clark told some of his adventure while he finished his coffee. He admitted he had about reached the end of his $100. A police car took him to the Battery, where he boarded a ferry alone, and at St. George, S. I., an automobile met him and took him back to the home.

He still had about 50 cents.

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a little of the downpour in the bucket he had used for bailing. It tasted pretty good, but was distinctly salty.

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NANTUCK

Water Spout Appeared East of Nantucket Island.

Last Saturday morning, about 11.30 o'clock, hundreds of people were treated to the unusual sight of a water spout about six miles east of the island—a phenomenon rarely seen in this section of the coast, although of frequent occurrence in tropical waters.

Coast Guards at Coskata station were the first to sight the water spout, which the look-out reported about five or six miles from the station in a southeasterly direction. It remained in sight for fully five minutes, coming down from the clouds from a great height until it sucked up a column of water from the ocean, which joined it in a tremendous column of whirling water, estimated at least half a mile in height. No vessels were noticed in the vicinity when

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Handicapped by an almost universal lack of docking facilities, seaplanes have not shown the commercial expansion which it calls "unique taxi":

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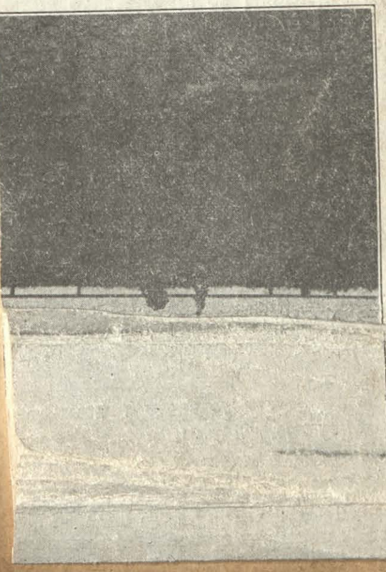

Fisherman Lost 4 Days in Dory Just Laughs It Off After Rescue

John Wolfe jr., tall and big-boned, was amused Monday night when they landed him from the Coast Guard cutter Toris at Stapleton, S. I., and bundled him into an ambulance bound for the United States Marine Hospital.

"Pa's going to get a laugh out of this," said Mr. Wolfe.

Between them he and his father, now eighty-four years old and a resident of Cambridge, Mass., have put in about a century at sea in fishing craft. Mr. Wolfe, who is sixty-three years old, looked a little sheepish as he explained that the older man would consider it amusing that his son should be taken to a hospital in an ambulance because he had been four days at sea in a dory.

Mr. Wolfe was one of eleven fishermen who sailed from Fulton Market April 14 on the Philip Manton, a sixty-eight-ton fishing boat with an auxiliary motor. Capt. Andrew Hansen was in command and there were fourteen men aboard. Tuesday morning, two days later, found them on the fishing grounds about 110 miles southeast of Amrose Lightship.

It was foggy but, about 11 o'clock, he sun appeared briefly as a pallid isk and the eleven dories of the hilip Manton were lowered and wed off to set their trawls, scatring over a couple of miles of ean. The fog closed in again, but fish were biting and fish are e important than fog to a dory-

5 p. m., when Mr. Wolfe made ast haul, he had 300 pounds efish in his dory and, except e tilefish, he was alone in the e knew the cook must be the horn on the Philip but he couldn't hear a except the slither of water e dory's gunwale.

out the tin horn, which en carry, and blew a lusty sounded flat and thin, the fog had soaked it up. again and again, pausing to listen for a reply. no reply, and he took s, heading for where he Philip Manton lay.

d the smack must be ile or so of him, and dged he had gone the nce he tried the horn the sound was blanfog, and not even an back. The wind was oo, and he could tell ess that it was coming southeast. Mr. Wolfe uld freshen and shift; ean an end of the fog. tty strong all night," t didn't make a dent ou couldn't see a star

ed slowly through the oon Wednesday there y sea rolling, which dory of most of its ouble with a doryload sea[illegible] Mr. Wolfe ex-

a wave. He heaved the rest of the tilefish overboard, and a wave, which helped him at the task, swept one of his oars overboard.

After that all he could do was scull from the stern and it was a job sometimes keeping the dory headed into the waves, all the weight being at the stern. There was neither food nor water in the dory, but Mr. Wolfe was too busy sculling and bailing Wednesday to notice the lack greatly.

"I was lucky," he said. "I had a half a package of tobacco in my pocket. You can keep going a long time on chewing tobacco."

Twice on Wednesday the dory was half full of water, but Mr. Wolfe bailed her dry each time. Some time in the night he took his first chew of tobacco. Thursday it was still foggy and about noon the wind came up again and half-filled the dory a couple of times. In the evening he took another chew of tobacco.

Thursday night it rained hard and Mr. Wolfe managed to preserve a little of the downpour in the bucket he had used for bailing. It tasted pretty good, but was distinctly salty.

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Hands

NANTUCK

Sat. Sept 7 1940

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9/7/40

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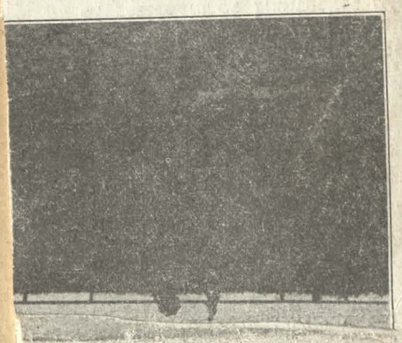

Cash prices in primary markets—Tuesday, April 23, 1940

Commodity and Unit.	Tues-day	Mon-day	Year ago	—Highs and Lows for 1940— High Date	Low Date
FOODS—					
Wheat (No 2 hard, c i f N Y), bu.	$1.33⅞	$1.34¼	$0.89⅝	$1.34¼ Apr 22	$1.18⅞ Feb
Corn (No 2 yellow, N Y), bu....	.81½	.81⅞	.65½	.81⅞ Apr 22	.71⅜ Feb
Oats (No 2 white), bu.....	.55⅝	.56⅛	.45	.56⅝ Apr 18	.52¼ Feb
Rye (No 2 west, c i f N Y), bu..	.90¼	.90⅝	.60⅝	.95⅜ Jan 2	.82⅜ Mar
Flour (spring patent), bbl.....	6.95	6.95	5.10	6.98 Apr 17	6.35 Jan 29
Cocoa (accra), lb.....	.06⅛	.06¼	.0426	.06¼ Apr 18	.05⅜ Jan 23
Steers, Chi, choice, 1100-1300 lbs...	12.13	12.13	12.13	12.25 Mar 20	10.63 Jan 2
Steers, Chi, good, 1100-1300 lbs.....	10.63	10.63	10.38	10.63 Mar 20	9.25 Jan 5
Hogs, Chi, good, choice, 200-220 lbs..	6.38	6.13	7.05	6.38 Apr 23	5.05 Apr 1
Lard (Middle West), lb.....	.0705	.0697	.0685	.072 Apr 18	.053¼ Mar 18

...Sinkings by U-Boats Recall Fabulous Capt. Hans Rose And His World War Kindliness

Cigarettes, Brandy and Towage for the Victims, the Technique Is Familiar; U. S. Saw It Practiced Off Newport in 1916 by the U-53

Reports that German submarine commanders have been rescuing and succoring the crews of unarmed tankers and freighters they have sent to the bottom bring to mind stories about Capt. Hans Rose, the famous master of the U-53, whose decency in the World War led Admiral William S. Sims to write in "The Victory at Sea": "Rose is one of the few U-boat commanders with whom Allied naval officers would be willing to shake hands. I have heard naval officers say they would like to meet him after the war."

It would be difficult to find out at this time whether the dapper and urbane Capt. Rose is operating a U-boat again and was one of the German submarine commanders who provided brandy, cigarettes, bread, bandages and towage for ships destroyed last week off Scotland, Ireland and France. However, ever since the torpedoing of the passenger liner Athenia without warning, it appears U-boat commanders may have received orders to use more finesse in their work, or to operate in the Capt. Rose manner."

The first round-trip crossing of the Atlantic in a submarine without refueling was an accomplishment so remarkable in 1916 that it was almost unbelieveable. The trip of forty-one days from the German naval base at Wilhelmshaven to Newport, R. I., and back made his name familiar to American newspaper readers and caused great concern to United States Navy officials who had doubted that European submarines could operate against American shores from any base across the seas.

It was on Oct. 7, 1916, six months before the United States entered the war, that Capt. Rose, commanding the U-53, arrived without advance notice at Newport. He paid his respects to the United States Navy authorities there, gave a reporter a letter to mail to Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, and for three hours graciously entertained all Newport residents who cared to come aboard and inspect the submarine.

Visitors noticed that two of the vessel's eight torpedoes were gone; crew members told them they had "used" the torpedoes during the seventeen-day crossing from Wilhelmshaven. Capt. Rose, who spoke English fluently, was received with all due official respect by the American naval authorities, but he said later that they seemed greatly relieved when he made no request for permission to load fuel or supplies. He got the impression that he would have encountered difficulty if he had wanted them.

Six Ships Sunk in Day

After staying in port less than four hours, Capt. Rose left the harbor, going as far as the three-mile limit on the surface.

The next day, a Sunday, he haunted the Atlantic just off Nantucket Shoals from dawn to long after dusk, and sank six Allied merchant vessels and neutral ships carrying contraband, without the loss of a single life. Several of the sinkings occurred within sight of Nantucket Lightship and were observed by the light keepers. The most important vessel sent to the bottom was the Red Cross liner Stephano, which had many American passengers aboard and was bringing vacationists and anglers back to New York from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia on her last trip of the season. Allied war vessels didn't arrive at the scene until thirty-six hours after Capt. Rose had revealed his whereabouts by audaciously putting into Newport.

Startled at the outbreak of submarine warfare right at their front door, Americans waited for reports of more sinkings on Monday and all the rest of the week, but Capt. Rose and the U-53 were not heard from again until he arrived back in Germany early in November. There he told of an extremely rough voyage home, having encountered severe storms off the Newfoundland Banks and north of England. He hove to in one storm off the banks, and at times had to submerge to avoid terrific buffeting. He also recalled his encounter with the American freighter Kansan, the first vessel he had stopped off Nantucket on Oct. 8, the day he sank six.

According to Capt. Rose, the Kansan's master proved to be a veritable sea lawyer, and long argument was necessary before he would send an officer aboard the submarine with the ship's papers for inspection. During the parley the Kansan began to send wireless messages ashore and the submarine cut in with interference. Finally the Kansan was allowed to proceed.

Give You a Lift?

A little after 6 a. m. the British freighter Strathdene was sent to the bottom, and at 10:45 a. m. the British ship West Point was destroyed. The next attack, on the Stephano, was not made until 4:30 p. m., the delay being caused by the time Capt. Rose took to assist the thirty-eight members of the West Point's crew. After they had got into two lifeboats and their ship had been sunk, Capt. Rose passed almost three hours towing them forty-five of the fifty miles to shore. The towline broke three times, but it was spliced again each time, and during these delays Capt. Rose chatted with the survivors.

The vessels destroyed in the late afternoon and evening were the Norwegian freighter Christian Knudsen, the Dutch freighter Bloomersdijk and the British freighter Kingston.

Back in European water, Capt. Rose was not heard of again until the spring of 1918, when Capt. Thomas A. Ensor of the American freighter Housatonic returned to New York and told how he had been sunk by the U-53 on Feb. 3 not far from the British coast.

According to Capt. Ensor, "the dapper and ever courteous Lieut. Rose, whose captivating and charming manner won Newport at first sight, was as urbane as ever." Capt. Ensor told how the Housatonic, bound for Liverpool with grain, was stopped by the submarine and a U-boat officer and three seamen came over in a small boat and took him back with his ship's papers for inspection.

"As I approached the side I was greeted by a tall young navy lieutenant who spoke excellent English," he said. "By his slight figure and Van Dyke beard I recognized him immediately as Lieut. Rose, whose picture I had frequently seen in the papers after the U-53 entered Newport."

The Courteous Captain

Capt. Ensor was invited aboard the submarine, where Capt. Rose told him: "I am afraid I'll have to sink you I have no other choice in the matter, since you carry contraband."

"The submarine took our two boats in tow, after first giving us several life preservers marked U-53," Capt. Ensor related. "She towed us nearly an hour, when a British patrol boat put in an appearance.

"The submarine slowed down, and Capt. Rose yelled, 'Here comes your taxi, captain. I'll leave you now. But just to make sure the driver sees a fare in the offing I'll stir him up a bit.'

"Accordingly, the submarine fired a shot from his bow, and at the sound the patrol boat headed in our direction. Before she had approached two miles, the U-53 submerged. Capt. Rose waved 'good by' just before the conning tower hatch was closed, shouting 'Give my regards to America.'

That was two decades ago, and nothing has been heard of Rose in America since then. If he lived through the Nazi regime he may have been placed in command of another U-boat. He may have been the captain who gave two bottles of brandy and a box of cigarettes to the skipper of the British tug Neptunia last week, or the submarine commander who towed the crew of the trawler Rudyard Kipling in the direction of the Irish coast in a lifeboat for eight hours.

NANTUCK

Sat. Herald 9/7/40

Water Spout Appeared East of Nantucket Island.

Last Saturday morning, about 11.30 o'clock, hundreds of people were treated to the unusual sight of a water spout about six miles east of the island—a phenomenon rarely seen in this section of the coast, although of frequent occurrence in tropical waters.

Coast Guards at Coskata station were the first to sight the water spout, which the look-out reported about five or six miles from the station in a southeasterly direction. It remained in sight for fully five minutes, coming down from the clouds from a great height until it sucked up a column of water from the ocean, which joined it in a tremendous column of whirling water, estimated at least half a mile in height. No vessels were noticed in the vicinity when the phenomenon occurred.

The water spout was clearly visible from vantage points along the water front, and those assembled on Steamboat wharf as the steamer was docking saw the spout towering up above the east end of the island. Others who happened to be on Mill Hill or the Cliff had an excellent view of the unusual event, as did those who were at 'Sconset and Wauwinet.

* * * * *

Local Weather Bureau's Notes on the Waterspout.

A waterspout was observed off Nantucket on the 7th. The funnel cloud was observed northeast of the Weather Bureau station at 10.45 a. m., E. S. T. This cloud formed on the under side of a large cumulo-nimbus cloud, commonly known as a thunderhead, and slowly dropped to the water, reaching the surface at 10.53 a. m., east-northeast of the station. The waterspout dissipated at 10.59 a. m.

The water in a waterspout is all fresh and caused by condensation except for some salt water in the six to ten feet near the surface. Occasionally spray is carried up higher in the center when the spout is well developed. This particular waterspout was caused by the over-running of a layer of warm air near the surface of the ocean by a very cold layer aloft. Similar conditions on land produce tornadoes.

J. B. Underwood.

* * * * *

It is forty-four years since a water spout was seen in this vicinity before, and some of us can well recall the event of August 19, 1896, when an unusual atmospheric condition appeared in the sound almost directly north of the island, with a sudden pall of semi-darkness hovering over the vicinity of the north bluff. The following record was made of the water spout of 1896:

On Wednesday, the 19th of August, 1896, a water spout appeared in Nantucket sound, between Oak Bluffs and Cross Rip lightship. It accompanied an ordinary thunderstorm, which was not very pronounced on Nantucket but quite severe on the Vineyard. The water spout first appeared at 12.40 p. m., when a tongue shot down from a dense black cloud, rising and falling a number of times, when a second tongue seemed to leap up out of the water and joined that hanging down from the cloud.

Twice the water spout parted, but joined together again almost instantly, the phenomenon continuing in plain sight of residents of Nantucket and Marthas Vineyard for nearly half an hour, enabling a number of photographs to be taken. The spout apparently had no side motion and was surrounded by a flat calm.

Sea captains who had witnessed water spouts in other oceans, where they are a frequent occurrence, stated that the one which appeared in Nantucket sound at this time was the most pronounced of any they had ever seen. Its presence caused no marine disaster, although a small schooner and a catboat were becalmed within a mile of its base.

* * * * *

On the second page of this issue we are presenting a picture of the water spout which appeared forty-four years ago. Although a number of snap-shots were made of the spout which appeared last Saturday, none was taken near enough for a satisfactory reproduction.

7/12/41 THE INQUI

NING, SEPTEMBER 7, 193

No War Hysteria on Nantucket, Writes Crandell.

Richard F. Crandell, of the New York Herald-Tribune staff, usually spends his vacations on Nantucket, where he has a number of friends and acquaintances. He finds the island just as composed and peaceful as always, without any semblance of the hysteria which is so apparent on the mainland. In other words, Crandell finds that the Nantucketers pursue their daily occupations and maintain the island routine in spite of the world strife and the terrible war being enacted in Europe. He writes to the Herald-Tribune as follows:

This breeze-swept little island, which lies practically defenseless in the path of any possible German invasion of the United States, is as free today as any part of the country from that stage of excitement called "hysteria", defense preparation or war jitters, a survey reveals.

No recruiting officers walk along its shaded nineteenth century streets; no civilians in shirt sleeves creep over embankments of earth in mimic warfare; no gray-haired women shut their eyes to fire Springfields at fancied parachutists. Nantucket is calm and going about its Yankee business of entertaining jaded off-islanders.

Nantucketers know what war is, more so than the millions in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago. They have had it brought home to them for centuries: invasions since the dim times of the Norsemen; depredations by French, British, Indians, Colonists and Germans.

They even experienced the terror of 1898, when Admiral Cervera's fleet sailed from the Cape Verde Islands and was rumored crossing the Atlantic to shell the New England coast.

At present undefended, Nantucket and her neighbor island of Martha's Vineyard, conceivably could play an important role in a sudden invasion of the United States. Nantucket, defended in 1917-18 by 300 Naval Reserves, is some fifty miles from New Bedford, over 200 miles from New York, 100 miles from Boston Navy Yard and seventy-five miles from the base at New London, Conn.

From the Nantucket cliffs at Sankaty and Tom Never's Head, first sighted authentically by a European in 1602, when Bartholomew Gosnold spotted them on his way to Virginia, no coastal guns point into the Atlantic toward the Azores. Only the cheerful red and white pillar of Sankaty Light looms on the cliffs of the Atlantic. On the cliffs at 'Sconset there are no anti-aircraft guns, only cottages decked with rose and hydrangea bushes.

Potential defense points include Coast Guard stations and a Weather Bureau headquarters. There is one principal ariport. In the last war the German secret service found it to their interest (shipping information) to maintain at least one agent on the island.

Yes Nantucket, in the presence of a declared national emergency and peace-time conscription, is normal and calm. Except for the "cute little twins", Charles Spencer and Roger Spencer Langston, whose home in Sussex is under bombardment, the presence of a few British Relief and Red Cross appeals and the chronic whistling of "God Bless America", the island is serene.

In real warfare this island has suffered greatly. Tinctured by early sympathies for the Society of Friends (Quakers), it has tried to remain at peace with the world, busy only with trade in the four corners of the globe. Six years after the first settlers came, however, the first off-islander with anger in his heart arrived by canoe. This was the redoubtable King Philip (1665), who was paddled from his stronghold at Mount Hope in search of an Indian offender. Three years after the island transferred from New York state and became part of Massachusetts (1692), a French privateer anchored under Squam Head on the east coast, to send a party of raiders into the island around Squam and Polpis and Quidnet. After invading a number of houses for food, the privateer departed, to carry on raids against Atlantic shipping.

Save for local troubles with Indians and an incident in 1776, when six Nantucket whaling boats were captured by the French and their crews taken to France (never to be heard from again), Nantucketers lived in peace, building up the whaling industry that was to grow into 150 ships by the time the American Revolution began.

The Revolution brought Nantucket death, starvation and great property loss. In 1773 three ships, the Dartmouth, Beaver and Eleanor, sailed from Nantucket for London with whale oil. After discharging in the Thames they were loaded with tea for Boston. Their arrival there during the Stamp Tax troubles caused the attack on them known in our history as the "Boston Tea Party".

War on the mainland perplexed the colonists of Nantucket. Self-sufficient and hardy, they had carved out a living for themselves.

Independent by isolation, the yoke of King George rode lightly, even on the more rebellious. Many were tories and left for Canada. In 1775, 100 Provincial troops landed on Nantucket's wharf to seize flour "destined for the British". They stayed four days and left, taking with them fifty whaleboats.

In the long war 1,600 Nantucketers lost their lives out of a population of 4,545. In shipping they lost 134 vessels totaling 11,000 tons. One British raid on the island cost them $50,000 in stolen property.

The 1941 sentiments of the Nantucketers are overwhelmingly with the British. On the ancient Pacific National Bank are displayed pleas for the British War Relief Society and the British-American Ambulance Corps. When some one suggested sending an ambulance to Great Britain the money was raised in forty-eight hours with $300 over-subscribed.

For all their sympathies Nantucketers talk little about the war. If you chance to hear speculation about a German invasion of this country it will develop that the porch talkers are from "America"—from Baltimore or Boston or New York.

Nantucketers, surrounded by the sea, do not "panic" easily. They are not excited about "fifth column" activities. A few Nazi sympathizers on the island are being watched quietly. From the last war Nantucket fishermen who went to the Georges Banks and Cape Cod remember grimly that some men on German submarines were recognized as former guests aboard the fishing boats they attacked.

Nantucketers knew through their local paper, "The Inquirer and Mirror", January 26, 1916, that a German submarine was going to cross the Atlantic. When she showed up as the Deutschland five months later in Baltimore they were not surprised. There was no alarm, either, in October, 1916, when a U-boat sank six steamers off Nantucket, or in 1918 when a periscope popped out of the sea off Cape Cod to sink coal barges and a tug.

They knew there hadn't been a real battle in these parts since 1814, when the American privateer Neufchatel and the boats of the British frigate Endymion fought five miles off Nantucket's south shore, with 100 British and five Americans killed.

They're not afraid of the sea or what the sea will bring. If it brings war they'll fight. They have fought against British forty-four-gun ships, against the Pequods, in the islands of the South Pacific, against hurricanes and typhoons, against the new "weapon" of the last war, the submarine. They've helped drag cannon against the French and Indians, they have been held in prison hulks in the Medway, they have stumbled to death in gas masks while running across shell-pocked French farmyards.

They are Americans and they wonder calmly on their island outpost what's got into mainland folk.

"Old Home Day" at Original 'Sconset Golf Course.

The old home day at the original golf club at Siasconset was one of the surprises of the season. It was not only that a great number responded to the idea and thronged the place as it has seldom been occupied but it was also the fervent spirit of enjoyment that colored the afternoon. There were reminders of many who had been frequenters of the place in the old days and who have passed on, yet the group included many still active and vital and who found in the short reunion one of the pleasantest of summer experiences.

Among those who attended were Gen. and Mrs. M. H. Barnum, who have known the island for decades—in fact from childhood—and who still make the annual sojourn here.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Potter, of Detroit, have been coming to 'Sconset since they were children and such description also includes Mrs. Dustin and Bob McCreery, for they all passed their summers here when the elder McCreerys were among the earliest visitors to Nantucket.

Another whose childhood was spent here with her parents is Rita Robinson. Mrs. Galvin, who poured, and Mrs. Mitchell, former owners of the clubhouse, have been continuous visitors since the 1880's.

Among others who knew the island as children were Mrs. W. E. Woodruff and Lee Parsons Davis.

The occasion was given flavor by the presence of George Fawcett, of Nantucket, who was the first treasurer of the old club and who told interested listeners that the first preparation for a golf course back in the 1880's cost the contributors a little over $200.

Kenneth Webb was another 'Sconset veteran whose father and mother early found the charm of Nantucket, and whose brother, Roy, used to win the championship and other awards.

The Roberts family, represented by Misses Edith and Helen, were, during early visits, located at the Hamlet which is no more. Mrs. Buttrick was one of the mothers who saw her then small son learn golf on this island, as did the Roberts boys, the Webbs, the McCreerys, and others. Stanley Swift, who played the informal match, was brought here by his father before the earliest golf club began to function. Mrs. W. H. Thompson's presence was a reminder that her husband was a life-time friend of Digby Bell, and was for a time president of the old club, and for at least 25 years a player there.

All these families, and many more, were represented while the prizes were awarded in the old manner and the throng dealt liberally with the punch and the tea and the doughnuts and the sandwiches. Those, long since grown to maturity, seeing the eager appetites of the youngsters, remembered how they, too, had seen to it in the old days that nothing was left to be carried back to the village.

The group which thought up this idea, and did the work, included Mrs. Dorothy Matlack Haddock, Edith Roberts, Mrs. Nelson and Josephine Harvey Torrey. They found willing assistants in the work at the house and they were amazed at the company they gathered.

Incidentally, on hearing the familiar 'Sconset cheer with "Paddy go whack" it was told that this was the invention of Mrs. Grout and the Chittenden sisters. Mrs. Grout was present, and appropriately, since it was her husband who helped organize the first club and who served as its president in the earlier years.

Unfortunately, no complete list of names was gathered. The opinion is unanimous that this return to the first golf scenes ought to be an annual occasion and probably it will be made so.

"What Do You Suppose Did Happen to the Lady Adams?"

If you have personal

A Forgotten House on The Street of Long Ago.

Nantucket has many historic old houses. In every part of the town there are outstanding examples of old New England architecture. Every street has its old house and many of the longer thoroughfares boasts of them in round dozens. Living in such neighborly seclusion for two centuries has linked the older places together with family bonds, so that in tracing the history of each one finds the story of all—even though it be in different chapters.

In the story of these old houses are many pages of more than insular interest, for here are the homes of the whalemen who were the pioneers to the seven seas—who brought Old Glory into new quarters of the globe and made it a flag to respect. The searcher who walks the winding streets and narrow lanes of this island town regards each house with veneration born of respect—they represent an epic in the history of the New World; they are a large portion of a goodly heritage handed down through generations of sperm-oil flavored aristocrats.

And yet, in such a town as Nantucket, where native pride has carefully preserved the stirring days of [illegible] house and one street came near to becoming lost forever as visible portions of the native heritage. The house is the Elihu Coleman house; the street is Duke street. The story may be entitled—"The Forgotten House on the Street of Long Ago."

* * * * *

The tale begins at the earliest settlement of the island. It will be remembered that the first settlers to he island came as a company of nine, afterwards admitting partnership to another group which were called the half-shares men." The location of he first settlement covered a wide area from Capaum, south and west, to Hummock pond. When the people finally changed the location of settlement to the "great harbor" at Wesco, the present town had its inception.

Today, the only visible traces of this original settlement are the old burying ground on the hill above Maxcy's; the marker that fixes the site of Tristram Coffin's house "under the hill—and the Elihu Coleman house on Duke street.

We go on to the street. It was never a "street" but a lane—a cart-track leading from "Cambridge" to the great harbor. Duke street is a lonely lane. During the past cen- it has changed but little—a wind- sandy rutted road. But next to st Chester street it is the oldest roughfare on the island. Here e stood the homesteads of of Benmin Merchant, William Clark, James ewbegin and others. Today, only e house marks the vicinity of the habitations—the Elihu Coleman mestead.

* * * * *

It is a sturdy "mansion," built for rength and simplicity by Elihu Coleman, a carpenter by trade, and an der in the Society of Friends. It as in the year 1722 that Elder Elihu mpleted his dwelling—some ten ars before George Washington was rn. At this time, the sons of the rly settlers of Nantucket were lding homes in the close vicinity of "great harbor", for they were bening to send their little sloops to in quest of whale-oil.

f Elihu had any idea that his home rked the site of the old as well as time of the transition to the new he left no record of it. He erected home with all his natural skill, it was built to stand the strong s and storms of the winter as as the warm and moist "souther- of the spring and fall. How e built we all know, for on this noted for its fine old houses, it ng the best-preserved of them

sixty years thereafter, Elihu the house. He was an educan, and in the southeast room one of the very first protests slavery printed in New Eng- his "tract" caused him to be nd respected wherever anti- was discussed, and when Wil- d Garrison visited the island 840's he came to the house d with William Coleman, the lihu, who was then residing

th the passing of the im- Coleman family, the house the possession of William elt a worthy Friend. Mr. house as a monument uilder and, fearful reha into the hands of ved the ed with its history, est bear- e town in his will, ll be es- in 1899. s, where se in good repair, notes in itten in the cement sh pay- the date of one of s to re- s, 1862. But the lisburse faith with Friend ns also se passed through p. udes. It was as if sist of the old place and s. The pation of Benjamin ill ex- nt for many years. other. eplace * * * n and ns of islanders grew The a deserted old house. take ere boarded up to keep se. It ys. Weeds and rank ed by ass grew up about the yard. Birds built their big chimney; a colony kers taking possession of p-stairs rooms. Desolation ham- ngy, run-down look. Some cele- that it was haunted. Time e to , until, like Duke street, the not an historic island landmark ugh- ten. th

n, one day about twenty there was an auction. The in years visited the old around and stirred up the past. Seated on the front young woman looked nd took note of the house ntages. She had fallen it at first sight, but while as being conducted took ice of proceedings. Her rs. Rose Ring Forbes. o bid for the place but uld be too small, and so apart from the crowd y-dreamed, thinking of t do if the place were y she noticed that the auction was over—and, to her dismay, found that the house had been sold for less than $500.

The sequel to this incident is the remarkable part of the story. Mrs. Forbes wanted more than ever to own the place and, after some negotiation, purchased it from Miss Annie Barker Folger. This was in March, 1919. Immediately, she began the difficult task of restoring the place to its original condition. It was a tremendous task for a lone woman but she began it in earnest. For the first few years she lived alone in the big house, summer and winter. Then her friend, Miss Kimball, came to live with her and join in the task. For a decade the two women worked diligently. Plaster and paint, put on in the last century, were removed. Scraping and scrubbing, doing the work of carpenters masons, gardeners, farmers and laborers, the two stuck to their task until, today, there are exhibiting the place in its original condition—with beams exposed, fire-places restored, and the sailent features of its construction in view.

* * * * *

It is the opinion of historian and architect that the Elihu Coleman house is one of the finest examples in this country of dwelling houses erected during the eighteenth century. Misfortunes always have some advantage to some one, and the many years in which the house stood unoccupied at least saved it from [illegible] use. It is this fact that has accounted for much of the preservation, although Elihu's skill as a builder has most to do with it.

On each side of the front hallway is a large room with huge fireplaces. The front stairs wind upward from the small entrance hall. The north room runs through the entire width, being the original kitchen, and here also is a great fireplace. The frame of the house is of massive oak, the heavy girders and summers in view to further testify as to the strength of construction.

Facing the south, as did all the old houses, the house has a pilaster strip under the front eaves that lends a bit of ornamentation. The entire construction is marked by simplicity in strength. The beams are of oak, the timbers and rafters of pine. The oak corner posts are built so that the tops have gun-stop supports for the side-beams, the gun-stops being shaped like the butt of a gun and antedating the ship's-knee construction of other Nantucket houses. Much of the joinery tells the actual story of the hand-hewn timbers, with the wooden pegs. Original boards in the roof are a foot and a half wide and one measures 25 inches wide. The summers have chamfered ends with "lamb's-tongue" ornaments. So toughened by time are the ten-inch square oak beams that it is next to impossile to drive a modern nail into them.

A mantle in the southwest room is one of the best examples of the hand-carving of the time. Panels in the doors, both down-stairs and up, average two-feet in width, and two are 25 inches wide. Being a full two stories in height, with an attic, the structure is surprisingly level as far as settling of floors and chimney are concerned. This is the result of the wise builder's use of cobbles under the entire area. Mrs. Forbes came across this fact when she dug down to plant some trees close by the house.

The "summer kitchen," as the ell is called, has its fire place and also a large kettle of iron, set in brick, with a fire-place beneath—the hot-water receptacle of the old days.

The kitchen in the main house has a fire place measuring six feet six inches in width. The old oven and crane give mute testimony of the roaring fires that once blazed on this hearth, while the flue is large enough a chimney sweep to climb, being built an angle into the chimney. The back-stairs from the kitchen to the rooms above, show where many footsteps have climbed, and wind in nautical fashion, upward. Using all of the available space is another result of sea-faring connection, and Elihu built many cup-boards, all of interest, especially the "bible closet" in the "keeping room."

The southeastern room, on the lower floor has one of the largest—if not the largest—fireplaces on the island. Nine feet five and one-half inches, it measures, sheathed in pine, with the lintel cut back to keep it from catching fire. The heavy iron crane is capable of holding a number of the iron pots and kettles. The bricks in the back-wall of the hearth are set in a herringbone design, so that individual bricks which might crumble may be removed without disturbing others. Above this "herringbone back" is a curious set-back of about two inches in depth, evidentally an aid to the draught. One may stand in this fire-place and gaze up through the blackened flue to the sky above.

Now that their work was brought to a successful finish, and the restored house began to draw many interested visitors, Mrs Forbes and Miss Kimball decided that the fire-risk during the winter was the next problem that they must tackle. They then built their winter quarters in the old barn (this structure itself being made over from the original barn.) Again, they were entirely successful in their work—the proof being that they spent the past severe winter in as much comfort as the folks in town.

Mrs. Forbes reports a larger number of visitors this year than during any of the preceding years. Most of these are lovers of old houses, as well as architects, designers and historians. All express their delight in the appearance of the homestead and in these appreciative remarks both Mrs. Forbes and Miss Kimball find much to repay them for their toil.

But the greatest honor came this year. A few weeks ago, Mrs. Forbes was informed that the Elihu Coleman house has been chosen to represent Nantucket architecture under the new Federal survey, and the measurements of the structure are to repose in the Library of Congress in Washington, where they will be available for all architects who desire only the best of New England architecture. A letter from the Historic Ancient Buildings Survey, signed by Frank C. Brown, extends the information. Under this survey, one old house in each of the older New England communities is chosen to represent the architecture of the town. Thus, two hundred and twelve years after its erection, the Elihu Coleman house on Duke street has become recognized as an outstanding example of American architecture.

* * * * *

There are three other structures in Nantucket town of the same design as the Coleman homestead, all of which are in a well-nigh perfect state of preservation. These were built within a few years after the house on Duke street and have fascinating stories of their own. The three are the Hiram Folger house at the head of Main street; the Major Josiah Coffin house, now owned by H. Emerson Tuttle, on the corner of North Liberty and North streets; and the Richard Gardner on West Chester street, now occupied by Mrs. Gesell.

Elihu Coleman owned property in town as well as his homestead. An ancient deed, dated "22nd day of fifth month, 1760," gives further evidence of the sturdy Friend's character. It reads:

"For the love and affection which I bear to my son-in-law, Micajah Coffin, carpenter, I grant him the following described land, being in Sherburne, as follows....."

The tract of land described in the deed was quadrangular in shape, comprising one quarter of an acre "near the Wesco school house and west of land belonged to Jethro Gardner and brothers."

The late Henry B. Worth, lawyer and historian, made a study of the deed and located the section as occupying the east half of the space on the south side of Main street, between Pine street and Ray's Court, where, at one time, a number of ancient houses stood.

Micajah Coffin, the son-in-law of Elihu Coleman, was the father of Zenas Coffin, the wealthiest whaling merchant in the island's history and the father of Charles G. and Henry Coffin, whose brick mansions still stand on Main street. Micajah served as Representative to the General Court more terms than any other—consectively from 1791 to 1812. He lived to be nearly one hundred years old, and it is said that during the last years of his life, whenever he met a stranger to him on the street, he would say: "My name is Micajah Coffin, what is thy name?" When Governor Levi Lincoln, the first governor to visit Nantucket, arrived with a company of mainland dignitaries, the party paid a visit to Micajah's home. The old islander was then in his ninety-sixth year and, during the course of conversation, forgot which of the visitors was the governor and addressed the Boston postmaster in sonorous Latin, much to that gentleman's visible embarrassment.

WHITE SHELF PAPER
AT THIS OFFICE.

THE ELIHU COLEMAN HOUSE. 1722

THE ONLY LANDING PLACE ON THE ROCKY SHORES OF PITCAIRN ISLAND: THE THREE LARGE ROWBOATS of the Islanders, Who Are Experts in the Handling of Their Craft, at the Dock in Bounty Bay, Scene of the First Landing Nearly 150 Years A

From the time Christian and the eight other mutineers of the "Bounty" left Tahiti on September 21st 1790, nothing was learned of them until early in 180
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Oct

The same night the Otemeitan widows arose and murdered all their countrymen, leaving Smith with the widows and children, where he had resided ever since without being resisted. I remained but a short time on the island, and on leaving it, Smith presented me with a time piece and an azimuth compass, which he told me belonged to the Bounty. The time keeper was taken from me by the government or of the island of Juan Fernandez, after I had it in my possession about six weeks. The compass I put in repair on board my ship and made use of it in my homeward passage, since which a new card has been put in it by an instrument maker in Boston. I now forward it to your lordships, thinking there will be a satisfaction in receiving it merely from the extraordinary circumstances attending it.

Mayhew Folger

I copied the above on September 20, 1942 from the book "Three voyages around the world", published by E. G. House in Boston in 1817, written by Amasa DeLano, containing forty one pages of its 500 pages of interesting facts on the Bounty mutiny.

Stanley H. Swift
Siasconset, Mass.

See also the book in the Athenaeum, "Beechey Voyage" in 1925. (Published in 1832 which has an interesting chapter on Pitcairn Island & the Bounty & also describes "Elizabeth Island" where the Essex Crew landed. and Duval " and also about another Ship sunk by a Whale.

From the time Christian and the eight other mutineers of the "Bounty" left Tahiti on September 21st 1790, nothing was learned of them until early in 1809 when a copy of this entry in Folger's log book was sent to the British admiralty by Lt. Fitzmaurice who made it in Valparaiso October 10, 1808 from the log book of Captain Folger.

Saturday, February 6, 1808. Saw land ~~and~~ Steered for it, and it proved to be Pitcairn Island, discovered in 1767 by Captain Cataret in Sloop Swallow. At two A. M. the isle bore south, two leagues distant, ~~we~~ lay off, ~~and~~ until daylight. At six A. M. put off with two boats to explore the land and look for seals. On approaching the shore saw a smoke on the land at which I was very much surprised, it being represented by Captain Cataret as destitute of inhabitants. On approaching still nearer the land, I discovered a boat paddling toward me with three men in her. Approaching her, they hailed in the English language and asked who was captain of the ship and offered me a number of coconuts, which they had brought off as a present and requested I would land, there being as they said, a white man on shore. I went ashore and found there an Englishman by the name of Alexander Smith, the only person remaining out of nine that escaped on board the ship Bounty, Captain Bligh, under the command of that arch mutineer, Christian. Smith informed me that after putting Captain Bligh in the long boat and sending her adrift, their commander, Christian, proceeded to Otaheite (Tahiti). There all the mutineers choose to stop except, Christian, himself and seven others. They all took them wives at Otaheite and six men as servants and proceeded to Pitcairn Island where they landed all their goods and chattels and ran the ship Bounty on shore and broke her up, which took place as near as he could recollect in 1790, soon after which one of their party ran mad, and drowned himself. Another died of a fever, and after they had remained about four years on the island, their ten servants rose upon and killed six of them, leaving only Smith alive and he desperately wounded with a pistol ball in the neck.

(On a Sailing Voyage to the So. Pac. Ocean in 1808 in the Ship Topaz of Boston - Sailed Apr 4 1807

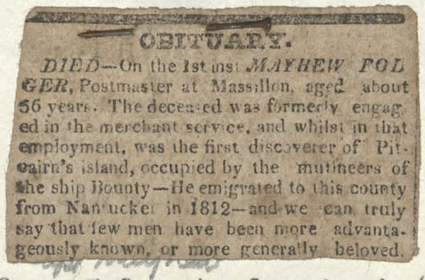
First part, light airs at east. Steering by S. ½ S. by compass. at ½ past 1 P. M. bearing S.W. by W. ½ W.

Saturday, February 6, 1808. Saw land ~~and~~ steered for the, ~~and it proved to be~~ the said land being Pitcairn Island, discovered in 1767 by Captain Cataret in Sloop Swallow. At two A. M. the isle ~~now~~ bore south, two leagues distant. land with a light breeze at the east,
We lay off, ~~and~~ until daylight. At six A. M. put off with two boats to explore the land and look for seals. On approaching the shore saw a smoke on the land at which I was very much surprised, it being represented by Captain Cataret as destitute of inhabitants. On approaching still nearer the land, I discovered a boat paddling toward me with three men in her. Approaching her, they hailed in the English language and asked who was captain of the ship and offered me a number of coconuts, which they had brought off as a present and requested I would land, there being as they said, a white man on shore. I went ashore and found there an Englishman by the name of Alexander Smith, the only person remaining out of nine that escaped on board the ship Bounty, Captain Bligh, under the command of that arch mutineer, Christian. Smith informed me that after putting Captain Bligh in the long boat and sending her adrift, their commander, Christian, proceeded to Otaheite. (Tahiti) There all the mutineers choose to stop except, Christian, himself and seven others. They all took way wives at Otaheite and six men as servants and proceeded to Pitairn Island where they landed all their goods and chattels and ran he ship Bounty on shore and broke her up, which took place as near s he could recollect in 1790, soon after which one of their party ran mad, and drowned himself. Another died of a fever, and after they had remained about four years on the island, their ten servants ose upon and killed six of them, leaving only Smith alive and he esperately wounded with a pistol ball in the neck.

However he and the widows of the deceased arose and put all the servants to death, which left him the only surviving man on the island with eight or nine women and several small children. He immediately went to work tilling the ground so that it now produces plenty for them all and he lives very comfortably as commander in chief of Pitcaairn Island. All the children of the deceased mutineers speak tolerable English. Some of them are grown to the size of men and women and to do them justice, I think them a very human and hospitable people and whatever way have been the errors or crimes of Smith the mutineer in times back, he is at present in my opinion a worthy man and may be useful to navigators who traverse this immense Ocean. Such is the history of Christian and his associates. Be it remembered that this island is scantily supplied with fresh water, so that it is impossible for a ship to get a supply. I place it in lat. 25°-2' south and 130' west south from my last lunar observation.

Sunday, February 7, 1808. Light air from the east and very hot, the ship laying off and on. I tarried on shore with the friendly Smith and his truly good people until four P. M. then left them and went out and made sail S. E. by E. bound for Massafuro, having received from the people on shore, some hogs, cocoanuts and plantains.

(Finis)



OBITUARY.

DIED—On the 1st inst. *MAYHEW FOLGER*, Postmaster at Massillon, aged about 56 years. The deceased was formerly engaged in the merchant service, and whilst in that employment, was the first discoverer of Pitcairn's island, occupied by the mutineers of the ship Bounty—He emigrated to this county from Nantucket in 1812—and we can truly say that few men have been more advantageously known, or more generally beloved.

I copied the above from Folger's log book (written by himself in long hand) at the whaling museum in Nantucket on September 19, 1941. (See the other books in museum library telling all about Mr. Folger's discovery and also the history of Bounty.

Also in Athenaeum Library
i.e. Three Voyages around the World &
Voyages & Travels in the Pacific, by Amasa Delano
Pub. in 1817

(Also "Beechey Voyage" in the Athenaeum Library in 1925 — Pub. in 1832

Stanley N. Swift

The next news was received by the admiralty in 1815, being a letter addressed to it by Captain Mayhew Folger dated March 1, 1813, probably written at Massillon, Ohio at the same time sending them a compass which belonger to the Bounty.

The remarkable circumstance, which took place on my last voyage to the Pacific Ocean, will, I trust, plead my apology for addressing your lordships, at this time. In February 1808, I touched at Pitcairns Island, in lat. 25 5 south, long. 130 west from Greenwich. My principal object was to procure seals skins for the China market, and from the account given of the island in Capt. Cateret's voyage, I supposed it was uninhabited, but on approaching the shore in my boat, I was met by three young men in a double canoe, with a present, consisting of some fruit and a hog. They spoke to me in the English language and informed me that they were born on the island, and their father was an Englishman, who had sailed with Capt. Bligh. After discoursing with them a short time, I landed with them and found an Englishman of the name of Alex. Smith, who informed me he was one of the Bounty's crew and that after putting Capt. Bligh in the boat, with half of the ship's company, they returned to Otaheite, where part of the crew choose to tarry, but Mr. Christian with eight others, including himself, preferred going to a more remote place, and after making a short stay at Otaheite, where they took wives and six men servants, proceeded to Pitcairn Island, where they destroyed the ship, after taking everything out of her which they thought would be useful to them. About six years after they landed at this place, their servants attacked and killed all the English excepting the informant, and he was severely wounded.

ANGIER HOUSE.

WM. ROGERS, - - - PROPRIETOR.

Cleveland May 14 1858

My Dear Sir

I rec'd your letter the day
after I started for the west. and had
the pleasure to find the book. and
expected to have an opportunity to
hand it to you. but I found that
I could not visit Madison, without
a great detention which was my
engagement at home will permit
at present.

Be pleased to accept it
with my assurances of regard & esteem.
& believe me

Yours very truly

A. B. Robb

of Boston Mass

Pub'g 1817

The book was "Amasa Delano's "Three Voyages around the World"
containing a description of Delano's conversations with Mayhew Folger
discoverer of Sadwig Island & Bounty Mutineers
Also other facts on the Bounty Mutineers filling 41 pages.
Also Mayhew's letter to the Secretary of the Navy
of the Mutineers.

Boston Edition

OVER

To

R. H. Folger Esq

Massillon

Ohio

Descendent of Mayhew Folger of Nantucket, who on Feb 6/1808 landed at Pitcairn Island & discovered the hiding place of the Mutineers of the Bounty (who landed there in 1790) and the sole survivor Alex. Smith. Mayhew went to Massillon Ohio in 1812 & lived & was postmaster there & died there at 56 yrs.

The Storied Isle of Pitcairn Has Several Ties With Nantucket.

The m[illegible]obably no other true story of Christian[illegible] has commanded the continued Willi[illegible] that of the mutiny on the ship *Bounty* with [illegible] and the Pitcairn Island castaways. It ward has been the basis for numerous the [illegible] book-length accounts, with the story

The [illegible] of the mutiny and the settlement of Christia[illegible] Pitcairn occupying separate as well most of [illegible] as connected volumes.

ringleade[illegible] Nantucket has several interesting rades, si[illegible] connections with the faraway island native w[illegible] outpost of the South Pacific. Perhaps South Pac[illegible] the most important link, as well as there burn[illegible] the most romantic, is that contained 1790. Six [illegible] in the logbook of the ship *Topaz*, landed at T[illegible] which now reposes in the Nantucket captured by [illegible] Whaling Museum.

England, and[illegible] This logbook was bequeathed to the don in 1792. [illegible] Nantucket Historical Association by *Bounty* left [illegible] the late Rear Admiral William May- whereabouts [illegible] hew Folger, himself the son of Nan-

It was, ther[illegible]tucket emigrants to the Ohio Valley. after the men o[illegible] The logbook is in a glass case, opened themselves away [illegible] to the page whereupon is written, in lonely Pitcairn, [illegible] a faded but legible scrawl, the brief proached the sur[illegible] but illuminating account of the dis- the island. No b[illegible]covery in 1808 of the survivors of the scribe the dramati[illegible] lost mutineers of the *Bounty*.

words of the ship[illegible] The brown, inky letters of this log- as follows: [illegible] book page marks an important link [illegible] in the story of Pitcairn and the

Sat. Feb. 6, 1808.— [illegible] Bounty. Nantucket is further in- airs at East. Steerin[illegible] volved in the incident, for [illegible] a compass. At ½ pa[illegible] Mayhew, Nantucketer, although the ship was land bearing SW by [illegible] Boston-owned.

for the land with a [illegible] It was on the 5th of April, 1807, East, the said land [illegible] that the ship *Topaz* sailed down

ship *Globe*, of Nantucket, [illegible] Boston harbor, bound on a sealing the "off-shore" whaling grou[illegible] voyage to the South Pacific. Some island of Pitcairn was sigh[illegible] eighteen years before, in the last landed upon by many whales[illegible] decade of the old century, Nantucket this port. In 1823, Captain Fr[illegible] whaleships had rounded the Horn in Arthur, in the whaler *Swift*, b[illegible] continued pursuit for new whaling into Nantucket the first car[illegible] grounds for sperm whales. A few (sperm oil exceeding 3000 bbls. [illegible] years later (1795), Nantucket ships only had the voyage been a re[illegible] entered the great South Sea in search breaker in whaling history, but [illegible] for seals, other ports following in the tain Arthur had landed on Pitca[illegible] wake of the pioneers. In a good and there taken a census of the [illegible] many instances these rival ports em- habitants, noting that there were [illegible] ployed Nantucketers as masters and persons then living on the island. [illegible] officers of their ships.

In 1838, another census was take[illegible] Pitcairn Island then had been by the whaling bark *Kent*, whic[illegible] known to white men for more than a showed that the island's populatio[illegible] quarter century, having been discov- had grown to a total of 96. [illegible] ered by Captain Carteret of his Brit-

* * * * * [illegible] anic Majesty's sloop *Swallow* in 1767. It was named for the midshipman who first sighted it.

Oddly enough it remained for a Nantucket boy to be the first white child to be born on Pitcairn. In the year 1850, Captain Charles Grant of the Nantucket whaleship *Mohawk* put his wife ashore on that island, and a few weeks later Mrs. Grant gave birth to a son—Charles Grant, elder brother of the present custodian of the whaling museum here, George A. Grant.

* * * * *

An interesting letter, written to a Nantucketer from Pitcairn Island in February, 1851, notes the birth of Mrs. Grant's son, and also the death of the last person connected with the [illegible] of settlers landing from

Being some 100 miles south of the nearest island of the Pautomo archipelago, uninhabited and with little or no water, and difficult to land upon, it offered no attractions to the early sealing ships, which were the only craft frequenting the waters under cruising sail. If the *Topaz* had been bound directly for Canton, her destination, instead of sealing, the discovery of the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* would have been postponed for many years, because the China-bound craft always steered far to the north or south of Pitcairn, and kept under press of canvas in those latitudes, "logging" for time and distance in the long voyage to the new trade city of Canton. But the glimpse of land meant promise of seals to Capt. Folger and he bore up to the rocky shore.

Pitcairn is not of coral formation, and therefore unlike the majority of its nearest neighbors. Rising sharply from the sea, its dark cliffs reach a height of some 2000 feet, although its entire area is not more than 2 square miles.

The story of its settlement is well known, but a brief survey of the incidents may not be amiss. In April, 1789, a mutiny occurred on board the *Bounty*, a British armed vessel, bound to the West Indies from Tahiti with a cargo of young breadfruit trees.

Continued on Last Page.

ASHL[illegible]

[illegible] the person who went to [illegible] Island in the Bounty [illegible] 1790 + what became of them

Shot by natives

"

Jumped from ship

Killed by Adams + Young

Died naturally

Shot by natives

Shot by natives

"

Wounded by natives but lived till [illegible]

[illegible] = Killed by women-natives

[illegible] } 3 Killed by accident
3 died naturally
6 Lived

"

[illegible] from "Beechey Voy
Sconset Sept 1

Mr. and Mrs. Austin T. Bunker, of Somerville, have been staying on the
Pr
for a few days.
Gilbert Othote, who has been spend-
g two weeks on the island, has re-
rned to Brooklyn, N. Y.
William M. Haupt has gone to At-
for a week or two before

...om First Pag

The m... led by one F
Christian, ... their commander
William Bligh, adrift in a lo
with part of his crew, the boat
wards arriving safely at Ti
the Malay archipelago.

The *Bounty* mutineers, still
Christian, sailed for Tahiti,
most of the mutineers landed,
ringleader, with eight of his
rades, six Tahitian men and
native women, sailed away in
South Pacific, landed on Pitcai
there burned the ship. This
1790. Six of the mutineers wh
landed at Tahiti where subseq
captured by a ship dispatched
England, and three executed i
don in 1792. But from the da
Bounty left Papeete harbo
whereabouts remained a myst

It was, therefore, eighteen
after the men of the Bounty ha
themselves away from the wo
lonely Pitcairn, that the *Topa*
proached the surf-fringed sho
the island. No better words ca
scribe the dramatic incident tha
words of the ship's log, which
as follows:

Sat. Feb. 6, 1808.—First part
airs at East. Steering by S ½
compass. At ½ past 1 p. m.
land bearing SW by W ½W. St
for the land with a light bree
East, the said land being Pit
Island, discovered in 1767 by Ca
Carteret. At 2 a. m., the Isle
South 2 leagues dis. Lay off
looked for Seals. On approachin
shore saw a smoke on the lan
which I was very much surpris
being represented by Captain Ca
et as destitute of Inhabitants.
approaching still nearer the la
discovered a Boat paddling to
me with 3 men in her. On appr
ing her they hailed in the englis
guage, asked who was Captain o
ship, and offered me a coupl
cocoanuts which they had brough
as a present, and requested I w
land, there being as they said a
man on shore. I went on shore
found there an Englishman by
name of Alexander Smith, the
person remaining out of the
that escaped on board the
Bounty, Captain Bligh, under
command of that arch muti
Christian. Smith informed me
after putting Capt. Bligh in the
boat and sending her adrift
commander—Christian, proceeded to Otaheite, there all the mutineers chose to stop, except Christian himself and seven others. They all took wives at Otaheite and six men as servants, and proceeded to Pitcairn Island, where they landed all their goods and Chattels, ran the ship Bounty on shore, and Broke her up which took place as near as he could recollect in 1790, soon after which one of their party ran mad and drowned himself, another died with fever, and after they had remained about 4 years on the Island their men servants rose upon and killed Six of them, Leaving only Smith alive and ... desperately wounded with a pistol ball on the neck, however he and the widows of the deceased arose and put all the Servants to death which left him the only Surviving man on the Island, with 8 or 9 women and Several Small Children. He immediately went to work tilling the ground so that it now produced plenty for them all and he lives very comfortably as Commander in Chief of Pitcairn's Island, all the Children of the deceased mutineers speak tolerable English, some of them are grown to size of men and women and to do them Justice I think them a very human & hospitable people, and whatever may have been the crimes of Smith the Mutineer in times Back he is at present in my opinion a worthy man and may be useful to Navigators who Traverse this, immense ocean. Such is the history of Christian & his ancestors. Be it remembered that the Island is scantily Supplied with fresh Water so that it is impossible to a Ship to get a Supply. I place it in Lat 25° 2′ South, and 130° West Log., from my last luna observation.

Sunday, 7th of Feb.—Light airs from the Eastward and very hot the ship laying off and on. I tarried on shore with the Friendly Smith and his truly good people until 4 p. m., then left them and went on b'd and made sail Steering S E and S E by E Bound for Massafeura having received from the people on Shore some hogs, cocoanuts and plantains. At noon the Isle Bore N W by N by compass 24′ do. Lat by do 25° 31′ S. Long. by 129° 41′W.

* * * * *

Soon after Captain Gardner in the ship *Globe*, of Nantucket, discovered the "off-shore" whaling grounds, the island of Pitcairn was sighted and landed upon by many whaleships of this port. In 1823, Captain Frederick Arthur, in the whaler *Swift*, brought into Nantucket the first cargo of sperm oil exceeding 3000 bbls. Not only had the voyage been a record-breaker in whaling history, but Captain Arthur had landed on Pitcairn and there taken a census of the inhabitants, noting that there were 53 persons then living on the island.

In 1838, another census was taken by the whaling bark *Kent*, which showed that the island's population had grown to a total of 96.

* * * * *

Oddly enough it remained for a Nantucket boy to be the first white child to be born on Pitcairn. In the year 1850, Captain Charles Grant of the Nantucket whaleship *Mohawk* put his wife ashore on that island, and a few weeks later Mrs. Grant gave birth to a son—Charles Grant, elder brother of the present custodian of the whaling museum here, George A. Grant.

* * * * *

An interesting letter, written to a Nantucketer from Pitcairn Island in February, 1851, notes the birth of Mrs. Grant's son, and also the death ... the last person connected with the ... of settlers landing from

pointed "king" until the British government rescued the inhabitants, or "subjects", from the dictator in 1838.

There was the short period of emigration, when the islanders, fearful of a drouth, asked to be taken to the Crown island of Norfolk. But the removal proved an unhappy one, the Pitcairn natives sickened at the penal conditions on Norfolk, and most of them were taken back to Pitcairn again by request. The removal took place in 1856, but by 1860 most of the islanders were back at Pitcairn once more.

By religion, the islanders are the Seventh Day Adventists, and their language, though in the main the English tongue, contains many interesting words derived from their early Tahitian ancestors.

Although the water supply has to be watched carefully, the island produces a large variety of fruits and vegetables, as well as supply vegetation for goats and chickens. A trading vessel, owned at Pitcairn, keeps up a communication with the nearby island of Mangareva.

* * * * *

One of the larger motion picture companies is now filming the story ... "Mutiny on the Bounty" as written by Nordhoff and Hall. The part of "Captain Bligh" is to be taken by that well known English actor Charles Laughton, with other roles being filled by prominent players. The film is now in process of completion.

* * * * *

Aside from its connection with the "Bounty," Pitcairn Island has been the subject of scientific research because of the stone implements discovered there by anthropologists interested in primitive Polynesia.

Sept. 15

Sept. 15 ... the persons who went to Pitcairn Island on the Bounty in Jan 1790 + what became of them

Williams — Shot by natives
Christian — " "
McCoy — Jumped from cliff
Quintal — Killed by Adams + Young
Young — Died naturally
Brown — Shot by natives
Mills — Shot by natives
Martin — " "
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6 native men = Killed by women-natives

12 " Women { 3 Killed by accident
3 died naturally
6 Lived

above facts taken from "Beechey Voy
Scouet Sept. 1

The Storied Isle of Pitcairn
Several Ties With Nan

The m[illegible]obably no other t[illegible]
Christian[illegible] has commanded
Wil[illegible] that of the mutiny on the
wit[illegible] and the Pitcairn Island
war[illegible] has been the basis f[illegible]
the [illegible]book-length accounts, v[illegible]

The [illegible] of the mutiny and the
Christia[illegible] Pitcairn occupying se[illegible]
most of[illegible] as connected volumes
ringlead[illegible] Nantucket has sev[illegible]
rades, si[illegible] connections with the
native w[illegible] outpost of the South
South Pa[illegible] the most important
there bur[illegible] the most romantic,
1790. Six[illegible] in the logbook of
landed at[illegible] which now reposes
captured by[illegible] Whaling Museum.
England, an[illegible] This logbook wa
don in 1792.[illegible] Nantucket Histor
Bounty left[illegible] the late Rear Ad
whereabouts[illegible] hew Folger, him

It was, the[illegible] tucket emigrant
after the men[illegible] The logbook is i
themselves awa[illegible] to the page wh
lonely Pitcairn,[illegible] a faded but le
proached the su[illegible] but illuminati
the island. No[illegible] covery in 180
scribe the drama[illegible] lost mutineer
words of the shi[illegible] The brown
as follows:[illegible] book page
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Description of the persons who went to
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above facts taken from "Beechey" Vol
Scouit Lept.

HOLMES & CO.
CONTRACTORS—BUILDERS
BUILDING MOVERS
Nantucket, Mass. P. O. Box 41
Main St.

EARL S. RAY
BUILDER and BUILDER

The following fact was taken from "Beechey's Voyage" Pub in 1832 - Athenaeum Library - Nantucket 9-29-43 -

(Story accompanying the Appeal page 2 of Chappel account in loss of Essex)

"Elizabeth or Henderson Island is 5 miles long by 3 wide. Top is flat surface 80 ft above sea, bounded by 50 ft high cliffs on all side except North side. The Pandanus tree is only tree on it bearing fruit fit to eat.

The island was 1st seen or discovered by the crew of the Essex, an American vessel, who accidentally fell in with it after the loss of their ship. The life boat, after the wreck, determined to proceed to Chili touching at Ducies Island on their way. They steered to the Southward & after considerable suffering, landed upon an island which they supposed to be Ducie, but which was in fact, Elizabeth Island. Not being able to get water here they continued on their way to Chili where 2 out of the 3 boats eventually arrived. The 3rd was never heard of, but it is not improbable that the wreck of a boat and 4 skeletons which were seen on Ducie Island, by a merchant vessel, were her remains and that of her crew. Had these unfortunate persons been aware of the situation of Pitcairn Island which is only 90 Mile from Elizabeth Island & to leeward of it, all their lives might have been saved."

Beechey's book also contains a description of Ducie Island (see flat)

" " " " " " of another Ship sunk by a whale

George A. Grant, of Nantucket, Last of American Whalemen.

Life holds no greater joy for those
i their declining years than oppor-
tunity to live in blissful contempla-
ion of the past. In this respect, per-
haps the happiest man in any town
anywhere is Captain George Grant,
of Nantucket. He is the last of the
American whalemen who lived the
real sea-life of that traditional New
England industry. Now, at a ripe old
age of 79, he again breathes the very
atmosphere of his calling, being custo-
dian of Nantucket's Whaling Museum.

Grant is a whaleman, born and bred.
The "log" of his life reads like fiction.
He went to sea at the age of 3 months,
being carried aboard his father's
whaleship wrapped in banana leaves;
at the age of six months he had been
half way around the world, and two
years later he completed his circum-
navigating, having sailed through five
of the seven seas; he went on a jour-
ney of six thousand miles by sea be-
fore he was five; went aloft at the
age of seven; harpooned his first
whale at sixteen; got married on the
th day of September and left the
y next day for a 3-years' voyage.
t was five years ago this summer,
the island of Nantucket, that a
ding was dedicated which has
become world-famous as the
ucket Whaling Museum. Housed
brick structure formerly used as
rm whale-oil candle manufactury,
ollection of whaling gear, valua-
d log-books, documents, historic
its, and other items relative to
haling industry. Presiding over
nique and entirely insular in-
n is George A. Grant.

medium height, his figure still
nd his eye still keen, his mere
e commands attention. Young
rs regard him with a certain
d visitors hearing him for the
me return to listen again—

RS HOUSE.
the foreground, left to
n Jane, Mary Elizabeth,

by H. Marshall Gardiner.

being privileged to receive a
account of that lost art of
haling, that great industry
Nantucket was headquarters
entire world for more than a
and a half.

he visitor who follows him all
the Musuem, listening closely
tale, and to the islander who
him on a winter's day, strolling
the waterfront, there is a cer-
quality that stamps the man.
His erect figure seems restless, as if
eye sparkles with the remem-
ances; and, as he gazes seaward,
ere is a look which belongs on the
ces of a generation that is gone—
race of seamen that has vanished.

* * * * *

George Grant is an islander, both
by birth and inclination. He was
born on the 28th of October, 1856,
with the dull booming of heavy surf
inging in his ears—surf that was be-
ing driven over coral reefs by a South
Sea gale. It was only a few weeks
before he heard this tropical storm,
sweeping the island of Upolo in the
Navigator Group, that his mother had
gone ashore from the whaleship
Mohawk, his father's ship.

Fiction, with all its beguiling, has
never equalled the story of young
Grant's early life. His father, Capt.
Charles Grant, was one of the great-
est whaling masters Nantucket ever
produced. His mother, Nancy Storey
Grant, was a brave and resourceful
woman. She spent thirty-two years
at sea on board a whaleship with her
husband—the outstanding record of
any whaleman's wife. All her chil-
dren were born in the Pacific. Ella
Baker Grant was born in the Bay
of Islands, New Zealand, in 1854.
Charles Grant was born at the famous
island of Pitcairn in 1850—the first
white child ever born there.

Three months after George Grant
was born, his father's ship, the
Mohawk, sailed into the harbor of
Upolo, and his mother took him on
board, having wrapped him carefully
in banana leaves. For a year and 7
months the voyage continued, the ship
cruising across the Pacific, around
the Horn, up the Brazil Grounds, ar-
riving home at Nantucket on the 28th

of August, 1858—when the youthful whaleman was twenty-two months old.

George stayed at home for a year. In May, 1859, his father sailed again in command of the *Mohawk*, leaving his wife and three children ashore. But Mrs. Grant missed the life aboard ship that she had grown to know so well and in November she took her youngest child—George—and sailed on board the ship *Belle of the West*, bound from New York to Melbourne. From Australia, the two took a schooner for the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, where, after a wait of some weeks they intercepted the *Mohawk*, and were taken aboard by her happy master. Mrs. Grant knew the cruising ing habits of her husband so well that she realized to just what corner of the Seven Seas he would steer his ship at various seasons of the whaling year.

Then followed three years of voyaging throughout the South Seas. The Civil War had been in progress for nine months before a chance meeting with a New Bedford craft brought the news.

The *Mohawk's* voyage ended in the month of June, 1863. George had become a strong lad of six—well able to climb into a boat as it hung from its davits or to shinny on top of the deckhouses. He was the ship's favorite for'ard as well as aft; could tell time by the ship's bells, was able to coax the best portions of plum duff from the galley, and found a fast and true friend in the ship's monkey.

But Nantucket's whaling industry was nearly gone. Long before, the island had surrendered her supremacy to New Bedford. Messrs. Philip and Isaac Macy, owners of the *Mohawk*, had been forced to sell her to New York, and so Captain Grant regretfully left his island home to command another New Bedford ship (having previously commanded the *Potomac*, of that place, in 1850.)

He was given command of the ship *Japan*, and again Mrs. Grant and George went a-voyaging, Late in 1865, the *Japan* returned to New Bedford. George then returned home with his father and mother, and in the same year (September, 1865) he had one of his greatest adventures.

He was ten years old at the time. Together with another lad named Coleman he went out in a dory to go fishing at Hussey Shoal, near the mouth of the harbor. They tied the dory's painter to the buoy marking the shoal. Fishing became so good that they did not notice the rope was becoming frayed from the action of the waves until the dory gave a sudden lurch—one oar went overboard at the same moment. The wind had gone around sou'west, "breezing up" sharply. The painter was rotten, the strands letting go at the constant snubbing.

The wind and tide took the dory out around Brant Point while the two tried desperately to bring the craft ashore by means of the one oar. As the shore at Beachside started to fade, Coleman, who was two years older than Grant, became seized by panic and jumped overboard. George had resolved to stick by the dory, saw his companion become even more frantic in the water as he made no headway swimming against the tide.

"He began to holler for help," said Mr. Grant, in telling the story. "So I pulled off my clothes and jumped in after him. First thing he did was grab at me and pull me down. But I managed to wiggle free—when I came up I started out for shore. I never saw Coleman again."

Like a true island boy, bred to the sea, he made no foolish attempt to breast the tide but swam with it, at the same time edging in toward the shore. There were no jetties at the harbor mouth in those days. After an exhausting struggle, the ten-year-old boy crawled up the beach at the lower cliffs. He was so far gone that his straining muscles gave him power to reach highwater mark and no more. When his natural recuperative powers gave him back his strength, he made his way homeward as fast as his legs would allow.

"I crossed lower Main Street," he said, "as free from clothes as the day I was born. Some tried to stop me—but they might as well try to stop a young sperm—I went by 'em like a streak."

A few months later, George again went to sea with his father and mother. Captain Grant had become master of the New Bedford whaler *Milton*, and sailed some time before without them. Taking her youngest son, Mrs. Grant went out to the Bay of Islands by steamship, joining her husband's ship at Russell, just below Flagstaff Hill.

The *Milton's* voyage was the best of any in Capt. Grant's long career, for he brought back a cargo valued at $190,000. In speaking of this high water mark in his father's career, George remarked: "We saved most of the whales fastened. Father had a good crew and would never let his officers abuse them. 'Treat your fo'c's'le hands like human beings and they'll work like men,' was one o' my father's expressions. He was right, too; a good crew generally means a good voyage."

The twelve-year-old whaler's next voyage with his father was in the ship *Niger*. He had already begun his active life aboard ship. When asked if he wasn't young for pulling an oar in a whaleboat, he replied: "I never thought so. You see, father began his whaling at the age of ten, sailing as cabin boy in 1824 on the *John Jay*, out of Nantucket. When the *Niger* put to sea in October, 1870, I expect I felt like one of the men for'ard—able to take my place in a boat with any of 'em."

As for his first time aloft. He had often gone up in the rigging of the whaleships but his father had forbidden him to go up to the cross-trees. In 1865, when the *Milton* sailed from New Bedford without them, his mother again went out to join her husband at the Bay of Islands. They sailed from New York to Panama, there taking a steamship on the Pacific side. He was eight years old at the time. It was Sunday, and he had gone on deck early, wearing a white linen suit. The steamer's rigging look inviting, and so he climbed up the shrouds—finally going clear up to mast-head. The steamer was burning soft coal. When he again reached the deck, his mother at first failed to recognize him because of the soot. "I'll never forget the lick-

ing she gave me," the old whaleman always says. when he tells the story.

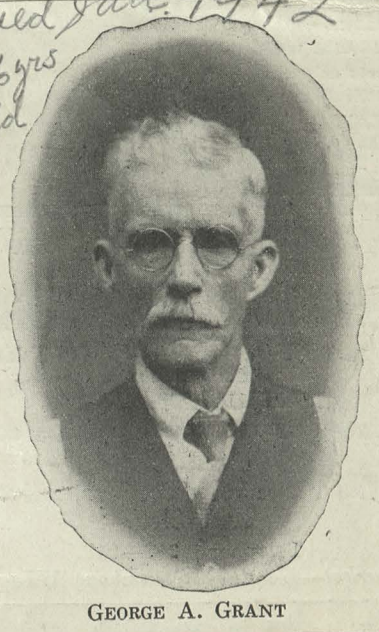
After a voyage that lasted nearly five years, the *Niger* returned with a good cargo. Young Grant was now a tall young man of 17. He had "got his growth" then, as he termed it, and when his father decided to remain at home in Nantucket several months, George determined to go to sea on his own hook. Arriving in New York city a fortnight after stepping ashore from the *Niger* (1875) he got a berth on the merchantman *"Governor Morton,"* bound from New York to San Francisco. The food was poor and the oficers hard on merchantmen in those days, yet George enjoyed the voyage, and at San Francisco shipped aboard the ship *Seminole*. This craft sailed across the North Pacific to Yokohama, Japan, with a cargo of wheat under her hatches.

The *Seminole* loaded a cargo of tea at Yokohama, sailing through the Malacca Straits to the Indian Ocean, rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and, after a stop at St. Helena, arriving at Liverpool, her destination.

This busy ship immediately took a cargo across the Irish Sea to Dublin, loading at that port some flax and English porter, bound for New York.

It was summer, 1877, when young Grant left New York for his island home. His two years in the merchant service had been exciting, vigorous and pleasant. But the spell of the great sperm whale was in his blood. Only a few weeks did he remain home, then going to Edgartown, signing on the whaler *Mary Fraser* as boat-

Died Jan. 1942
86 yrs old



GEORGE A. GRANT

steerer or harpooner. The voyage lasted three years. In August, 1880, he again rounded Brant Point .

Promotion was next in order. When the bark *Alaska* sailed out of New Bedford in 1880, George Grant was her third mate. He had stayed home a little longer this time—six weeks.

But he had managed to find time to get married. The wedding took place on the 13th of September, 1880, and on the very next day he embarked on the whaleship, bound for the Pacific—a bridegroom for a day!

The voyage of the *Alaska* occupied three years. During a cruise on the Chatham Islands' whaling grounds in the South Pacific there occurred an incident which the old whaleman recalls as one of his happiest.

The captain of the *Alaska* happened to be on deck with his spyglass one morning and sighted a ship. All the officers trained their various types of glasses on the object, but young Grant's were not strong enough to distinguish the vessel's name. The captain, with a twinkle in his eye, let his third mate borrow his spyglass. Grant took one look and cried aloud: "It's the *Horatio*—my father's ship!"

The Captain consented for young Grant to go aboard the *Horatio* in exchange for her third officer for a two-day's cruise. Going aboard, however, was the highlight of the incident.

Neither his father nor his mother had been home when he shipped on the *Alaska*. The *Horatio* had been out three years and was filling for home at this time. As the *Alaska's* boat approached the *Horatio's* rail, young Grant saw a Nantucket boyhood acquaintance—Arthur Folger—leaning over the rail. Resolving to have a little fun, he averted his face and, as he climbed aboard, kept away from Folger. Going aft quickly, he knocked at the cabin door. His father, thinking it an officer, invited him in without going to the door. As he entered the cabin, his mother, who was seated at a desk across the room, gave him a quick glance, turned away—then looked back at him swiftly: "My God, boy!" she cried, bounding out God, boy!" she cried, bounding out of her chair, "Where'd you drop from!"

The mother was soon asking questions of home. Her daughter had been married during her absence, and her first query was: "What kind of a man did Ella marry?"

"He's a New York man," replied the son, going on to tell about the wedding. "But, mother, you haven't asked me yet what kind of girl I married."

"What! Boy!—you married?"

Grant left the *Alaska* at New Zealand, remaining in the Bay of Islands for a year and a half, returning home in 1884.

In 1889, his active whaling career came to an end. Journeying overland to San Francisco, he signed on the ship *Young Phenix*, Captain Millard, for a cruise in Alaskan waters after the right whales. Returning to the old home port of Nantucket late in 1890, he settled down to a life that took him only a short cruising radius of his island home.

* * * * *

His long career afloat, embracing thirty-two years of practically continuous living aboard ship, has so become a part of him that the many incidents occurring therein, though of more than ordinary interest, are but casual bits of sea life to him. What he considers outstanding is a happening like that of Christmas Day, 1872. It was a memorable day for the *Niger*, his father's ship. During the preceding two months, Grant's father had requested the master of every whaleship spoken that he try to be in a certain longitude and latitude in the South Pacific on Christmas Day—so that each with his wife might come on board and take Christmas dinner.

And so, on that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Day, 1872, the masters of eight different whaleships, together with their wives, had a fine dinner of stuffed pig in *Niger's* cabin.

* * * * *

Then there was the time he harpooned his first whale. He was sixteen at the time, and was granted the high honor of becoming boat-steerer in the mate's boat. The first whale approached was a cow whale; the long harpoon went into the blubber straight and deep. "She only made 30 barrels," he says, with a twinkle, "but she was my first whale—and I never missed with my irons."

* * * * *

Being in a whaleboat when it was "stove" by the powerful flukes of a sperm whale was not an unusual occurrence for George Grant. And yet, he only mentioned one, and that time marked a most humorous incident. It seems that the whaleship's pet—a monkey—got into the mate's boat one day and hid under the stern deck. The mate lowered and was fast to a whale before the monkey was discovered. Of a sudden, the sperm's great flukes side-swiped the boat, turning her completely over. The second mate came up to the rescue as fast as his men could pull. Young Grant was on deck with his father and was surprised to see the second mate's boat suddenly lose headway and the men lean over the oars. His father was watching through his glass, smiling.

"What's the matter?" asked the puzzled boy.

"It's that monkey," laughed his father. "He has been running from shoulder to shoulder of the men in the water that are hanging onto the boat—now he's dancing a jig on the mate's head."

* * * * *

The whalemen were fond of pets aboard ship, no matter if it were a monkey, parrot, goat, Kanaka, or Galapagos turtle. Goats were the most difficult of the lot. A good many ships out of Nantucket in the early days would not whale it on Sunday. Mr. Grant often recounts the yarn concerning the mate who was reading his Bible one Sunday when he was called aft, leaving the Bible on the main hatch. When he returned he interrupted the goat busily chewing on the "good book." The volume was rescued—but the goat had assimliated from Genesis to Revelations.

* * * * *

If you ask him, Capt. Grant will show you some slender slips of bamboo, with a long needle at one end. They are patterned after his earliest harpoons, fashioned when a boy on board the *Japan*, when he used to creep stealthily upon the fo'c's'ls head to the pigpens and practice harpooning the pigs. All went well until his father sighted him one day just after a successful dart. Practice was postponed for the rest of that day—and targets along the bulwarks replaced the pigs thereafter.

* * * * *

Most of the islands visited by the whaleships during George Grant's career were inhabited by friendly natives. One of the islands in the New Hebrides was an exception, however, and during a visit about fifty savage natives came on deck and began to crowd the men aft. It looked like a certain fight until the mate, with great presence of mind, suddenly reached into his mouth, hawled out his false teeth and advanced towards the natives. With a volley of shrieks, the savages threw themselves over the rail. The white man's magic was altogether too much.

* * * * *

All manner of men sailed in whaleships. Take the steward of the ship *Niger*, for instance. He had been a head chef in a Boston hotel until his habit of drunken sprees lost him one position after another. It was then that he took to the sea in a laudable attempt to cure himself. Whether or not he succeeded Mr. Grant does not know, but he was certain that he was the best steward he ever knew.

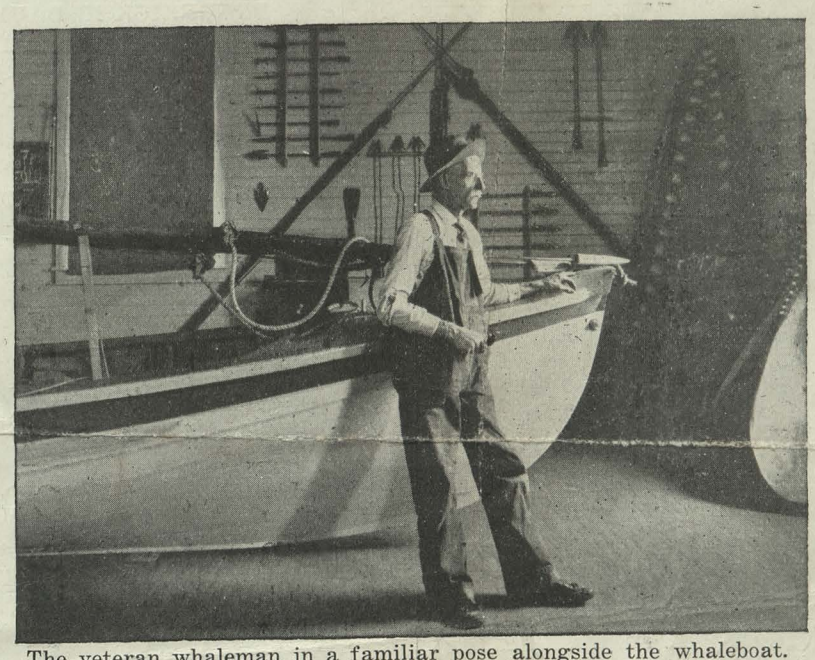
* * * * *

A whaleman's life is hard at best, but, Mr. Grant always says, there was something about it that got under your skin and into your blood, as if an invisible harpoon had vaccinated one.

There are several islanders still living here who made voyages whaling. And on the continent there is still a comparatively numerous group of men who experienced, even though only for a short time, the hard life of a whaler.

But they doff their caps to Nantucket's representative, George Grant. He alone, among them all, has really lived in the true tradition of that great and far-flung calling. He alone can be truly called—"The last of the American whalemen."

E. A. S.



The veteran whaleman in a familiar pose alongside the whaleboat.

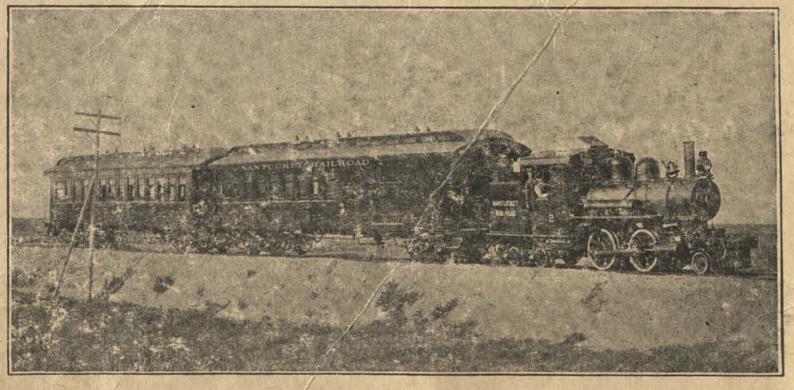
June, 1940

The Historic Nantucket Railroad now only a memory.

The above illustration shows the original train, drawn by "Dionis," which first ran to Surfside, July 4, 1881, with only "open" cars. In 1884 the railroad line was extended to 'Sconset, a closed passenger car being added to the equipment. The latter is now

"The Pullman."

Below is a picture of the last train to run over the line, September 23, 1917. The following Spring the track was torn up and rails and rolling stock were shipped to the mainland, later to go over to France, and used by the American Expeditionary Forces at Bordeaux.



THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR PRESS
NANTUCKET, MASS.

et's Main Street When Horses Held Sway and Long Skirts Instead of Bare Legs W

$8.5

July 2, 1940

DAIRY DISHES

Crackers and Milk	.20	with Cream	.30
Milk Toast	.20	with Cream	.30
Dry or Buttered Toast	.10	Griddle Cakes, Syrup, Butter	.25

BEVERAGES

Coffee	.05	Iced Tea or Coffee	.10
Tea, Per Pot	.10	Hot Chocolate	.10
Milk	.10	Simpson Spring Tonics	.10

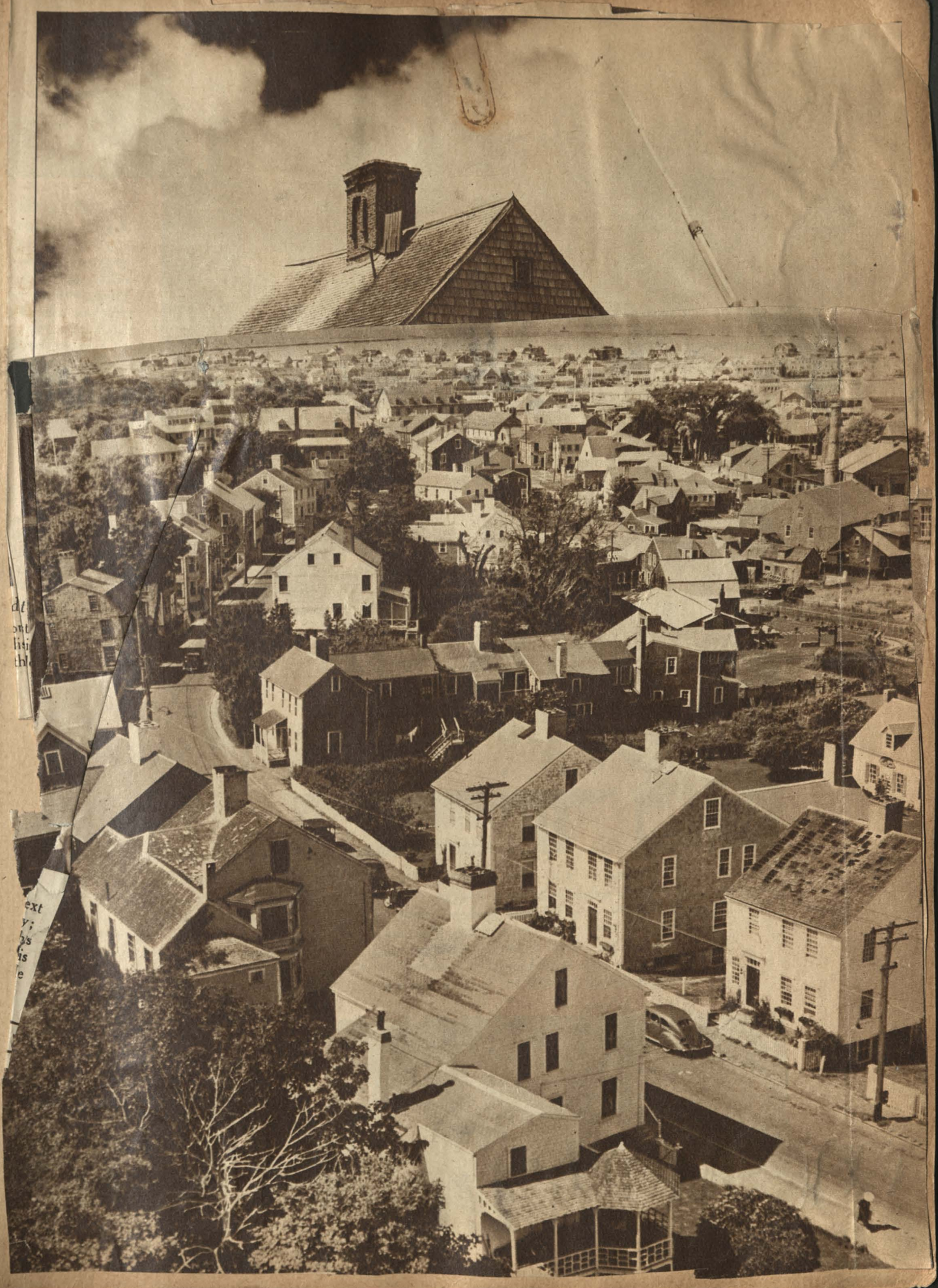
FRESH FRUITS

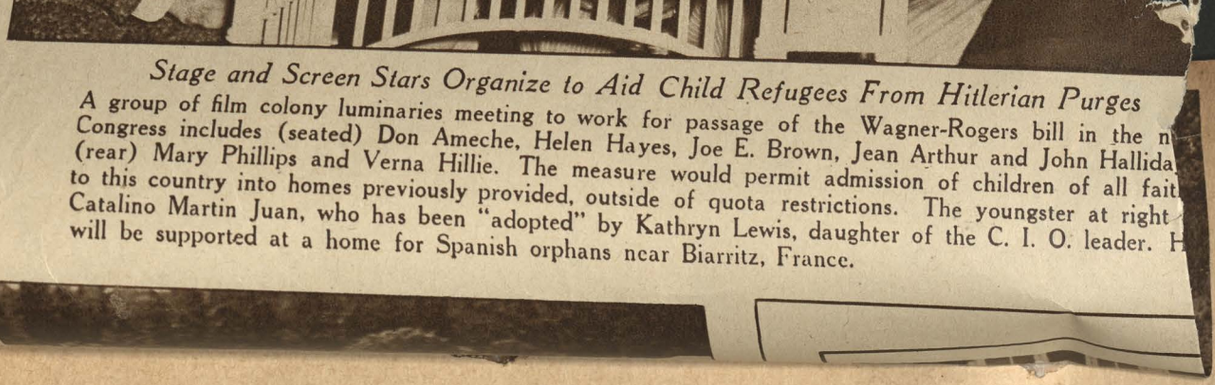
Half Grapefruit	.15	Stewed Prunes	.10
Sliced Orange	.15	Sliced Pineapple	.15
Halved Orange	.10	Bartlett Pears	.15
Orange Juice	.15	Sliced Peaches	.15
Cantaloupe	.25	Fruit Salad	.10
Bananas and Cream		Tomato Juice	

PRESERVED FRUITS

et's Main Street When Horses Held Sway and Long Skirts Instead of Bare Legs W

$8.5





Stage and Screen Stars Organize to Aid Child Refugees From Hitlerian Purges

A group of film colony luminaries meeting to work for passage of the Wagner-Rogers bill in the n Congress includes (seated) Don Ameche, Helen Hayes, Joe E. Brown, Jean Arthur and John Hallida (rear) Mary Phillips and Verna Hillie. The measure would permit admission of children of all fait to this country into homes previously provided, outside of quota restrictions. The youngster at right Catalino Martin Juan, who has been "adopted" by Kathryn Lewis, daughter of the C. I. O. leader. H will be supported at a home for Spanish orphans near Biarritz, France.

t House Now Standing on Nantucket Island

ptead on Sunset Hill was built in 1686 and is kept in preservation hical Association. Note the horseshoe chimney with its adjoining hdtime well sweep. At left is a view of the kitchen in the home.

"You should have heard him speak of what he loved: of the tent pitched beside the talking water; of the stars overhead at night: of the blest return of the morning, the peep of day over the moors, the awaking birds among the birches: how he abhorred the long winter shut in cities: and with what delight at the return of sprimg, he once more pitched his camp in the living out-of-doors."

AWAY FROM IT ALL

Sankaty Golfers Defeat Wesco Team.

7/27/46

A close and interesting team match was held at the Sankaty Head Golf Course last Sunday, with the home team edging out the Wesco golfers of Nantucket, 10 to 8. The issue was in doubt up to the finish of the final match, but when the sixth Sankaty duet reported a clean sweep of 3 points, it meant defeat for the Wesco team, which had been leading 8 to 7 up to this point.

The scoring of the six foursomes was as follows:

Brown and Dunham (Wesco) won 2 1-2 points to 1-2 point for Beale and Newman (Sankaty).

Reynolds and Ryder (Sankaty) 3, Hamblin and Donnell (Wesco) 0.

Beinecke and Pratt (Sankaty) 2, Walker and Mello (Wesco) 1.

Hodges and Larson (Sankaty) and Stackpole and Conway (Wesco) finished all even, each team taking 1 1-2.

Hardy and Sylvia (Wesco) 3, Lewis and Byrnes (Sankaty) 0.

Widdoes and Knight (Sankaty) 3, Cook and Toner (Wesco) 0.

After the matches the Wesco golfers were royally entertained at the Beach Club. After swimming and "rehashing" of the morning golf, a delicious lobster salad dinner was served on the terrace.

Some of the visitors returned to the course for an afternoon round.

The return match, to be held at the Nantucket course, will take place on Sunday, August 18th, at which time the Wescoites hope to turn the tables on their recent conquerors.

'Girl From Nantucket' Closes

"The Girl From Nantucket," Henry Adrian's musical comedy, left the Adelphi Theater Saturday night after twelve performances. Paul Stamford and Harold B. Sherman wrote the book after a story by Fred Thompson and Berne Giler. The music was by Jacques Belasco, and Kay Twomey wrote the lyrics. Jane Keon and Jack Durant were the principal performers.

11/20/45

in this latest Henry Adrian produc
tion are neither expert nor enga
ing enough to go it on their ow
the show emerges in all its u
seemly contours. There was a tim
when Broadway song and dan
shows, however conventional, h
pace, excitement and class. Th
are qualities which you will look
in vain on Fifty-fourth Street.

* * *

The one bright interlude in
welter of creaking ineptitudes is a
number which might just as well
have been spotted in a cabaret. It
is a dance specialty by a pair of
wonderful Negro hoofers, Rapps
and Tapps. They are as engag-
ing as they are expert. They lend
a fleeting distinction to an ut-
terly undistinguished entertain-
ment. Unfortunately, it is impos-
sible to build a musical comedy
around a couple of graceful fast-
steppers. Most of "The Girl From
Nantucket" is dedicated to off-
color and far from funny lyrics and
jokes that have whiskers all the
way up to the eyebrows. Even a
cut-and-dried romance is unkempt.

The libretto, if you really care,

THE THEATRE GUILD'S MUSICAL HIT

close up
Thy helpless arm is!
N 2d

miss the sea-worn capt
Spinning old yarns ag
And brimming cups now em
But memories remain.

The Sankaty Head Golf team again from the Wesco team, this time on the latter's home course. Taking a total of 14 1-2 points to 6 1-2 for the losers, the Sankaty group managed to shade their rivals in nearly every match—Donnell and Gardiner and Walker and Mello being the only Wesco pairs to defeat their opponents.

The scoring was as follows: Gray d Ryder (Sankaty) 3, Brown and nham (Wesco) 0; Gardiner and nnell (W) 2½, Newman and owers (S) ½; Reynolds and Rose (S) 2½, Anderson and Hardy (W) ½; Chapman and Hilts (S) 2½, Sylvia and Hamblin (W) ½; Walker and Mello (W) 2½, Beinecke and Pratt (S) ½; Byrnes and Lewis (S) 3, Conway and Stackpole (W) 0; Widdoes and Bernard (S) 2½, Dennis and Cook (W) ½.

8/25/46

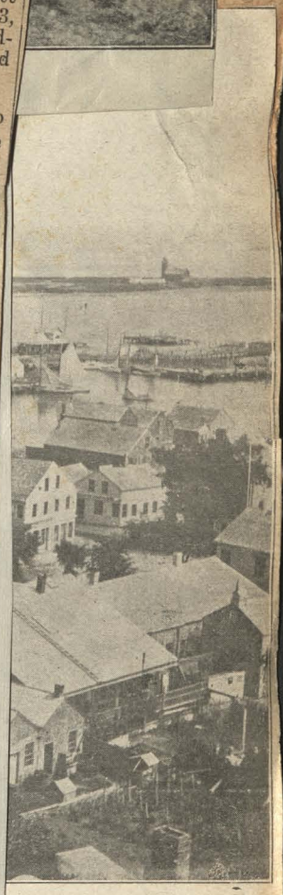
Following the match the Wesco Club entertained their guests at the Commercial Wharf Restaurant.

In "The Girl From Nantucket"

has to do with a house painter who is mistakenly hired to execute a mural in a Nantucket museum and is saved from his predicament by a talented girl friend. It is not much to work with at best. It is subjected to nothing short of mayhem at the Adelphi. Bob Kennedy and Adelaide Bishop intone the love songs with better flourish than voice. Jack Durant, Helen Raymond and Billy Lynn try to make something of the comic by-play, but they rarely squeeze laughter out of the stony situations in which they are involved.

* * *

Jane Kean is altogether the best of the principals. Even when she has to sing such doggerel as "When a Hick Chick Meets a City Slicker," or the sputtering "Let's Do and Say We Didn't," she does it with an air. Compared to the other players, she is downright vibrant. For the records, Jacques Belasco composed most of the music, which is ably conducted by Harry Levant; Kay Twomey is to blame for most of the lyrics, and Albert Johnson has designed some rather fetching settings for an offering which is about as fetching as an elk's mating call.



A

This picture v
side—nothing but
the Easy Street A
many years ago.
long, low building with the small windows). In the right fore-ground are
of Main street, west of the corner of Union, where the Masonic Blo
can look back a half century or more this picture will afford an inter
ation, however—those who cannot recall the days before Nantucket bec
glimpse of what Nantucket was in the days of their parents and grandparents.

ESORT

Brant point or at Beach-
ont. This building is now
house. This was removed
he old bowling alley (the
y stood on the south side
now stand. To those who
res. To the present gener-
picture will simply reveal

THE THEATERS

By HOWARD BARNES

"THE GIRL FROM NANTUCKET," a new musical comedy, music by Jacques Belasco, lyrics by Kay Twomey, book by Paul Stanford and Harold Sherman, based on a story by Fred Thompson and Berne Giler, book directed by Edward Clarke Lilley, staged by Henry Adrian, choreography by Val Raset, settings by Albert Johnson, presented by Mr. Adrian at the Adelphi Theater with the following cast:

Michael Nicholson	Bob Kennedy
Betty Ellis	(Eves.) Adelaide Bishop (Mats.) Pat McClarney
Tom Andrews	George L. Headley
Ann Ellis	Marion Niles
Dodey Ellis	Jane Kean
Keziah Getchel	Helen Raymond
Judge Peleg	John Robb
Captain Matthew Ellis	Billy Lynn
Dick Oliver	Jack Durant
Enrico Nicoletti	Richard Clemens
The Corporation (The Four Buccaneers)	Paul Shiers John Panter Don Cortex Joseph Cunneff
Roy, Caleb and Several Other Fellows	Johnny Eager
Mary	Connie Sheldon
Dance Specialists	Rapps and Tapps
Solo Dancer	Tom Ladd

SYNOPSIS: Act I—Prologue: An Apartment House in New York City. Scene 1—Office of the Nantucket Steamship Company. Scene 2—Nantucket Pier. Scene 3—Mike and Dick's Apartment in New York. Scene 4—Nantucket Pier. Scene 5—Whalers' Bar. Scene 6—Outside the Nantucket Museum, a week later. Scene 7—Inside the Museum. Scene 8—Old Nantucket. Act II—Scene 1—Nantucket Pier. The following day. Scene 2—Mike and Chick's Bungalow in Nantucket. Scene 3—Keziah's Beach Home. Scene 4—Outside the Museum. Scene 5—Inside the Museum. Scene 6—Nantucket Square.

SOS—Lady in Distress

A DUBIOUS formula has been employed in concocting "The Girl From Nantucket." The new musical at the Adelphi takes a bad book, dresses it up with wheezy rags, sets it to very ordinary music and lyrics and tosses in a weirdly dull ballet about a whale and a fisherman fighting for the caresses of the sea. Since the performers in this latest Henry Adrian production are neither expert nor engaging enough to go it on their own, the show emerges in all its unseemly contours. There was a time when Broadway song and dance shows, however conventional, had pace, excitement and class. They are qualities which you will look for in vain on Fifty-fourth Street.

* * *

The one bright interlude in a welter of creaking ineptitudes is a number which might just as well have been spotted in a cabaret. It is a dance specialty by a pair of wonderful Negro hoofers, Rapps and Tapps. They are as engaging as they are expert. They lend a fleeting distinction to an utterly undistinguished entertainment. Unfortunately, it is impossible to build a musical comedy around a couple of graceful fast-steppers. Most of "The Girl From Nantucket" is dedicated to off-color and far from funny lyrics and jokes that have whiskers all the way up to the eyebrows. Even a cut-and-dried romance is unkempt.

The libretto, if you really care, has to do with a house painter who is mistakenly hired to execute a mural in a Nantucket museum and is saved from his predicament by a talented girl friend. It is not much to work with at best. It is subjected to nothing short of mayhem at the Adelphi. Bob Kennedy and Adelaide Bishop intone the love songs with better flourish than voice. Jack Durant, Helen Raymond and Billy Lynn try to make something of the comic by-play, but they rarely squeeze laughter out of the stony situations in which they are involved.

* * *

Jane Kean is altogether the best of the principals. Even when she has to sing such doggerel as "When a Hick Chick Meets a City Slicker," or the sputtering "Let's Do and Say We Didn't," she does it with an air. Compared to the other players, she is downright vibrant. For the records, Jacques Belasco composed most of the music, which is ably conducted by Harry Levant; Kay Twomey is to blame for most of the lyrics, and Albert Johnson has designed some rather fetching settings for an offering which is about as fetching as an elk's mating call.

In "The Girl From Nantucket"

THE THEATRE GUILD'S MUSICAL HIT

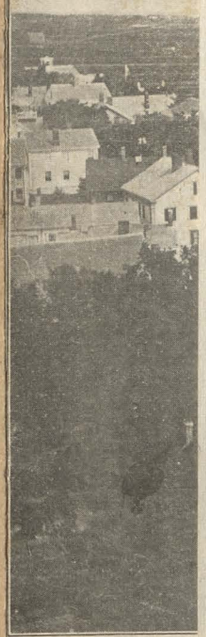
THE 'SCONSET PUMP IN THE DAYS OF FISH DRAYS AND BOX WAGONS

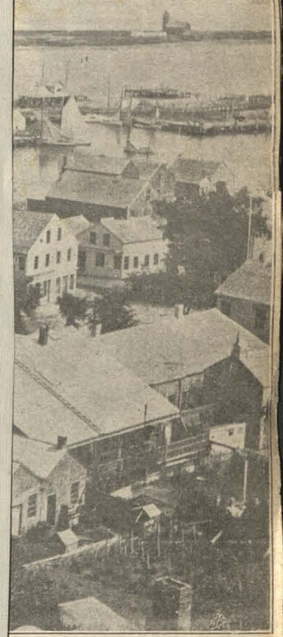
THE OLD TOWN PUMP

Dear faithful friend in garb of green
Here, children toddling came-
Here, lads and lassies gay were seen,-
Here, gammed the village dame.

The cobbles now are mossy grown,
Around thee,-and beside
And close up to thy body worn
Thy helpless arm is tied.

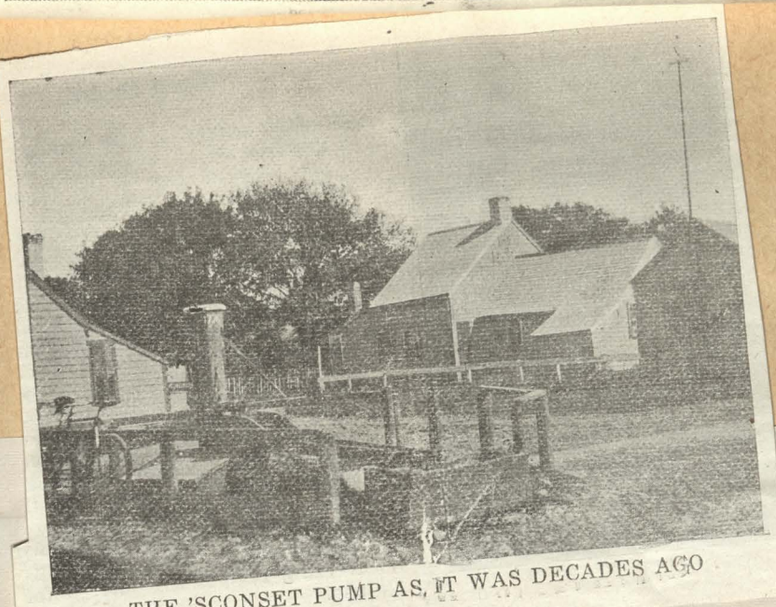
We miss the sea-worn captains here
Spinning old yarns again,
And brimming cups now empty are
But memories remain.





A ESORT

This picture v Brant point or at Beach-
side—nothing but ont. This building is now
the Easy Street A house. This was removed
many years ago. e old bowling alley (the
long, low building with the small windows). In the right fore-ground are shown the old buildings which formerly stood on the south side of Main street, west of the corner of Union, where the Masonic Block, and the Anastos and Wing blocks now stand. To those who can look back a half century or more this picture will afford an interesting study in a number of other features. To the present generation, however—those who cannot recall the days before Nantucket became a popular summer resort—the picture will simply reveal glimpse of what Nantucket was in the days of their parents and grandparents.



THE 'SCONSET PUMP AS IT WAS DECADES AGO

THE OLD TOWN PUMP

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Here, children toddling came-
Here, lads and lassies gay were seen,-
Here, gammed the village dame.

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Around thee,-and beside
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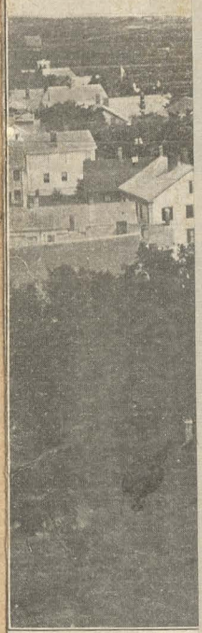

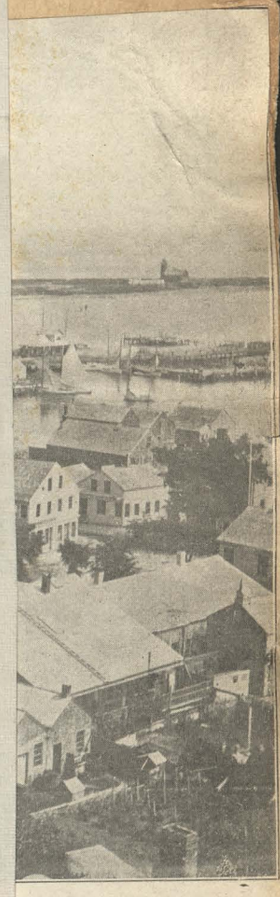

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A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH TOWER BEFORE NANTUCKET BECAME A SUMMER RESORT

This picture was taken in 1869 before Nantucket became a summer resort. There were then no cottages on Brant point or at Beachside—nothing but marshes and sand dunes. Hayden's salt water bath-house appears, with its long pier in front. This building is now the Easy Street Art Gallery. The large building at the head of Steamboat wharf was William R. Easton's warehouse. This was removed many years ago. At that period the harbor water came up at the rear of the Easton building and close to the old bowling alley (the long, low building with the small windows). In the right fore-ground are shown the old buildings which formerly stood on the south side of Main street, west of the corner of Union, where the Masonic Block, and the Anastos and Wing blocks now stand. To those who can look back a half century or more this picture will afford an interesting study in a number of other features. To the present generation, however—those who cannot recall the days before Nantucket became a popular summer resort—the picture will simply reveal a glimpse of what Nantucket was in the days of their parents and grandparents.

Sankaty Head Golf Club

RESTAURANT

Date Sankaty Head Golf Champions

Sydney Graves 1925

C. Fowler 1926

Morgan Aldrich 1927

R. Baker Jr. 1928

R. Beale Jr. 1929

Fowler (Runner up)

Shepard Barnes 1930

Swift (Runner up)

G. McKain 1931

Tracey (Runner up)

D. Swift 1932

Welch (Runner up)

MEMBE

W. Hutton

Sankaty Head Golf Club

Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Mass.

8/31

40

Watersoaked and with one side of its carved surface entirely worn away by the scouring action of the sea, the figurehead has been under water for a great many years. However, there is enough of its scroll-work and carving to reveal what apparently was the ~~head~~ figure of a woman. From the time the British ship "Queen," prize of the "General Armstrong," was wrecked here during the War of 1812, until the 5-master "George F. Hudson" was lost off Quidnet in 1914, there have been a great many sailing craft lost in the shoals off the east end of the island. One of these undoubtedly bore the once striking figurehead which was released from a watery tomb by the action of the sea last wee

Sankaty Head Golf Club

RESTAURANT

Date

A. M. Read	1933
D. Gray Jr.	1934
Paul Apfel Coghill	1935
W. Chairman Dumper	1936
B. H. Rudder Jr. Lewis	1937
Foster Fargo Newman	1938
W C Newman Grey	1939
Major Parks Reynolds	1940
W. C Newman W. Hutton	1941 MEM

Sankaty Head Golf Club

Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Mass.

8/31
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SANKATY HEAD
GOLF CLUB

SIASCONSET
MASSACHUSETTS

Sankaty
Head
Golf
Club

Siasconset,
Nantucket Island, Mass.

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8/31
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Replace Turf				J. Kerwin	D. Kerwin	Smith	Davis		
Holes	Yards	Par	Hdcp Stks	Self	Opp	Opp	Opp	Won	Lost
1	425	4	5	7	5	5	6	1	
2	445	4	3	4	5	5	6		1
3	197	3	15	4	5	4	4	0	0
4	379	4	11	6	5	4	5	2	
5	125	3	17	3	2	3	4	0	0
6	400	4	7	5	4	4	4	1	
7	285	4	13	[illegible]					
8	500	5	1	6	6	5	7	0	
9	350	4	9	5	4	5	5		1
OUT	3106			44	40	39	46		

Smooth Footprints in Traps				J. Kerwin	D. Kerwin	Smith	Davis		
Holes	Yards	Par	Hdcp Stks	Self	Opp	Opp	Opp	Won	Lost
10	360	4	8	4	4	4	5		1
11	358	4	12	5	4	5	6		3
12	190	3	16	3	4	3	4		3
13	488	5	4	5	4	5	6		5
14	413	4	6	5	5	4	6		5
15	140	3	18	3	2	4	4		7
16	346	4	10	5	4	3	6		5
17	515	5	2	5	5	5	7		
18	275	4	14	4	4	4	5		
IN	3085	36		39	36	37	49		
OUT	3106	35		44	40	39	46		
Total	6191	71		83	76	76	95		
Handicap									
Net Score									

Self

[illegible]rther

[illegible]ponent

[illegible]rtner

Date Aug 1926

←STYMIE MEASURE→

Sankaty Head Golf Club

Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Mass.

Watersoaked and with one side of its carved surface entirely worn away by the scouring action of the sea, the figurehead has been under water for a great many years. However, there is enough of its scroll-work and carving to reveal what apparently was the figure head of a woman. From the time the British ship "Queen," prize of the "General Armstrong," was wrecked here during the War of 1812, until the 5-master "George F. Hudson" was lost off Quidnet in 1914, there have been a great many sailing craft lost in the shoals off the east end of the island. One of these undoubtedly bore the once striking figurehead which was released from a watery tomb by the action of the sea last wee[illegible]

8/31
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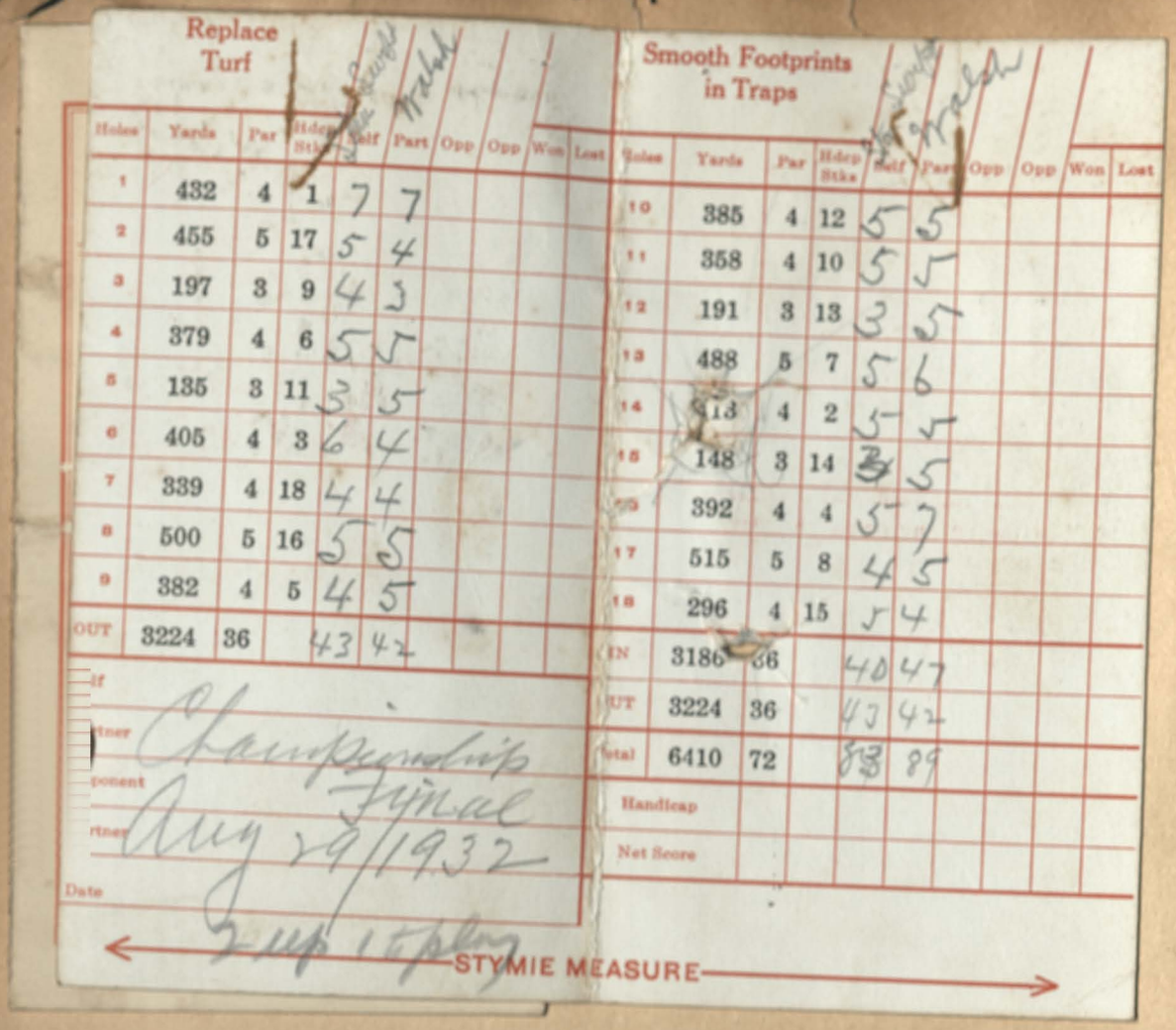

Replace Turf

Holes	Yards	Par	Hdcp Stks	Self	Part	Opp	Opp	Won	Lost
1	432	4	1	7	7				
2	455	5	17	5	4				
3	197	3	9	4	3				
4	379	4	6	5	5				
5	135	3	11	3	5				
6	405	4	3	6	4				
7	339	4	18	4	4				
8	500	5	16	5	5				
9	382	4	5	4	5				
OUT	3224	36		43	42				

Championship Final Aug 29/1932

Smooth Footprints in Traps

Holes	Yards	Par	Hdcp Stks	Self	Part	Opp	Opp	Won	Lost
10	385	4	12	5	5				
11	358	4	10	5	5				
12	191	3	13	3	5				
13	488	5	7	5	6				
14	413	4	2	5	5				
15	148	3	14	3	5				
16	392	4	4	5	7				
17	515	5	8	4	5				
18	296	4	15	5	4				
IN	3186	36		40	47				
OUT	3224	36		43	42				
Total	6410	72		83	89				
Handicap									
Net Score									

Self
Partner
Opponent
Partner
Date

Sup 1 to play

← STYMIE MEASURE →

8/31
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Sankaty Head Golf Club

STAG NIGHT HYMNAL

August 13, 1935

1

HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

A gang of good fellows are we, are we, are we,
With never a worry you see, you see, you see,
We sing and joke, we drink and smoke,
And live life merrily;
No matter the weather, when we get together,
We have a jubilee!

HAIL! HAIL! The gang's all here!
What the hell do we care? What the hell do we care?
HAIL! HAIL! The gang's all here!
What the hell do we care now?

When out for a good time we go, we go, we go,
There's nothing we do that is slow, is slow, is slow,
Of joy we get our share, you bet,
The gang will tell you so!
No matter the weather, when we get together,
We sing this song, you know!

HAIL! HAIL! The gang's all here!
What the hell do we care? What the hell do we care?
HAIL! HAIL! The gang's all here!
What the hell do we care now?

2

WET WEATHER.

(Tune: When Good Fellows Get Together)

There's a golf club in Nantucket
By the name of Sankaty Head;
And they drink there by the bucket;
For they seldom go to bed!
And it's always wet weather
When those fellows get together,
For they're on liquid diet;
With their bar-room painted red!
And it's always wet weather
When those fellows get together,
For they're on liquid diet;
With their bar-room painted red!

So the morning swim is needed;
Afternoons they're on the links;
Final putts are all conceded
As they run to get their drinks!
And it's always wet weather
When those fellows get together,
And they stay at the table
Where they get their forty winks!
And it's always wet weather
When those fellows get together,
And they stay at the table
Where they get their forty winks!

3

A HOT TIME IN THE OLD CLUB TONIGHT.

(Chorus to: Hot Time in Old Town)

When you hear the ice go tinkle-tink,
All join in and have a drink,
And when the drink is down,
Order up another round,
There'll be a hot time in the old club tonight,
my baby, (introducing repeating chorus)

4

RECOVERY RECIPE.

(Tune: Chorus of Smile, Smile, Smile!)

Pack up depression in your old golf bag
And smile, smile, smile!
Bring on recov'ry with a stag night jag!
Smile, boys, that's the style!
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while!
SO! Pack up depression in your old golf bag
And smile! **smile!** SMILE!

Pack up depression in your old golf bag
And smile, smile, smile!
Bring on recov'ry with a stag night jag!
Smile, boys, that's the style!
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while!
SO! Pack up depression in your old golf bag
And smile! **smile!** SMILE!

5

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

(Tune: Same title—Chorus)

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
On the Island playing golf
In the fog or shine!
I play the eighteen holes each day
And then I make a bee-line
For Walter's soft drink parlor!
In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Playing cards and drinking rum!
Both are in my line!
The morning swim quite picks me up
And then I'm feeling so fine,
I'm ready for more drinking
In the good old summer time.

6

THE CADDY RACKET.

(Tune: Eddie Cantor's song, "When I'm the President)

You cannot get a caddy;
They're standing in a bunch;
You ask, "Where are your players?"
"In the club house eating lunch!"
The caddies are reserved,
The caddies are reserved,
For those who spend their dough up here
The caddies are reserved!
WE WANT CADDIES! WE WANT CADDIES!

To play without a caddy
Robs golf of half its joy;
You come up here for breakfast
To make sure you'll get a boy!
The caddies are reserved!
The caddies are reserved!
For those who eat and drink up here
The caddies are reserved!
WE WANT CADDIES! WE WANT CADDIES.

Nobody needs a caddy
To help him drink or eat!
"LUNCH HERE AND GET YOUR CADDY!"
As a racket it is neat!
The racket must be stopped!
The racket must be stopped!
The player up should get the boy!
The racket must be stopped!
WE WANT CADDIES! WE WANT CADDIES!

It's all for Buckner's hash house;
It's all for Walter's pub;
They get away with murder
By their yelling, "HELP THE CLUB!"
It gives us all a jar!
It gives us all a jar!
To hell with Buckner's restaurant!
To hell with Walter's bar!!!
WE WANT CADDIES! WE WANT CADDIES!

7

WALTER'S BAR.

(Tune: Parlez Vous).

The color scheme is very nice
In Walter's Bar;
There's no objection to the ice
At Walter's Bar;
But if you really want a drink
It's not so easy as you'd think,
There's little booze at Walter's Bar.

There must be water in the gin
At Walter's Bar;
The cocktails are so very thin
At Walter's Bar;
And what he serves as Scotch and Rye
You'd safely drop into your eye;
There's little booze at Walter's Bar.

Doc Lewis sends his patients there,
To Walter's Bar;
How much they drink he doesn't care;
At Walter's Bar;
He knows the liquor there is light;
He knows they'll drown before they're tight;
There's little harm at Walter's Bar.

The profits must be very slick
At Walter's Bar;
But we want something with a kick
At Walter's Bar;
We use the ocean for a swim;
We want a bar with liquor in;
We want some booze in Walter's Bar.

MEDLEY.

A.

Revive Us Again.

(Tune: Revive Us Again)

I like to get tight
Whenever I choose;
How the hell can I do it
On Beinecke's booze?
Hallelujah! Give us a high ball!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Give us a high ball!
(Retard) Revive us again!

Revive us again!
This party's gone dead!
And stag night is stag night
At Sankaty Head!
Hallelujah! Give us a high ball!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Give us a high ball!
(Retard) Revive us again!

There's no service here!
Though we're ready to buy!
They don't seem to care
If their members go dry!
Hallelujah! Give us a high ball!

Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Give us a high ball!
(Retard) Revive us again!

B.

Nobody Knows.

(Tune: Nobody Knows How Dry I Am)
Nobody knows how dry we are!
Nobody seems to run this bar!!

C.

Happy Dreams.

(Tune: Sally in our Alley)
WALTER'S SLEEPING IN OUR ALLEY!!!

D.

Self Defense.

(Tune: Solomon Levi)
My name is Walter Beinecke
And I run the club house bar;
I don't like all this knocking
That my booze is under par!
I get the best that I can buy!
With portions I am FREE!!
To give these kickers here a kick
WOULD TAKE SOME T N T !!!
Old Walter Beinecke! Walter, Tra la la la
Old Walter Beinecke! Tra la la la la la la
la la la

My name is Walter Beinecke
And I run the club house bar;
I don't like all this knocking
That my booze is under par!
I get the best that I can buy!
With portions I am FREE!!
To give these kickers here a kick
WOULD TAKE SOME T N T !!!!

E.

Recovery.

(Tune: Sally in our Alley)
WALTER'S BACK FROM DOWN OUR ALLEY!!!

9

YIP - I - ADDY - I - AY.

(Tune: chorus of same title)
E - Yip - I - Addy - I - Ay - I - Ay!!
E - Yip - I - Addy - I - Ay!!
I don't care what becomes of me!
When I go on a Sankaty spree!
E - Yip - I - Addy - I - Ay - I - Ay!!
My heart wants to holler "Hurray!" (HURRAY! **shouted**)
Order up some more stuff
For I can't get enough,
E - Yip - I - Addy - I - Ay!!
(Repeat)

10

THE MAN WHO IS SLOW ON THE GREEN.

(Tune: The Man on the Flying Trapeze)

I've played behind Dumper, Barnum, and Swift;
I've played when George talked me almost insane;
I've played golf by ear when the fog failed to lift;
I've sloshed 'round the course in the rain;
I've played when the wind drove my ball off the tee;
I'v played with good fellows and mean;
But the guy who annoys to the greatest degree
Is the man who is slow on the green.

Chorus

He paces the distance from ball to the hole;
He squats while he squints with an eye he thinks keen;
He dusts off the grass and he studies the roll;
The man who is slow on the green.

I've played at St. Andrews, I've played Baltusrol;
I've played at Grosse Point and I've played at Deep Dale;
I've played over Brookline, I've played on them all;
I never have known it to fail —
They all have good players and all have their dubs;
Their bores are too readily seen;
But the member who tempts them to sell off their clubs
Is the man who is slow on the green.

Chorus

He paces the distance from ball to the hole;
He squats while he squints with an eye he thinks keen;
He dusts off the grass and he studies the roll;
The man who is slow on the green.

11

AND GEORGE TALKED ON ——

(Tune: Chorus of, And the Band Played On)

Bathers were gathered around on the beach;
Where George talked on—
They all swam far out where his voice could not reach
But George talked on—
The bathers when finished went hurriedly home;
They ran off and left him alone;
And nothing was there but the sea and its moan;
But George talked on—

Golfers were standing around the first tee;
Where George talked on—
The hookers and slicers were sore as could be
When George talked on—
He talked while he drove a straight ball with great force;
He talked all the way 'round the course;
When through with his game he was not a bit hoarse;
And George talked on—

He talked in the bar and he talked in the car;
Still George talked on—
He talked to those near and he talked to those far;
And George talked on—
He talks all the night and he talks all the day;
"Interruptions prolong what I say!"
Is his threat when you seek your fatigue to allay;
So George talks on—

A newcomer gasped, "Does the man never stop?"
As George talked on—
"I've listened for hours and I'm ready to drop!"
But George talked on—
"We don't think so, brother, he never has yet!
He's wound up for life you can bet!
He's one of our wonders you'll never forget!"
And George talked on—

Someone asked Frances how she stood the gaff
When George talked on—
She looked up serenely and asked with a laugh,
"Does George talk on?
You see I have heard it so often before,
To listen I find such a bore!
For many years now I don't hear any more
When George talks on—"

12

THE SANKATY STING SONG.

(Tune: Tammany)

Sankaty, Sankaty,
Big Chief sits around all day
Urging braves to make us pay!
Sankaty, Sankaty,
Swamp 'em! Swamp 'em! Get the wampum!
Sankaty!

Sankaty, Sankaty,
Lewis raises golfing fees!
Walter stops the free bar cheese!
Sankaty, Sankaty,
Stick them! Pick them! Nick them! Kick them!
Sankaty!

Sankaty, Sankaty,
Charge for mouldy locker room!
Nineteenth hole is like a tomb!
Sankaty, Sankaty,
Gyp them! nip them! pip them! rip them!
Sankaty!

Sankaty, Sankaty,
Burn 'em churn 'em! learn 'em good!
Big Squaw raises price of food!
Sankaty, Sankaty,
Gippy Rippy guards the kitty!
Sankaty!

13

YES! WE HAVE NO MORE CADDIES!

(Tune: Chorus of 'Yes! We have No Bananas!')

Yes! We have no more caddies!
We have no more caddies today!
We've cocktails and high-balls,
Gin rickies and juleps,
And all kinds of drinks and s-a-y!
We'll broil you n-i-c-e sirloin or lamb chops!
We'll boil you spinach or beet tops;
But YES! We have no more caddies!
We have no more caddies today!

Yes! We have no more caddies!
We have no more caddies today!
It's eighty, and fifty—
Two-fifty for green fees—
You can watch the others play!!
It's nice to s-i-t around the flag-pole!!
N-i-c-e around the last hole!!
But YES! We have no more caddies!
We have no more caddies today!

14

A LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS.

(Tune: Chorus of, "A Long, Long Trail A-Winding')

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Around our eighteen hole club;
On the fifth I take a seven
Like a poor, old dub
There's a long, long time of waiting
For what I'm thirsting to come,
Till the time when ~~the~~ final putts go down
And I'm with Walter's rum!

(Repeat)

15

WHERE THE MORNING GLORIES GROW.

(Chorus only)

I like to wake up in the morning
Where the morning glories grow;
When the sun comes peepin' in where I'm sleepin'
And the song birds say "Hello!"
I like to wander in the wildwood
Where the rippling waters flow;
And go drifting back to childhood
Where the morning glories grow.

Nantucket Version.

I hate to wake up on the Island
For I always have a head,
From a night of drinking, all the time I'm thinking
That I ought to be in bed!
I like to sit up on the Island
Playing cards and drinking rum,
Oh, I hate to sleep on the Island,
For I wake up feeling BUM!

16

HONEY, DAT I LOVE SO WELL.

(Words and music by one Harry Freeman, 1898)

Away down Souf in de lan' of roses,
Dar's a honey dat I love so well,
She's the sweetest bud 'mong all dem posies,
Is ma honey, dat I love so well;
I lose my heart to her one day,
An' I ain't ashamed to tell,
Dat I been true to her ebber since,
To ma honey, dat I love so well.

Honey! Honey! Bless yo' heart!
Oh, honey dat I love so well!
I done been true, my gal, to you,
Ma honey, dat I love so well.

I dreamt las' night while de moon was beamin'
Of ma honey, dat I love so well,
An' I tried my bes' to keep on dreamin'
Of ma honey, dat I love so well,
But a nightingale, he woke me up,
And in his song done tell,
Dat de same ole moon was a-shinin' down
On ma honey dat I love so well.

Honey! Honey! Bless yo' heart!
Oh, honey dat I love so well!
I done been true, my gal, to you,
Ma honey, dat I love so well.

17

I'VE GOT RINGS ON MY FINGERS.

Jim O'Shea was cast away upon an Indian isle,
The natives there they liked his hair, they liked his Irish smile;
So they made him chief Panjandrum, the nabob of them all
They called him Ji-ji-boo Jhai, and rigged him out so gay,
So he wrote to Dublin Bay to his sweetheart just to say:

"Sure I've got rings on my fingers, bells on my toes,
Elephants to ride upon, my little Irish Rose,
So come to your nabob, and next Patrick's Day,
Be Mistress Mumbo Jumbo Ji-ji-boo J. O'Shea."

(Repeat Chorus)

18

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK.

Down in front of Casey's old brown wooden stoop,
On a summer's evening we formed a merry group;
Boys and girls together, we would sing and waltz,
While Tony played the organ on the sidewalks of New York.

East side, West side, all around the town;
The tots sang "ring-a-rosie", "London bridge is falling down;"
Boys and girls together, Me and Mamie O'Rourke,
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York

19

SWEET ADELINE.

In the evening when I sit alone a-dreaming
Of days gone by, love, to me so dear,
There's a picture that in fancy oft appearing,
Brings back the time, love, when you were near;
It is then I wonder where you are my darling,
And if your heart to me is still the same,
For the sighing wind and nightingale a-singing,
Are breathing only your own sweet name.

Sweet Adeline, My Adeline,
At night, dear heart,
For you I pine;
In all my dreams,
Your fair face beams,
You're the flower of my heart,
Sweet Adeline.

20

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY.

Just around the corner of the street where I reside,
Their lives the cutest little girl that I have ever spied;
Her name is Rose O'Grady and, I don't mind telling you,
That she's the sweetest little rose the garden ever grew.

Sweet Rosie O'Grady,
My dear little Rose,
She's my steady lady,
Most ev'ry one knows;
And when we get married,
How happy we'll be;
I love sweet Rosie O'Grady
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

21

WAL, I SWAN!

I run the old mill over here to Reuben's-ville,
My name's Joshua Ebenezer Frye.
I know a thing or two, you bet your neck I do,
They don't ketch me for I'm too darn sly.
I've seen bunco men, allus got the best o' them,
Once I stopped a couple on the Boston train,
They says, "How be you?", I says, "That'll do!
Travel right along with yer darn skin game!"

Wal, I swan! I mus' be gittin' on!
Gid-dap, Napoleon! It looks like rain;
Wal, I'll be switched! The hay ain't pitched!
Come in when you're over to the farm again.

I drove the old mare over to the county fair,
Took first prize on a load of summer squash.
Stopped at the cider mill coming over by the hill,
Come home tighter than a drum by gosh!
I was so durn full I give away the old bull,
Dropped both reins clean out on the fill,
Got hum so darn late couldn't find the barn gate,
Ma says, "Joshua, 'taint possibil!"

Wal, I swan! I mus' be gittin' on!
Gid-dap, Napoleon! It looks like rain;
Wal, I'll be switched! The hay ain't pitched!
Come in when you're over to the farm again.

We had a big show here 'bout a week ago,
Pitched up a tent by the old mill dam.
Ma says, "Let's go in to the side show,
Just take a look at the tatooed man;"
I see a cus' look sharp at my pocket-book,
Says, "gimme two tens for a five,"
I says, "You durn fool! I be the constabule!
Now yer arrested sure as yer 'live!"

Wal, I swan! I mus' be gittin' on!
Gid-dap, Napoleon! It looks like rain;
Wal, I'll be switched! The hay ain't pitched!
Come in when you're over to the farm again.

My son Joshua went to Philadelphia,
He wouldn't do a day's work if he could.
Smoked cigarettes, too, way the city folks do.
What he's a-coming to, ain't no good.
He didn't give a darn 'bout staying on the farm,
Keeps writin' hum he's doin' right well.
It seems sort of funny that he's allus out o' money.
And Ma says the boy's up to some kind of hell.

Wal, I swan! I mus' be gittin' on!
Gid-dap, Napoleon! It looks like rain;
Wal, I'll be switched! The hay ain't pitched!
Come in when you're over to the farm again.

22

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY.

A winning way, a pleasant smile,
Dressed so neat but quite in style,
Merry chaff your time to wile,
Has little Annie Rooney;
Ev'ry ev'ning, rain or shine,
I make a call 'twixt eight and nine,
On her who shortly will be mine,
Little Annie Rooney.

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau;
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe;
Soon we'll marry, never to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

23

PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET.

On the old farm-house veranda
There sat Silas and Miranda,
Thinking of the days gone by.
Said he, "Dearie, don't be weary,
You were always bright and cheery,
But a tear, dear, dims your eye."

Said she, "They're tears of gladness
Silas, they're not tears of sadness,
It is fifty years today since we were wed."
Then the old man's dim eyes brightened,
And his stern old heart it lightened,
As he turned to her and said:

"Put on your old grey bonnet with the blue ribbon on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay,
And through fields of clover we'll drive up to Dover
On our golden wedding day."

24

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW.

(Chorus)

I wonder who's kissing her now,
Wonder who's teaching her now,
Wonder who's looking into her eyes,
Breathing sighs, telling lies;
I wonder who's buying the wine,
For lips that I used to call mine,
Wonder if she ever tells him of me,
I wonder who's kissing her now.

25

UNDER THE ANHEUSER BUSH.

(Chorus)

Come, come, come and make eyes with me,
Under the Anheuser Bush;
Come, come, drink some "Budwise" with me
Under the Anheuser Bush,
Hear the old German band,
Just let me hold your hand, Yah!
Do, do, come and have a stein or two,
Under the Anheuser Bush.

(Repeat)

26

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT.

(Chorus)

In de ebening by de moonlight,
You can hear us darkies singing,
In de ebening by de moonlight
You can hear de banjo ringing,
How de old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sing in de ebening by de moonlight.

27

WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN WILLIE.

(Chorus)

Waltz me around again, Willie,
Around, around, around.
The music is dreamy; it's peaches and creamy,
Oh! don't let my feet touch the ground.
I feel like a ship on an ocean of joy,
I just want to holler out loud, "Ship Ahoy!"
Oh! Waltz me around again, Willie,
Around, around, around.

28

THE BANKS OF THE WABASH FAR AWAY.

Round my Indiana homestead wave the cornfields,
In the distance loom the woodlands clear and cool.
Oftentimes my thoughts revert to scenes of childhood,
Where I first received my lessons, nature's school.
But one thing there is missing in the picture,
Without her face it seems so incomplete.
I long to see my mother in the doorway,
As she stood there years ago her boy to greet!

Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay.
Through the sycamores the candle light is gleaming,
On the banks of the Wabash, far away.

29

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE.

In the shade of the old apple tree,
When the love in your eyes I could see,
When the voice that I heard, like the song of a bird,
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me.
I could hear the dull buzz of the bee
In the blossoms as you said to me
With a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you
In the shade of the old apple tree.

30

WHERE THE WURZBURGER FLOWS.

Take me down, down, down
Where the Wurzburger flows, flows, flows,
It will drown, drown, drown
All my sorrows and cares and woes,
Just order two seidels of lager or three,
If I don't want to drink it

Please force it on me;
The Rhine may be fine
But a cold stein for mine!
Down where the Wurzburger flows.

(Repeat)

...Museum ...
...cal Ass...
... Conn...

...a for letting us see the picture
I regret that without identifying
...came it would be impossible to give
...n about its period, etc. I am not
...icture, which is not very sharp and
... figure is. It seems to be that
...f the period 1840 - 1850, roughly,
...say from the picture.

... size you give, it might be from a
...s, or a little more. Here again
...igureheads were not strictly propor-
...ne vessel. Some large ships had
...ureheads, and some small vessels had
...lier vessels tended to have larger
...on to tonnage than later ships.
...n sufficiently good condition to
...certainty just what it represents
...ious details of costume, etc., and if
...s wrecked in your vicinity during the
... might be able to make a shrewd guess
...here would be no certainty about it.

...like to be in a position to acquire
...ervation here, but I am sorry to say
...e. Under the prevailing conditions,
...essential operating expenses, without
... collections.

Sincerely yours,

Paul C. Cutler

...IP R. MALLORY, President
BROWN
...ctors—EVERETT BARN
EDWARD S. HARKNES
...ICIS D. ROGERS

...CUTLER, MANAGING DIRECTOR
...ERWOOD A. CHENEY, Vice President
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GROSVENOR ELY
ALFRED PAINE
CHARLES E. WHITE

Mr. Anderson Writes Of His Continued I...in Island.

An Open Letter to Bassett Jones, Esq.

8/17/48

Dear Mr. Jones:

Please believe that it is in a spirit of animadversion, or of I-told-you-so, that I recall to you the spirited controversy precipitated in the Autumn of 1944 by a similar, but less drastic, criticism of mine of the deplorable trend of Nantucket's summer patronage, and the obvious decline in the number of full summer season residents.

I sincerely hope that your honest and forthright protest will not bring down upon you, as it did upon me, the animus of those who could read into an affectionate concern for the future of Nantucket only an intent to condemn rooming houses, excursions, and the other necessary machinery for satisfying the wants of large crowds.

But I cannot fail to recall that your published comment on my modest crusade was in approximately these words: "It is time to bring this controversy to an end. There is no danger that Nantucket will become a Coney Island. It has always been essentially a home resort, and will so remain. Nantucket is in no danger. Its future is sound. Nantucket will always retain its character."

This is not offered as an exact quotation; but it represents honestly the spirit of your reply.

In 19... but not hopelessly, late in seasons, studying a trend; and deciding, as a community, on the future character of the summer business for which the island should bid. But it has taken four additional seasons to awaken official concern, and to arouse even patriotic home owners from their complacency.

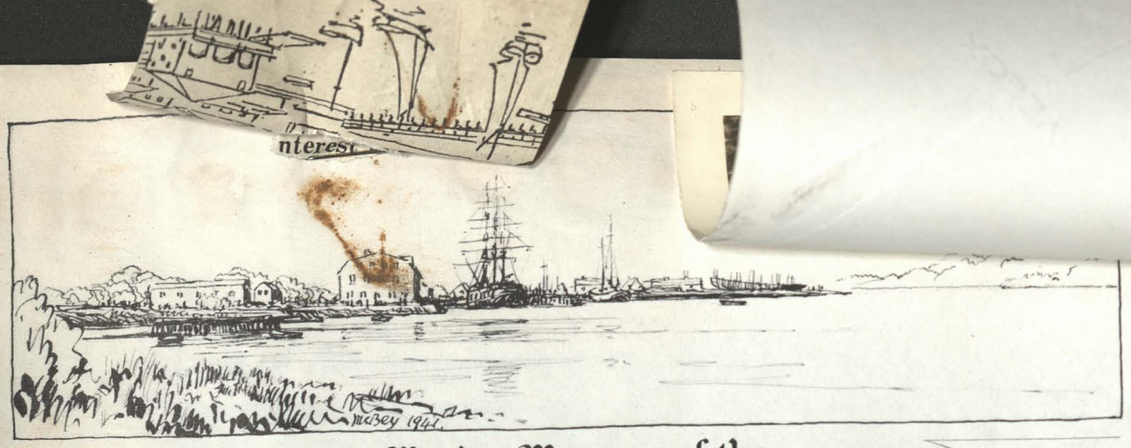
When I presumed to point out the growing labor-management policy of guaranteed annual incomes for hour... vacations (more and more of them with pay) and the resultant ability of tens of thousands, to whom Nantucket had heretofore been a far-off and inaccessible Paradise, now to fulfill a long cherished ambition to visit Nantucket for a few hours, or a few days, I was summarily slapped down (not by you, sir) with the assertion, "That sort of thing will end with the war". It hasn't; and I sympathize, sir, with your change of heart. I commend, in my weak way, your blunt and unequivocal statement of the case.

It is hoped that a Board of Selectmen, a Publicity Committee, and an Information Bureau knowledgeable enough, courageous enough, and earnest enough to tackle the problem will not be supplanted by groups so actuated by political expediency as to put the quick dollar of the "tripper" ahead of the stable income from the summer resident who loves Nantucket sufficiently to invest in Island property and permanent establishment there.

I should hate to see a man who has so substantially proved his love of Nantucket as you have, Mr. Bassett Jones, driven from the Island. You have, I know without access to your personal accounts, contributed more to the welfare of Nantucket each year that any hundred trippers seeking the Coney Island type of summer recreation.

In a very proper sense, this prob...m of Nantucket's may be said to be none of my business: for I no longer have a home in Nantucket, and ... taxpayer on only a small harbor tract and inconsequential shack. But one cannot have returned to Nanty year after year for nearly a thi... a century entirely from a sense "nowhere else to go," or "noth... else to do:" it is from a sincere of the Island, sir, that none, still to interest myse...e, so that continued well-being. are some-

When we sold our
I told the real esta... Jones! And
sieged me in behaand far-seeing
es for sale, that ~~of Selectmen~~
live in our own h... and the In-
but that I should wait
years, if I lived so long, before
buying or building. I then
direct statement that my
was born of apprehensderson.
tucket might not
in which to



Marine Museum of the

Marine Historical Association, Inc.

Mystic . . . . Connecticut

July 19th, 1942.

Mr. S. H. Swift,
Box 81,
Siasconset, Nantucket,
Mass.

Dear Mr. Swift:

Thank you for letting us see the picture of your old figurehead. I regret that without identifying the ship from which it came it would be impossible to give any reliable information about its period, etc. I am not even certain from the picture, which is not very sharp and distinct, just what the figure is. It seems to be that of a woman in a dress of the period 1840 - 1850, roughly, but it is difficult to say from the picture.

From the size you give, it might be from a ship of 700 to 1000 tons, or a little more. Here again it is hard to say, as figureheads were not strictly proportioned to the size of the vessel. Some large ships had comparatively small figureheads, and some small vessels had quite large ones. Earlier vessels tended to have larger figureheads in proportion to tonnage than later ships. If your figurehead is in sufficiently good condition to enable you to say with certainty just what it represents and to identify the various details of costume, etc., and if there is a list of ships wrecked in your vicinity during the past hundred years, you might be able to make a shrewd guess as to its origin, but there would be no certainty about it.

I would like to be in a position to acquire the figurehead for preservation here, but I am sorry to say I have no funds available. Under the prevailing conditions, we find it hard to meet essential operating expenses, without attempting to expand our collections.

Sincerely yours,

Carl C. Cutler

J. R. MALLORY, President
BOWER HEWITT, Vice President
CARL C. CUTLER, MANAGING DIRECTOR
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Last of the New Bedford Whalers Off on Her Final Voyage

The Charles W. Morgan as she left New Bedford Harbor at the end of a towline on her way to Mystic, Conn., where she will be kept as a museum ship Associated Press

Special to the Herald Tribune

NEW LONDON, Conn., Nov. 6.—The old ship, Charles W. Morgan, sole survivor of the once great fleet of square-rigged whaling ships which years ago put out of New Bedford, Mass., to sail the seven seas in search of blubber, arrived here today in tow of a Coast Guard vessel. She was en route to her final resting place, an exhibition wharf adjoining the Marine Historical Association museum at Mystic, Conn.

The old whaler, recently acquired by the association, was retired in 1926 after eighty-five years at sea. Since then she had been entombed in a sea of cement and sand at the South Dartmouth, Mass., estate of the late Colonel Edward H. R. Green. More than 250,000 persons inspected her there.

When the son of Hetty Green died on June 8, 1936, the old whaler was left without a sponsor. She required little, though, in the way of financing until the September, 1938, hurricane, which proved much more devastating to the old square-rigger than the many big blows she weathered in her earlier years.

Damaged and orphaned the ship was neglected until the Marine Historical Association recently agreed to repair her on the condition that the association be allowed to haul her down to Mystic as a museum piece.

Her spars and yards bare of canvas the Charles W. Morgan arrived off New London this morning at the end of a towing hauser. She was to have proceeded to Mystic today, but the short trip up the Mystic River was delayed until tomorrow when it was found that the channel was blocked by a dredge.

S. H. SWIFT

GEO EICHELBERGER.

W. T. PAGE.

A. BUTTRICK

ROBERT DUMPER

R. W. STEWART

W. E. WOODRUFF

F. E. LEWIS.

W. G. BRYANT

H. A. Williamson

L. S. McCREERY

DR. W. T. WALSH

A. M. READ.

W. C. NEWMAN.

W. E. DAVIS

F. JEFFERSON

F. X. WALSH

Swift
1 up - 19 Holes

Aug 29/32

A. BUTTRICK

Dun

SANKATY HEAD GOLF CLUB
SIASCONSET
NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

LOCAL RESIDENT WINS GOLF TITLE

8/29/32

Stanley H. Swift Captures Cham-

al Guard.

8/25/48

Ryder Wins Sankaty Head Golf Club Championship

Harold B. Ryder, Sr. retained his title of champion for the second successive year in the Sankaty Head Golf Tournament with a six and five against his closest rival, William Newman. Clem Reynolds was the medalist.

In the second flight play, Alton Buttrick was the victor over Albert Egan, Jr., with a five and four.

Awards were made as follows. Mr. Ryder, nautical lamp; Mr. Newman, picture; Mr. Reynolds, hand-painted map and Mr. Buttrick, Nantucket wastepaper basket.

George Thomas of Wheeling, W. Va. won the junior tennis tournament at the Siasconset Casino and his brother, Moulton Thomas, was runner-up.

Dick, John Chapman Win Golf Tournament At Sankaty Club

8/28/48

A brother-team — former national amateur champion Richard Chapman and John Stewart Chapman, Summer resident of Nantucket, clinched the spectacular member-guest golf tournament at Sankaty Head Golf Club last weekend which drew big-name golfers from various parts of the country.

The Chapmans climaxed the three-day tournament with a close victory over Fred Fiore and Glenn McHugh — the runners up — five to four.

In the second flight, William Hutton teamed up with Charles Selden to spark a victory over Bob Hardy and John Clarke in a nip and tuck match that was decided on the 18th hole. The score was even up to then and Shelden dropped a birdie — 1 under par — to win hole and match.

Eighteen teams were entered in the tournament but two failed to qualify and eight others were eliminated in the first round.

President James Hutton of the Sankaty Club awarded prizes to the players at the conclusion of the tournament.

Medalists — low gross for qualifying rounds — were William Newman and Daniel Topping, top-flight golfer and part owner of the Yankees. Other participants were Ellis Knowles, five times National senior champion, Stanley Kosolowski, R. I. state amateur champion, Clem Reynolds, Walter Beinecke, Kenneth Shelden, George Fraker, Frank O'Brien, Roger Dunham, General Powers, Gorham Bliss, J. C. Clifford, Richard Corkish, William McIntyre, Harold "Doc" Ryder, Irving Hadsell, Mr. Sforza, A. Collie, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Roberts, Richard Rockey, David Gray, William Danforth, R. C. Reise, and Robert Dumper.

"We look forward next season to even bigger names competing in the tournament," Mr. Newman, club member and Island golf enthusiast, commented later.

Aug 19/23/1947

Andrews
Anderson — Anderson 6–4

Reynolds
Pasley — Reynolds 7 & 5

Reynolds 4 & 2

H. Neuma
S Swift — Neuma 4–3

Cavah
Ryder — Ryder 6–5

Ryder 4–2

Ryder 5-4

Gray
Hutton — Hutton by default

Collie
Bassett — Bassett 5–4

Bassett by default

Ryder 7–6 (1st 18 all even)

Chapman
Wickser — Chapman 3–1

Pratt
W. Neuma — Neuma will 7–5

Chapman 1 H. up 20 Holes

Chapman 2–1

S. H. SWIFT

GEO EICHELBERGER.

Swift
1 up - 19 Holes

W. T. PAGE.

A. BUTTRICK

A. BUTTRICK

3+1

ROBERT DUNPER.

R. W. STEWART

R. W. STEWART.

R. W. STEWART
1 UP - 19 HOLES

W. E. WOODRUFF.

(1 up)
W. E. Woodruff

F. E. LEWIS.

(1 up) 21 Holes
W. G. Bryant

W. G. BRYANT

H. A. Williamson

L. S. McCREERY.

WALSH
1 up.

DR. W. T. WALSH

WALSH
2 up.

A. M. RBAD.

W. C. NEWMAN.

Davis
5-3

W. E. DAVIS.

Dr Walls
4-2

F. JEFFERSON.

Dr Wall
5 T 4

F. X. WALLS.

Aug 29/32

Swift V
2+1

Swift
4+3

R W Stewart
1 up

Walsh
4-2

LOCAL RESIDENT WINS GOLF TITLE

8/29/32

Stanley H. Swift Captures Championship at Siasconset, Mass.

Defeating M. J. Walsh of New York two up and one to play in the finals Saturday, Stanley H. Swift of this city won the Siasconset (Mass.) golf championship, an event staged annually for summer residents of the resort. In advancing to the finals Mr. Swift met and defeated George Eickelberger of New York, Alden Butterick of St Paul and Robert Stewart of Chicago. He was runner-up in the 193 tournament.

The title was won two years ag by Robert Beale of Schenectady.

Swift

2 Up

Rescued From Drowning.

Robert W. Stark of 'Sconset had a narrow escape from drowning early Tuesday morning, when he was rescued from the waters of Nantucket harbor after clinging to the side of his boat for nearly an hour.

Shortly after 2:00 o'clock in the morning, residents on Brant Point heard cries for help coming over the water from the harbor. Mr. Horner, who resides on the inside shore of the point, telephoned the police and the two Officers Lamb and Howes quickly responded. Keeper Reed, of the Brant Point light station, also assisted.

Procuring a skiff, the officers rowed out to where cries, rapidly becoming weaker, could be heard. They found Stark clinging to the side of his boat, and after a difficult time succeeded in pulling the big man to safety.

Mr. Stark had been visiting friends on board a yacht and, staying late, had decided to row over to his own boat and sleep there the night, rather than making the trip out to 'Sconset. In getting from his skiff to the deck of his craft, he slipped on the wet deck and was overboard before he could recover his balance. Due to the fact that the hull of the craft, curving away to the keel, offered no foothold he found it was impossible to clamber back aboard.

Becoming exhausted from his exertions, he began to call for help. The early morning hour made him realize that his cries might never be heard, which added to the precariousness of his situation. He had been clinging there for more than a half-hour, the weight of his clothes slowly dragging him down, and his grip gradually weakening, when the phone call from Mr. Horner brought the local officers in their timely rescue.

Capt. Benjamin Richmond, of the good ship *Sakuntala*, has had a little more excitement. Several weeks ago Richmond, with a party of young friends out for an evening sail, spent a night marooned on the rocks of the eastern jetty at the entrance to Nantucket harbor, when his craft unfortunately struck one of the rocky slabs of granite. Tuesday night, the *Sakuntala*, with seven persons on board, grounded off Cotuit on the Cape shore, and the party were brought ashore by Coast Guards there. The boat was floated later by the Coast Guards. Capt. Richmond said that the reason for the mishap was the breaking of the boom.

Local Couple Strike Bound On Nantucket

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley H. Swift, Summering on Tiny Island Where Food Supplies Are Cut Off

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley H. Swift, 38 Grant Avenue, who are spending the Summer at their warm weather home in Siasconset, Nantucket Island, are experiencing the discomfort of the rest of the islanders who, because of a shipping strike, literally do not know where their next meal is coming from, as is revealed by the following Associated Press dispatch:

NANTUCKET, Mass., July 14.—(AP)—The state today came actively to the aid of the tiny island of Nantucket, isolated from the mainland by a strike of steamship employes, in an effort to assure adequate food and milk supplies.

The strike brought renewed talk of "secession" from the union from many of the island's natives.

At Boston, Governor Charles F. Hurley ordered Adjutant General Charles H. Cole and Lieutenant Colonel Paul G. Kirk, State Commissioner of Public Safety, to fly over the island and survey the possibilities of sending food and milk by airplane.

At the Governor's office, attaches said the food and milk situation on Nantucket Island was "acute."

Yesterday rival maritime unions tied up four steamers of the New Bedford, Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket Steamship line and the strike later spread to a vessel operated by the New England Steamship Company in Fall River.

Sam Swayze and Parks, of Wesco, played steady golf throughout their match with Frank Lewis and E. P. Hilts, of Sankaty, to win all three points for the home team.

Quirk and Swift, of Sankaty, paired up excellently to defeat Dick Corkish and John Hamblin in a close-contested affair, taking all three points, and accounting for Sankaty's only victory of the day.

Bob Hardy and John Ring, of Wesco, were held to a draw by Roberts and Collins of Sankaty—each pair taking 1½ of the match's three points.

* * * * *

Golf Notes

The Wesco Golf team won a closely-contested team match against the Sankaty Head golfers on the latter group's home course last Sunday afternoon, in what was a rubber match between the two teams for the current season.

The final total was 10½ to 7½, and all six of the four-ball matches were stubbornly contended up to the final hole.

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About 8 o'clock the Sankaty members and their Wesco and other guests sat down to a real "he-man" stag-night dinner, which was delicious in every respect. The very enjoyable evening which followed included singing, a very fine reel of golf hints by Bobby Jones, Horton Smith, Lawson Little, Harry Cooper and Jimmy Thompson, and several songs by Tiny Day. An outstanding feature of the evening was the rendering of the late L. Harry Freeman's "Honey Dat I Love So Well", sung by John Black, chairman of the Sankaty Stag Night, who was a close friend of Mr. Freeman.

Tuesday 7/7/1937

Rescued From Drowning.

Robert W. Stark of 'Sconset had a narrow escape from drowning early Tuesday morning, when he was rescued from the waters of Nantucket harbor after clinging to the side of his boat for nearly an hour.

Shortly after 2:00 o'clock in the morning, residents on Brant Point heard cries for help coming over the water from the harbor. Mr. Horner, who resides on the inside shore of the point, telephoned the police and the two Officers Lamb and Howes quickly responded. Keeper Reed, of the Brant Point light station, also assisted.

Procuring a skiff, the officers rowed out to where cries, rapidly becoming weaker, could be heard. They found Stark clinging to the side of his boat, and after a difficult time succeeded in pulling the big man to safety.

Mr. Stark had been visiting friends on board a yacht and, staying late, had decided to row over to his own boat and sleep there the night, rather than making the trip out to 'Sconset. In getting from his skiff to the deck of his craft, he slipped on the wet deck and was overboard before he could recover his balance. Due to the fact that the hull of the craft, curving away to the keel, offered no foothold he found it was impossible to clamber back aboard.

Becoming exhausted from his exertions, he began to call for help. The early morning hour made him realize that his cries might never be heard, which added to the precariousness of his situation. He had been clinging there for more than a half-hour, the weight of his clothes slowly dragging him down, and his grip gradually weakening, when the phone call from Mr. Horner brought the local officers in their timely rescue.

Capt. Benjamin Richmond, of the good ship *Sakuntala*, has had a little more excitement. Several weeks ago Richmond, with a party of young friends out for an evening sail, spent a night marooned on the rocks of the eastern jetty at the entrance to Nantucket harbor, when his craft unfortunately struck one of the rocky slabs of granite. Tuesday night, the *Sakuntala*, with seven persons on board, grounded off Cotuit on the Cape shore, and the party were brought ashore by Coast Guards there. The boat was floated later by the Coast Guards. Capt. Richmond said that the reason for the mishap was the breaking of the boom.

ound

...n Sankaty He...et Course last Sunday. Hav...g b... defeated at Sankaty two weeks previously, the local golf team reversed the decision, securing an 11½ to 6½ victory—which was practically the same margin by which the Sankaty team won out in the initial match. It might be a good idea to settle the question of supremacy on a neutral "battleground"—say the Old 'Sconset course.

Doc Ryder and Raynor Gardiner, of Wesco, finished all even with David Gray and Andy Anderson—each pair securing 1½ points. The finish of this match was truly spectacular. On the final green, Gray ran in a putt from the edge of the "carpet" for a birdie three in an effort to win the match. Doc, whose ball was a trifle nearer the hole than Gray's but was nevertheless just off the green, grasped his club with the remark "Well, that makes my putt look easy!", and then proceeded to sink his ball for another birdie, and thus snatch away what appeared to be a victory for the Sankaty pair.

Frankie Brown and Kenny Donnell of Wesco teamed up for a best ball of 65, giving Reynolds and Newman little chance as they swept all three points with their splendid shot-making. And Frank scored a 70 on his own ball for the day's lowest individual total.

Roger Dunham and "Gunnie" Stackpole, of Wesco gained an early 2-up lead over Beinecke and Byrnes, increased it to three-up on the 7th hole and then held on to this lead. The Sankaty pair held their opponents all even on the second nine to salvage ½ point, to 2½ for the Wescoites.

Sam Swayze and Parks, of Wesco, played steady golf throughout their match with Frank Lewis and E. P. Hilts, of Sankaty, to win all three points for the home team.

Quirk and Swift, of Sankaty, paired up excellently to defeat Dick Corkish and John Hamblin in a close-contested affair, taking all three points, and accounting for Sankaty's only victory of the day.

Bob Hardy and John Ring, of Wesco, were held to a draw by Roberts and Collins of Sankaty—each pair taking 1½ of the match's three points.

* * * * *

Golf Notes

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THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

R. B. WHITE
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time

Received at

BAT183 93 NL XC=SC SIASCONSET M

MR AND MRS STANLEY SWIFT=
SIASCONSET MASS=

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF WALLICKS

WHERE CAVORTINGS ARE IN ORDER,
AND PERCHANCE YOU MAY BE SUFFER
HEAT.

THERE IS A SOLACE THERE AWAITING YOU WITH EFFICACY QUITE NEAT.
N SUNDAY, OF SEPTEMBER FOURTH, TWIXT HOURS OF FIVE AND
SEVEN
YOU'LL FIND A REAL PRESCRIPTION THERE, NOT QUITE BUT NEARLY

I LOOK FOR YOU—WE WAIT FOR YOU—WE COUNT ON YOU. DO TRY
ND BRING YOUR SPARKLING SELF TO US—NO SCOTCH—NO GIN—NO RYE.
RSVP.

through so many didoes in an effort to disconcert his opponents that his own club members at Winged Foot openly rooted against him in the recent Anderson Memorial four-ball team matches played on Chapman's home course. A bit of the gentlemanly amateur spirit which marked the championship in the past would be in order at Baltusrol.
—PAP

9-7-48

N

J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

DL=Day Letter
NT=Overnight Telegram
LC=Deferred Cable
NLT=Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The I

STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

BAV92 20= ALBANY NY 14 203P

1940 JUN 14 PM 2 38

MISS HELEN HEUBNER=
CARE FRENCH HOUSE DANA HALL

ARRIVE FRAINGHAM EIGHT SIX TRAIN WILL BUS TO WELLSLEY CALL YOU
ON ARRIVAL LEAVE WITH YOU FOR MANCHESTER AT SIX=
STAN.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM

CLASS OF SERVICE

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WESTERN UNION

R. B. WHITE, PRESIDENT — NEWCOMB CARLTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD — J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

BAT183 93 NL XC=SC SIASCONSET MASS 29

MR AND MRS STANLEY SWIFT=
SIASCONSET MASS=

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF WALLICKS AND THE COLLINS NEAR THE MOORS;

WHERE CAVORTINGS ARE IN ORDER, AND ESPECIALLY OUT-OF-DOORS:
AND PERCHANCE YOU MAY BE SUFFERING FROM A FRIDAY NIGHT OR HEAT.

THERE'S A SOLACE THERE AWAITING YOU WITH EFFICACY QUITE NEAT.
N SUNDAY, OF SEPTEMBER FOURTH, TWIXT HOURS OF FIVE AND SEVEN

YOU'LL FIND A REAL PRESCRIPTION THERE, NOT QUITE BUT NEARLY

LOOK FOR YOU-WE WAIT FOR YOU-WE COUNT ON YOU. DO TRY
ND BRING YOUR SPARKLING SELF TO US-NO SCOTCH-NO GIN-NO RYE=
RSVP.

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—PAP

9/21/46

DL = Day Letter
NT = Overnight Telegram
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J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

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STAN.

CLASS OF SERVICE

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...ining the national amateur crown in 1941 when he spoke disparagingly of their golf course. Dick Chapman, the 1940 amateur king, goes through so many didoes in an effort to disconcert his opponents that his own club members at Winged Foot openly rooted against him in the recent Anderson Memorial four-ball team matches played on Chapman's home course. A bit of the gentlemanly amateur spirit which marked the championship in the past would be in order at Baltusrol.

—PAP

6/27/46

WESTERN UNION

J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

1201

SYMBOLS
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NT=Overnight Telegram
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Ship Radiogram

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BAV92 20= ALBANY NY 14 203P

MISS HELEN HEUBNER=

1940 JUN 14 PM 2 38

CARE FRENCH HOUSE DANA HALL

ARRIVE FRAINGHAM EIGHT SIX TRAIN WILL BUS TO WELLSLEY CALL YOU ON ARRIVAL LEAVE WITH YOU FOR MANCHESTER AT SIX=

STAN.

7/31/41

Siasconset, Mass.

There was a good scout named, Law
who said to his pal "Good golfers are few"
And I think it would be neat
If you would take care of your feet
So accept with my blessing, this golf shoe

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8/12/45

A BIT OF WAUWINET, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

There
who
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Now
And he said "My friend: never fear"
For with these shiney new boats
I'll polish off those galoots
Then kick them right in the rear

Well, the old sport chortled with glee
And he cried "That's all right by me"
I'll make out the roll call,
And They'll all be dead by fall
And the last one will be Pirate-See?

A BIT OF WAUWINET. NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

8/14/41

Our Bluff would bleak and barren be
Without our darling Bess—
A charming hostess, a kind true friend
In her we all possess.
Queen of perfection neatness & style
She graces the Bluff with her
running smile.
Please believe we love you much
And when we say so, don't say "tush"!!

3/14/41

"Men are men" says Barnacle Bill
To which we all agree
But he is a man who loves flowers and do
And the White-capped 'Sconset sea'
His love for the beauty of 'Sconset moors
From dawn 'till twilight dim
Has made us love 'Sconset more and more
And with it we love him.

Sept 1945

'Sconset, 1945.

"What is this place?" a stranger asked,
And how shall we make reply?
Where to begin and what to include,
Of the things that meet that eye?

Shall we start with a tale of long ago—
Of fishing, of boats of men?
Or start right here in this quiet haze
To describe this island gem?

"What is this place?" our stranger said.
But we're sure he'd never know,
Unless he stayed and roamed about
And rejoiced in the after-glow.

For the sun is 'Sconset's glory.
Since dawn, it friendly lay
On sand, on moor, on salty wave,
On homes, 'til the end of day.

These homes began as single shacks,
A shelter when work was done,
For fisher-folk from the far-off Town
And the catch their labor won.

They fished to earn their living
In rough but fruitful seas.
They stayed and founded 'Sconset
And earned a life of ease.

They've gone, but left us 'Sconset,
Its beauty, peace and rest,
Its quiet lanes, its azure sky,
Its history, which they blessed.

They blessed it with their labors,
And the charm they built around,
From Sankaty Head to the changing moors,
From the Pump to the edge of the town.

They blessed it with great heritage
Of strength from another day,
Which gives us peace and health galore
To resume our normal way.

We've come to 'Sconset, tired and worn
From our city-burdened life,
And gathered the fruits that they laid up
To restore us in our strife.

The debt we owe to an older day
Is all too oft forgot.
We'll pay our thanks in better lives
And praise them for this spot.

R. S. Evans

Snug Harbor
August, 1945.

* * *

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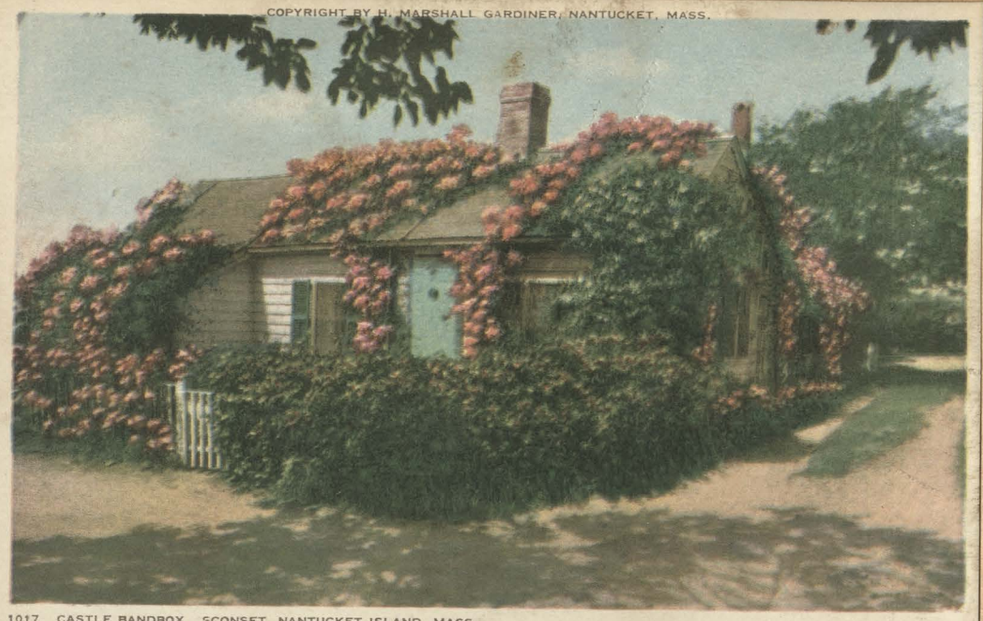

1017 CASTLE BANDBOX, SCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

PATH TO SANKATY, SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

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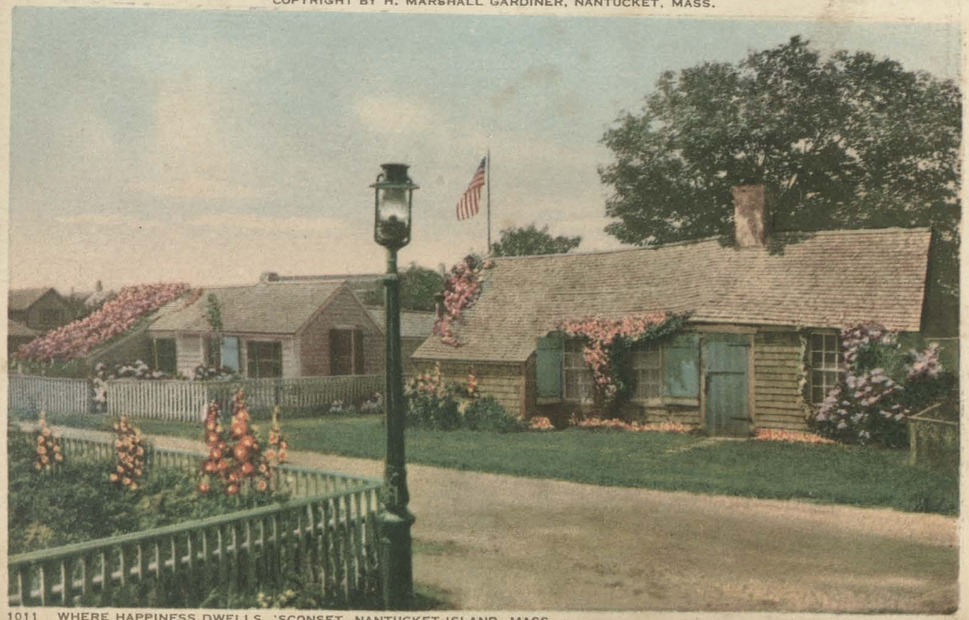
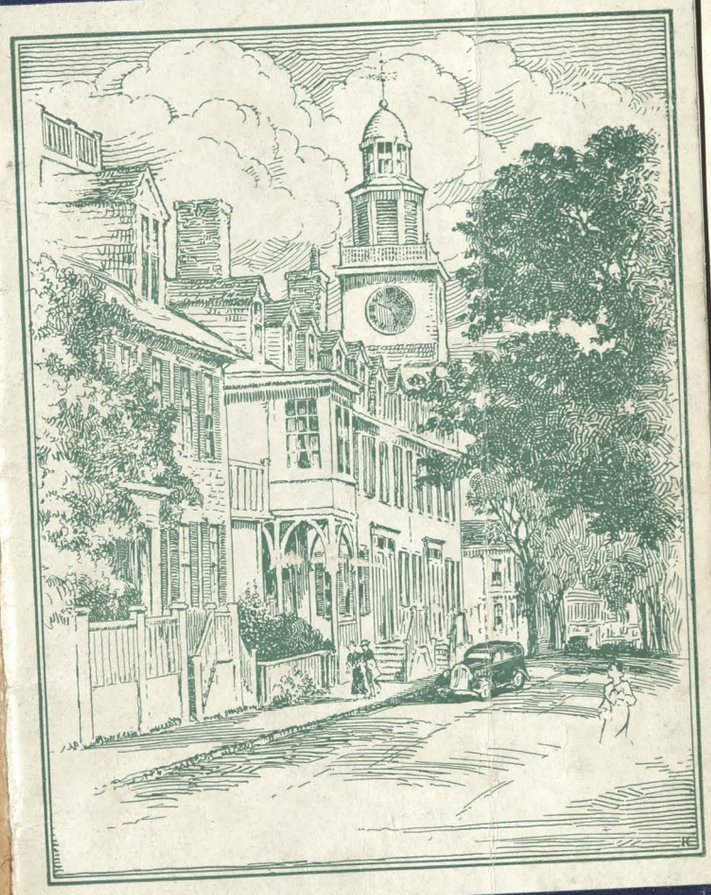


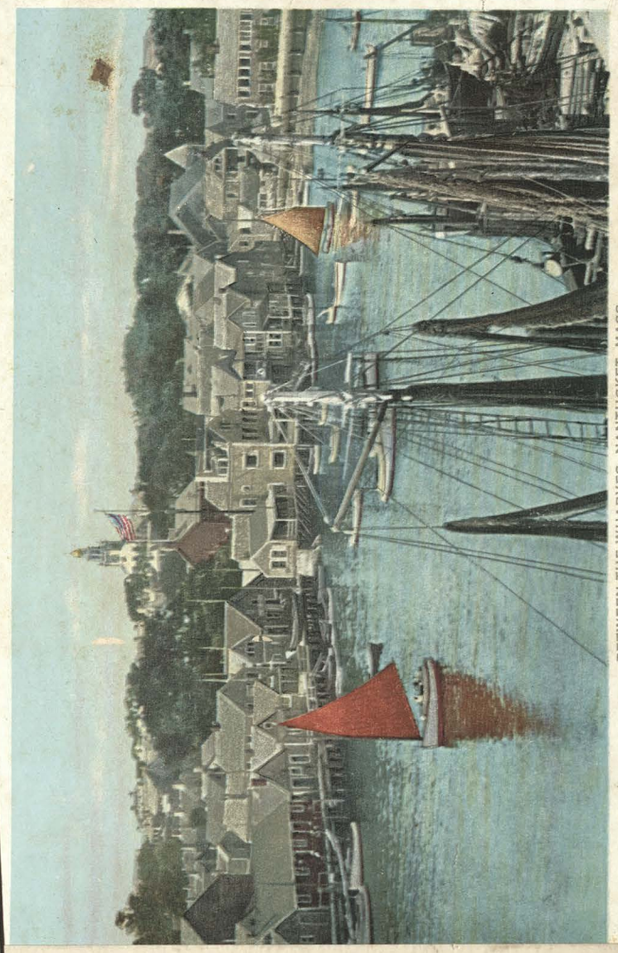
1011 WHERE HAPPINESS DWELLS, 'SCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

Nantucket Island

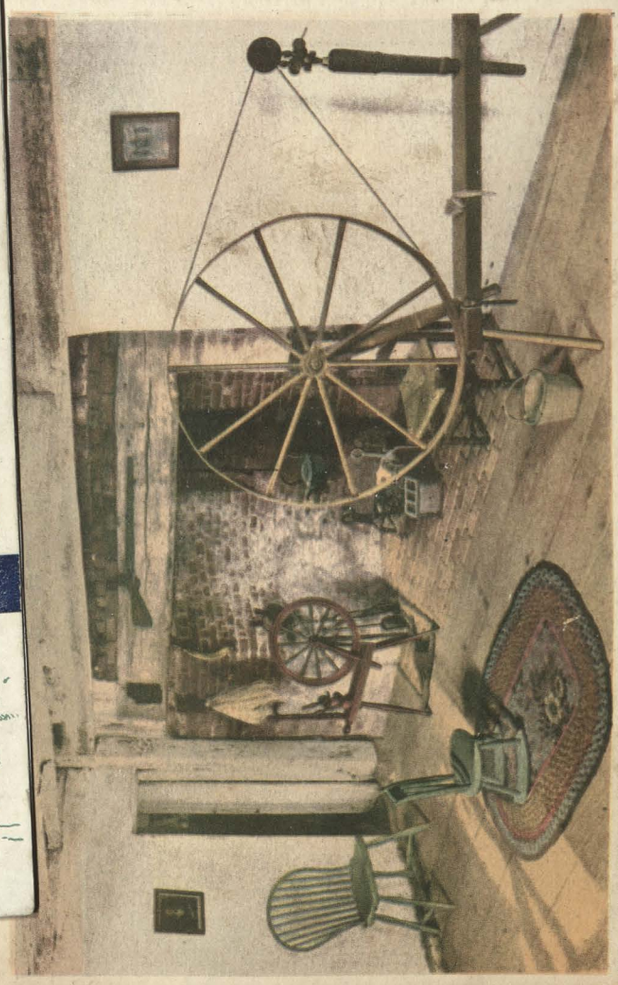
The IDEAL HEALTH and VACATION RESORT



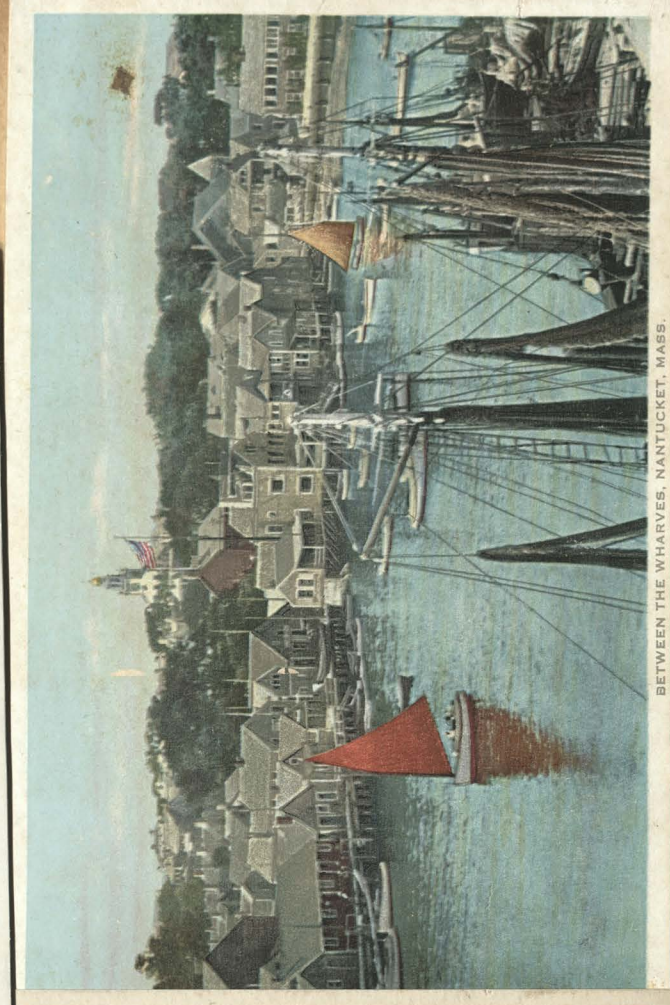
THIRTY MILES AT SEA



BETWEEN THE WHARVES, NANTUCKET, MASS.



1016 LIVING ROOM, JETHRO COFFIN HOUSE 1686, NANTUCKET, MASS.

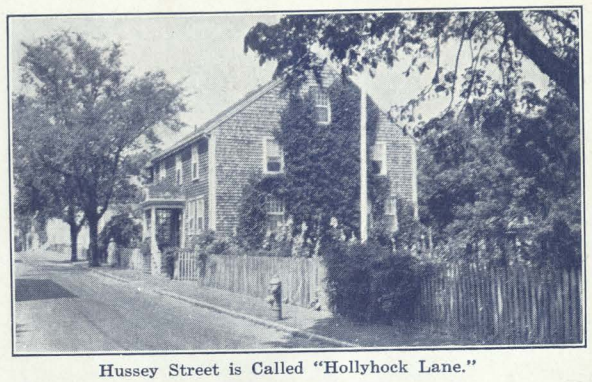


BETWEEN THE WHARVES, NANTUCKET, MASS.

An old-fashioned town, rich in history and traditions, Nantucket possesses modern improvements and conveniences

Large hotels and comfortable boarding-houses.
Numerous restaurants and tea rooms.
Fascinating shops and souvenir stores.
Second-class postoffice with carrier delivery and collections from street letter boxes.
Cable and telegraph service to all parts of the world.
Electric lights and gas.
Local and long distance telephone.
Modern system of sewerage.
Pure water supply from driven wells.
Motorized fire department.
Churches of all denominations.
Public library with 25,000 volumes.
Two thriving banks.
Stock brokerage office.
A weekly newspaper.
Sound pictures.
Well-fitted stores and markets.
Modern hospital.
Delightful invigorating surf and still-water bathing.
Land-locked harbor for sailing and motor-boating.
Finest and best equipped yacht club on the coast.
Saddle and carriage riding over the commons.
Good roads for motoring.
Delightful climate, tempered by the Gulf Stream.
Cool, comfortable, restful nights.
No mosquitoes. No malaria.

A welcome to those who desire rest, comfort and recreation far away from the hustle and bustle of modern city life.



Hussey Street is Called "Hollyhock Lane."

Nantucket Island

By Edouard A. Stackpole.

THE ISLAND OF NANTUCKET is one of America's best-loved summer resorts. In its position, thirty miles off the New England coast, the island is a favored spot that never fails to attract those who wish to spend a worth-while vacation, far removed from worry and hustle of modern city life. So completely does it fulfill the hopes of the visitor that, once having spent a season on the island and experienced its variety and appeal, he invariably returns—making annual pilgrimages to one of nature's smiling shrines.

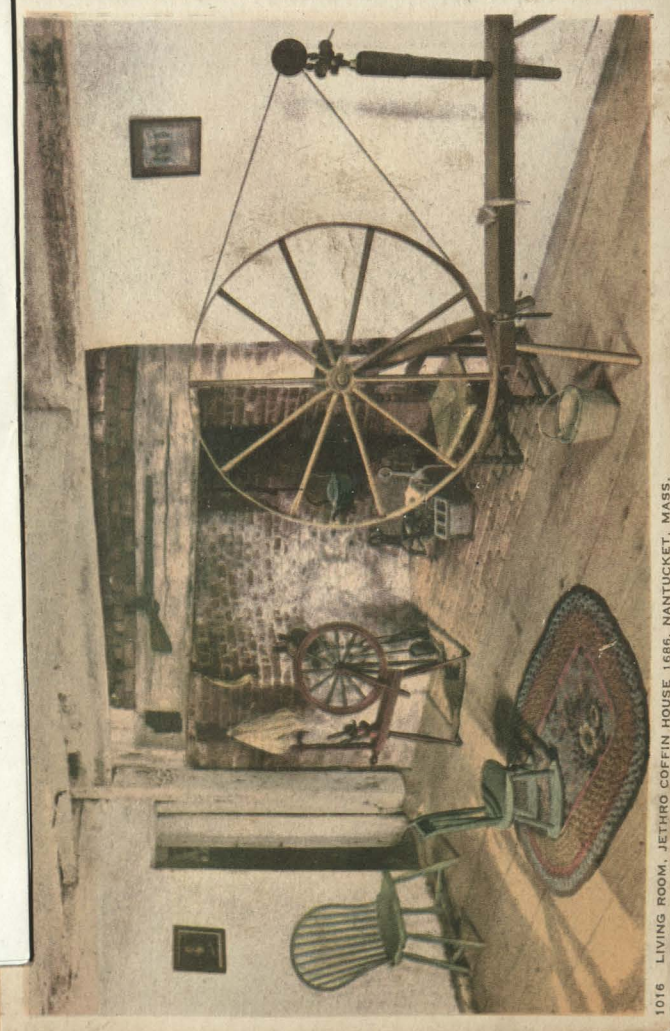
The Nation's Most Unique and Distinctive Summer and Winter Resort.

Nantucket is as independent a community as one could imagine, and yet, secure in its ocean fastness, it is an intrinsic part of the Nation, being the summer home of families who come from all parts of the country. The majority of these families own their own homes on the island, while many others regularly return, year after year, to the tiny hamlets that nestle on the island-shores.

To experience the unique charm of this island—a charm altogether unusual—is unforgettable. The traveller who has known the thrills of touring the historic places of the Old World, and the vacationist to whom vacation in America is comparatively new, discover that Nantucket holds forth something different, a distinct charm that keeps it in a class by itself.

Many and Varied are Attractions to Vacationists.

The attractions of Nantucket are so varied as to appeal to every type of vacationist. The yachtsman, the bather and swimmer, the horseback devotee, the golf enthusiast and the walker find their own field of sport awaiting them here. The family desiring rest and quiet for themselves and safety for their children have long since discovered that the



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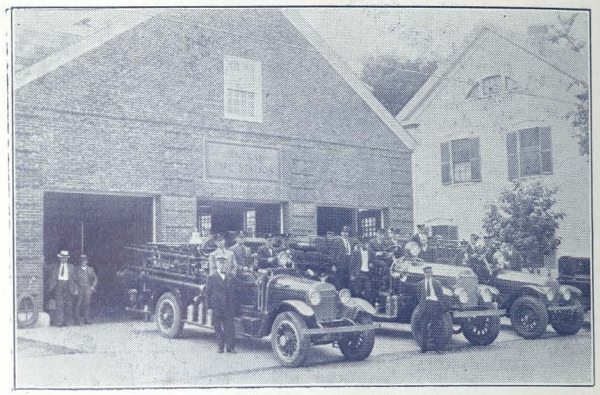

Nantucket's Motorized Fire Department.

island is ideal. Invalids who need quiet, and those recuperating from illness have learned of the hearty endorsement given Nantucket as a natural resort by prominent physicians.

Nature Has Placed Nantucket in a Perfect Setting.

Because of its situation—thirty miles out at sea—the island makes one of the most delightful vacation spots that New England has to offer. Nature has given it a perfect setting. Every breeze comes from the ocean. The sea-bathing is the best of any place along the entire coast, with a choice of surf and still-water left to the bather. A natural harbor for the boatman, young and old, a handsome and complete yacht club, and a blue-water sailing course make it a yachtsman's paradise. Horse-back riders have long since succumbed to the lure of the island's moors and heathlands. Balmy breezes and salty winds make it a premier health resort.

The Little Old Town in the Sea.

It is with honest boastfulness that an islander speaks of his native-town. It is the island's greatest attraction. Nantucket-Town stands alone as the perfect example of an historical spot, unchanged by time and unspoiled by progress. A century ago this

Several Roads Wind Along to Massasoit Bridge.

Nantucket Has Airplane Service.

town in the sea was the greatest whaling port in the world. Today, the whaleships have gone, and only a few whalemen are left to tell their tales of the golden days of sperm oil. The sail-lofts have become warehouses and shops; the candlehouses are museums; the cooper-shops, the rope-walks, and the riggers' shops have gone. But the town remains as of old. The old houses and dignified mansions that whale-oil built are here; the narrow, winding streets, the cobbled by-ways and harbor-quays are still to be seen, and that subtle air of the olden time lingers to remind us of its stirring heyday.

A Modern Community in Old-Fashioned Dignity.

But with all its old-time appearance and atmosphere, Nantucket-Town has all the conveniences and facilities that are demanded by modern life. The practical necessities of electricity, gas, water supply, telephone, telegraph and radio, a summer theatre, sound pictures, a weekly newspaper, and other of these up-to-date factors are present. The island bears out the statement of being an independent community.

Nantucket is easily reached. Although most visitors generally begin their actual journey here by way of New York city, via Fall River and New Bedford, the journey can be conveniently arranged

An Old "Three-deck" Nantucket Mansion.

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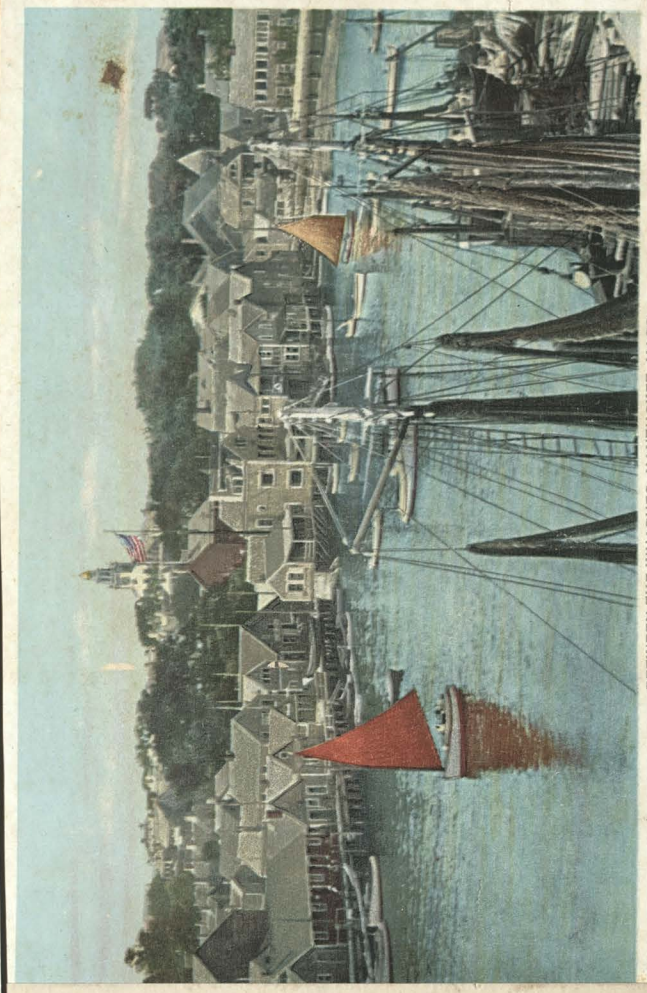
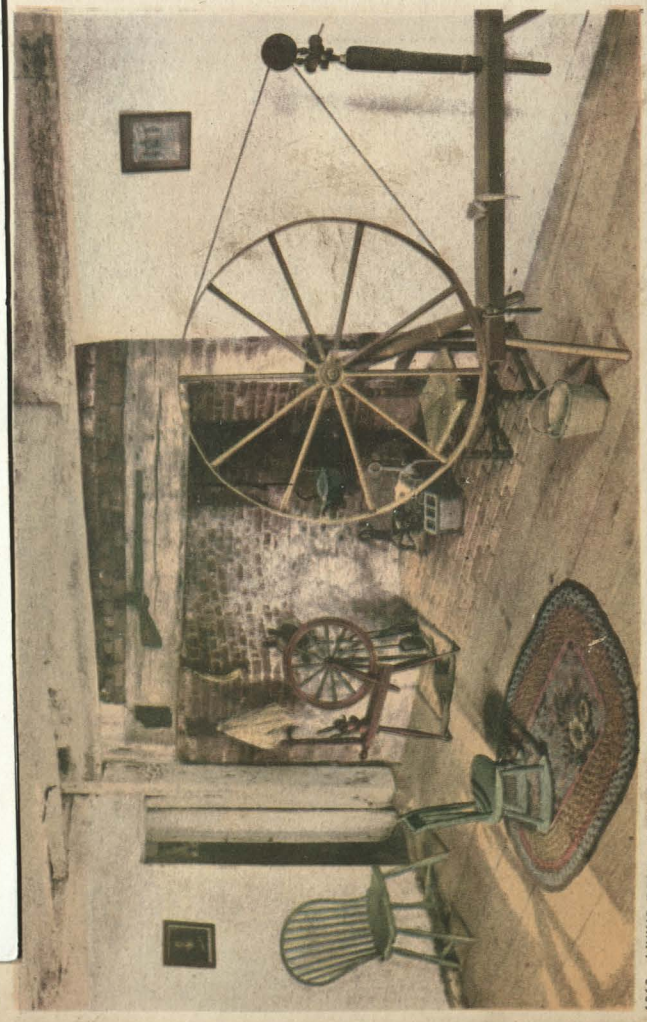


BETWEEN THE WHARVES, NANTUCKET, MASS.



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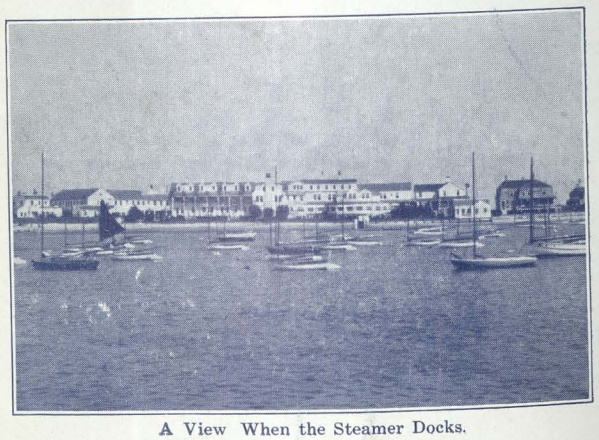
Modern Steamers Serve Nantucket.

by utilizing train and boat schedules from other large cities. New Bedford and Woods Hole, both in Massachusetts, are the points from where a fleet of four new steamboats begin their daily trips to the island. Automobiles are transported at reasonable rates.

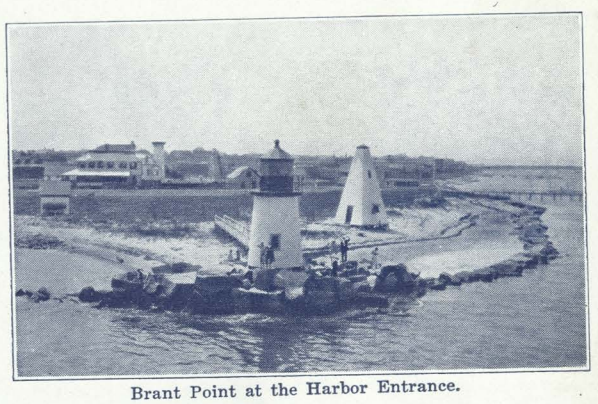
A Few Hours' Voyaging.

The steamer's fifty-mile trip across the blue waters of Buzzards Bay, Vineyard and Nantucket sounds offers a touch of sea voyaging that is always pleasant and refreshing. After leaving the mainland and near-by islands astern, the visitor finds the changing vista novel and when the land drops away entirely, he is impressed. Soon the distant shores of Nantucket begin to appear, rising out of the sea. The long breakwater, the long reach of Brant Point with its lighthouse, and the blue harbor just beyond are intriguing—but when the steamer makes its turn at the point, and the "little gray town in the sea" stands bravely before, he is not a little amazed. Daniel Webster was so surprised by his first sight of Nantucket-Town that he called it "The unknown city in the ocean".

The island-town's hotels are situated in various sections. A few are in the center of the community



A View When the Steamer Docks.

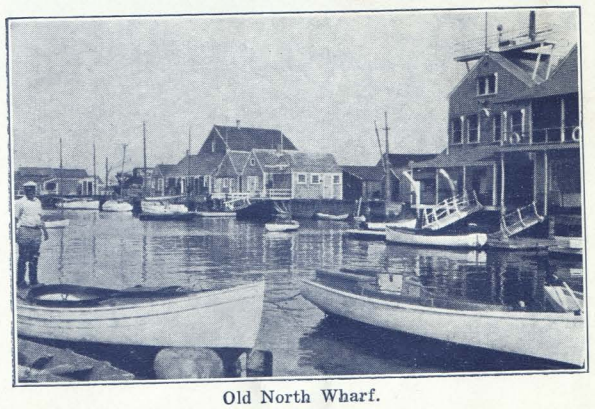


Brant Point at the Harbor Entrance.

while others are so situated as to appeal to those who prefer the "cliff" or the "point" localities. Numerous rooming houses and excellent tea shops are pleasantly located throughout the town, several fine old houses being utilized for this purpose, and there are water-front places for those who delight in panorama of wharf and dock, with the sailboats in the further background of the harbor.

The Harbor-Side -- The Yacht Club -- Wharves Close By "Easy Street."

The harbor is almost completely land-locked, forming a natural sailing pond. Here the rainbow fleet, twenty-five to thirty small craft with varied colored sails, form an unforgettable picture as they maneuver under a blue sky. The Yacht Club is close by the steamer's wharf, so that the visiting yachtsman has hardly more to do than to knock on one of the floats and walk in. The Club is the hub of Nantucket-Town's social life, having, besides its nautical activities, a summer theatre, bridge, teas, dances and other diversions. Old North Wharf is the home of the "Wharf Rat Club"; the fishing fleet is at Old South and Steamboat wharves; while "Easy Street" has a willow from Napoleon's grave, the Bon Ton fish market and an art gallery.



Old North Wharf.

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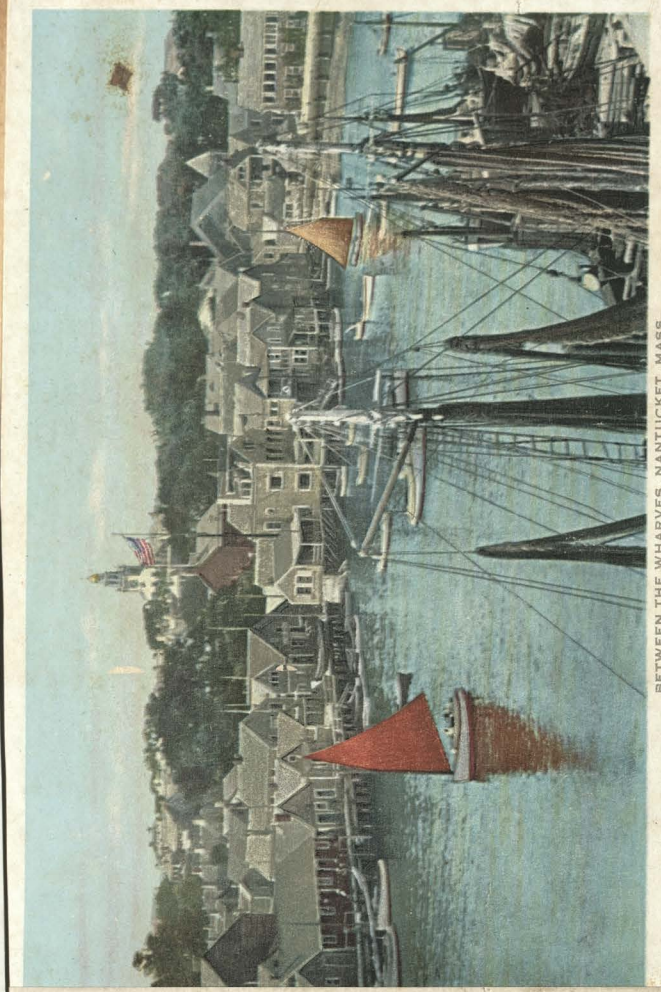

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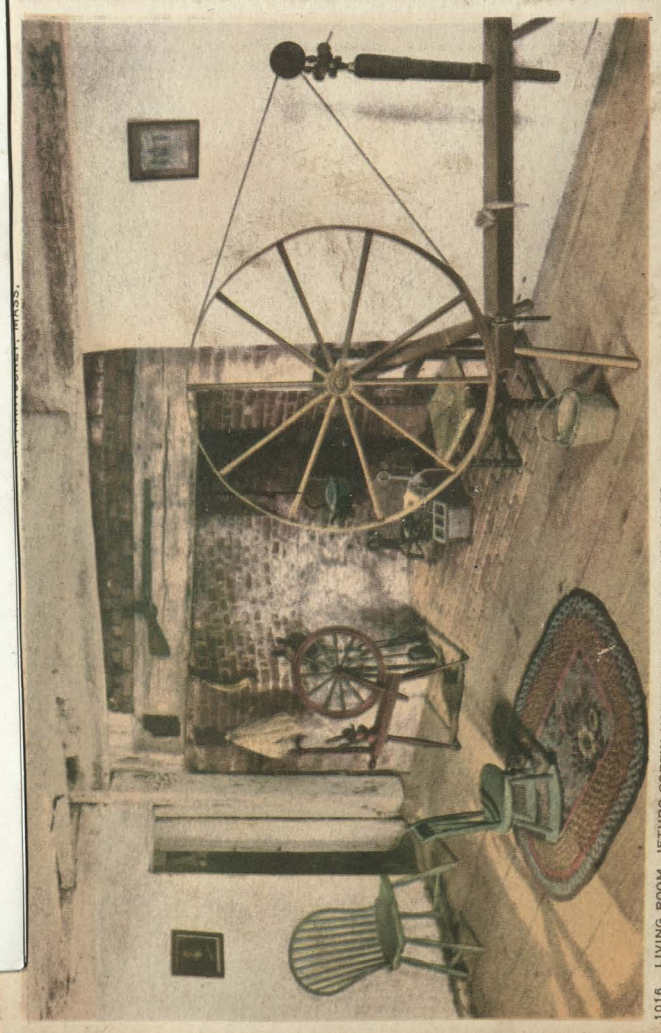

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Down at "The Creeks."

From Monomoy to Pocomo.

On the harbor-shore are clusters of houses at Monomoy, near town, and among the rolling hills of Shimmo. Quaise point has cottages built around the place made famous by Keziah Coffin. Beyond, under the shelter of Pocomo's sandy head, is Polpis harbor and its attendant village. This small settlement is the oldest permanent community on the island, John Swain having built the first house there in 1704. Today, only a few old houses are left to mark the original farm sites, one of which, Squantum Farm, was built in 1740. Several fine residences have recently been erected. Here, also, is the Polpis Club and its interesting pine tree nursery.

The Gulf Stream Influences the Climate.

It seems particularly fitting that the Gulf Stream acts as a tempering agent to the island's climate, for it was a Nantucket whaleman who first charted this mighty "ocean river". Currents that branch off from this stream keep the island warmer by ten degrees in the winter, and also cooler in the summer than the neighboring mainland. There is always a cool breeze here. Heat waves are unknown. The temperature of the water and the air are so constant that bathing and out-door life are doubly enjoyable.

Quince Street.

A Typical Nantucket House.

The Snug Little Town that Whale Oil Built.

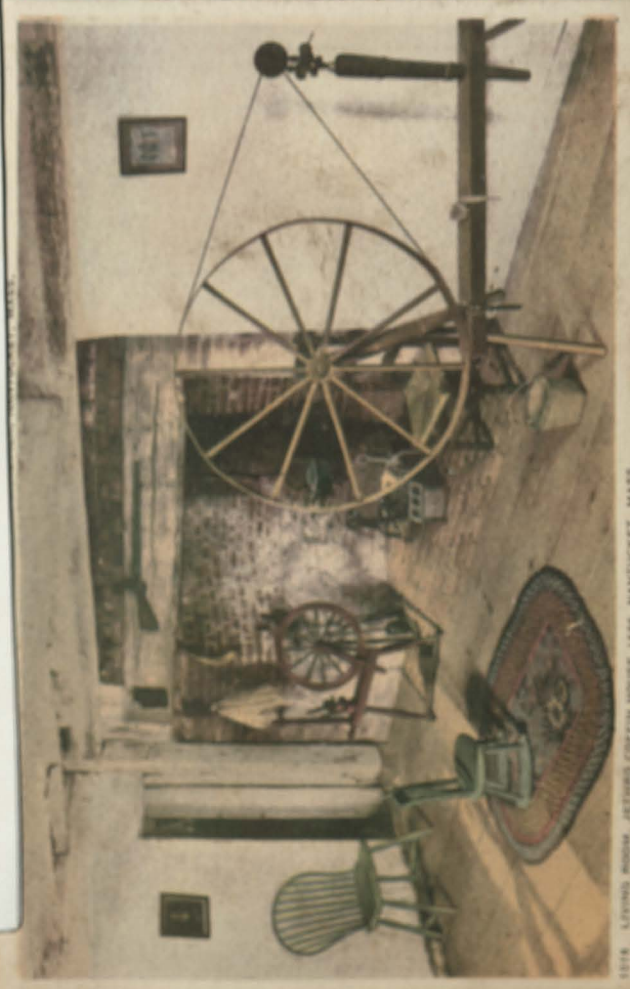
To spend a season in Nantucket-Town, whether in summer or winter, is to have a new experience in life. The snug, gray town was known to its whaling sons as "The Little Gray Lady"—and no matter where they were, in all the seven seas, they always thought of the home-port as mothering and wise, and always waiting for their safe return.

Pleasant Vistas and Historical By-Ways.

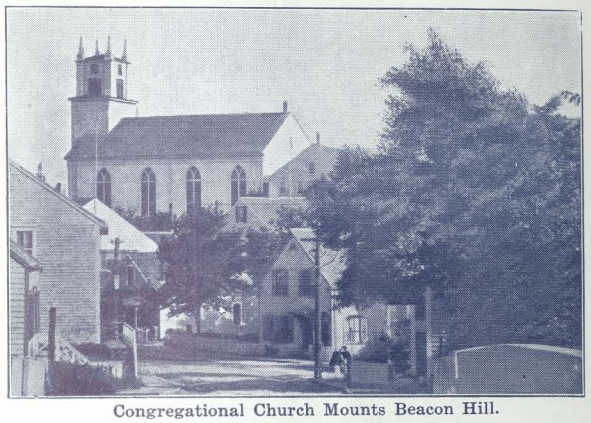
From the waterfront, where wharf and landing stretch out into the harbor, the streets of the town form an old-fashioned pattern. Street and lane and straggling by-way lead romantically through the old town. India Row and Judith Chase's Lane, Orange street and Stone Alley—all have bits of interesting history to those who will stop and listen. Main Street runs a little uphill from Straight Wharf to Uppertown, and along its cobblestone length the life of the town ever flows. It is a revered and stirring thoroughfare. At one end, the market-place, called the "Square", is the business center. On either side, elms, eighty-odd years old, provide an unusual canopy, so that many sit here on benches and watch the world ebb and flow. Beyond the Square,

Plumb Lane.

BETWEEN THE WHARVES, NANTUCKET, MASS.



1674 LIVING ROOM, PETERS COFFIN HOUSE 1686, NANTUCKET, MASS.



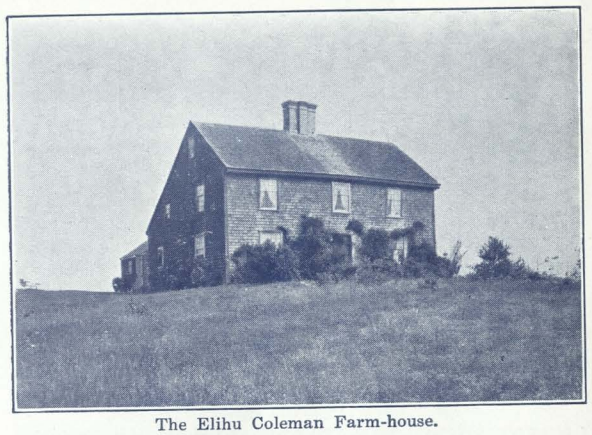
Congregational Church Mounts Beacon Hill.

Main Street is the joy of the walker who finds inspiration in lovely, old things unspoiled by time. Here are the mansions that whale-oil built, square, sturdy wooden structures, ivy-covered brick homesteads, and white-pillared, dignified mansions. The artist, the antiquarian, and the historian feel at home on Main street.

Discovery and Settlement -- The Colonists Among The Indians.

Although the Norsemen were the first to sight Nantucket Island, Verranzano the first to record its shoals, and Bartholomew Gosnold the first to set foot on its shores at Sankaty Head—the island was left in peaceful possession of its Indian natives until 1641, when Lord Stirling sold his granted rights to Thomas Mayhew and son, merchants, of Watertown, Massachusetts Bay Colony. Mayhew transferred it to its first colonists for 30 pounds and two beaver hats. These colonists, a company of nine, were Englishmen, headed by Thomas Macy, a farmer, who had spent a winter on the island with his family and a young man named Starbuck. These settlers had lived for a while in Essex County, but they were not in sympathy with their Puritan neighbors—Macy having been fined for harboring Quakers during a storm—and they found Nantucket a peaceful haven

Federal Street.



The Elihu Coleman Farm-house.

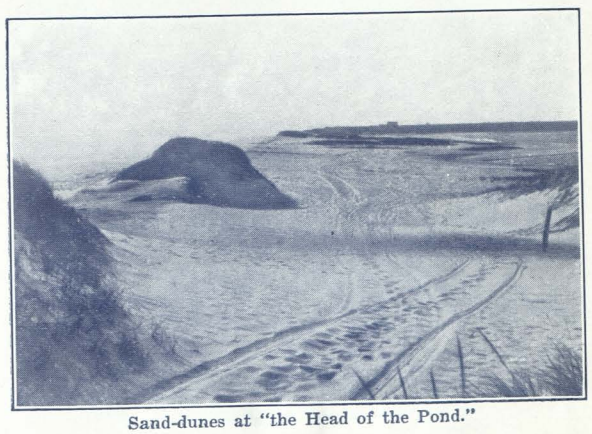
among the island Indians. The original purchasers of the island took on eight partners, subsequently admitting more to partnership. This little band of Puritan pilgrims became the forefathers to one of the sturdiest sea-faring communities in the world.

The "Far-Away Land."

The name "Nantucket" is the original Indian name. Although many meanings have been suggested, the translation "The Far Away Land" is the best derivition of the aboriginal meaning. It remained "far away" from the turmoil of the growing colonies for a century. When Spanish and French privateers ravaged the coastal shipping, the islanders took dangerous courses over the shoals to escape. The pirates Bellamy, Pew and Williams were among the sea-robbers that sailed about the island. But a single fort was erected in Sherburne, which, fortunately, was not resorted to for protection.

Whale-Oil and "Friends."

Two great influences shaped the destiny of this island. Flung by nature to an isolated position, some miles from the mainland, the colonists soon became a self-sustaining people. They took their



Sand-dunes at "the Head of the Pond."

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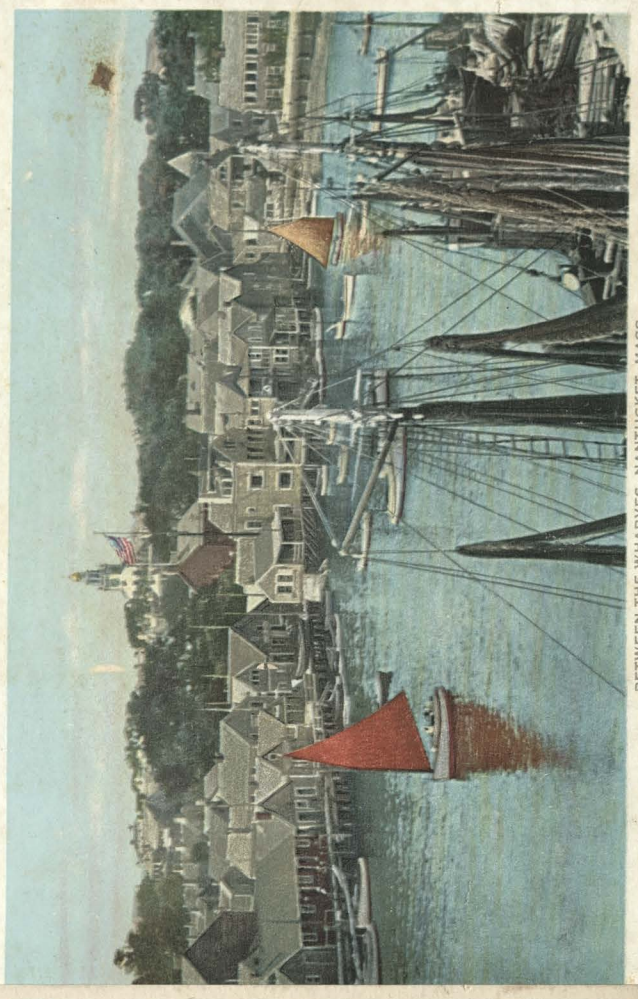
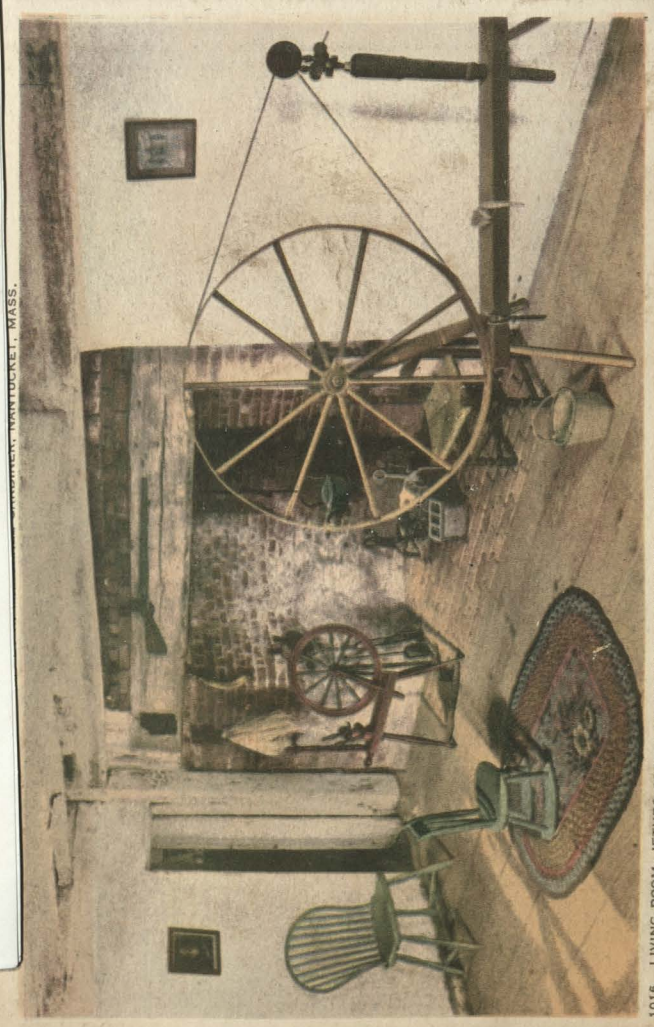


BETWEEN THE WHARVES, NANTUCKET, MASS.



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The Famous Macy Doorway.

own counsel, and paid the annual tax with some misgiving as to the right of the collector. The first thing to influence the life of the settlement was the sea—an element which soon became as much their home as the land. The second influence was the religion of the Society of Friends. For more than a a century and a half, they were a hardy people, engaged in the most hazardous of callings, tempering their lives with the quiet philosophy of Quakerism.

In Pursuit of the Sea's Mighty Monarch.

But the little group of Englishmen were not destined to continue their peaceful existence as farmer-fishermen in the tiny settlement by Capaum. The Indians, in turn, became teachers. A number of right whales, called "scrags", were often seen off shore. Having learned their value from utilizing the dead whales that had been cast upon the shores, the aborigines would give chase to them, killing the huge creatures with primitive lances. After accompanying the natives, the white men adopted the habit. The oil was shipped to England and made a good profit over expense. The white men had sloops built and began to make short voyages, taking the Indians with them. In 1726, eighty-six whales

At the End of the Voyage.

Old Rotch Warehouse Now "Cap'n's Room."

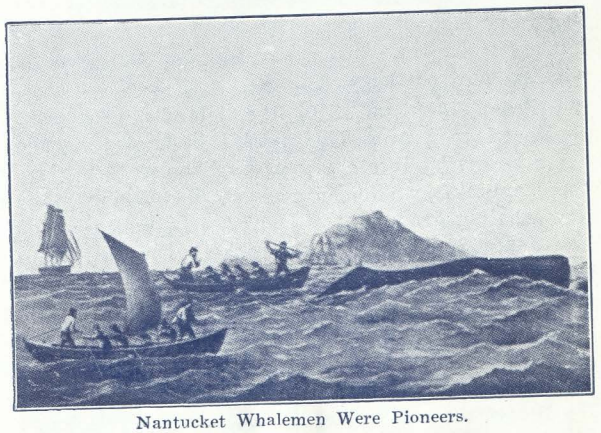
were taken. The settlement was moved from the rolling hills near Capaum to the "great harbor", and on the gentle slopes of Wesco the town of Sherburne, later changed to Nantucket, began to grow.

"And a Sparm, At That!"

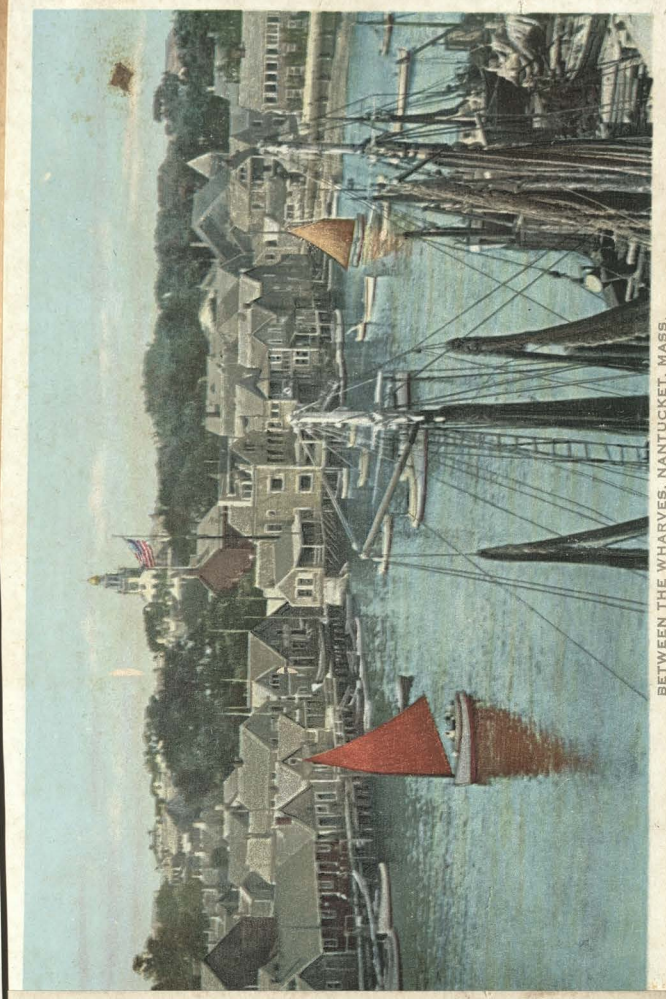
Then, one day, Capt. Hussey returned from a long voyage. He had been blown out to sea by a great storm, and in his wanderings had killed a sperm whale. Again, destiny had prepared the way. From that day on, for a century, Nantucket was the headquarters for the best of whale oil—sperm. New ships were added; the Davis Straits and the Western Islands found enterprising Nantucket ships. When Captain Uriah Bunker sailed south to discover the Brazil Banks in 1774, Sherburne-Town had become the greatest whaling port in the world. But on the very day the news of the discovery arrived at Nantucket Bar, news also came that Lexington and Concord had been fought.

Between Two Fires -- The Crisis.

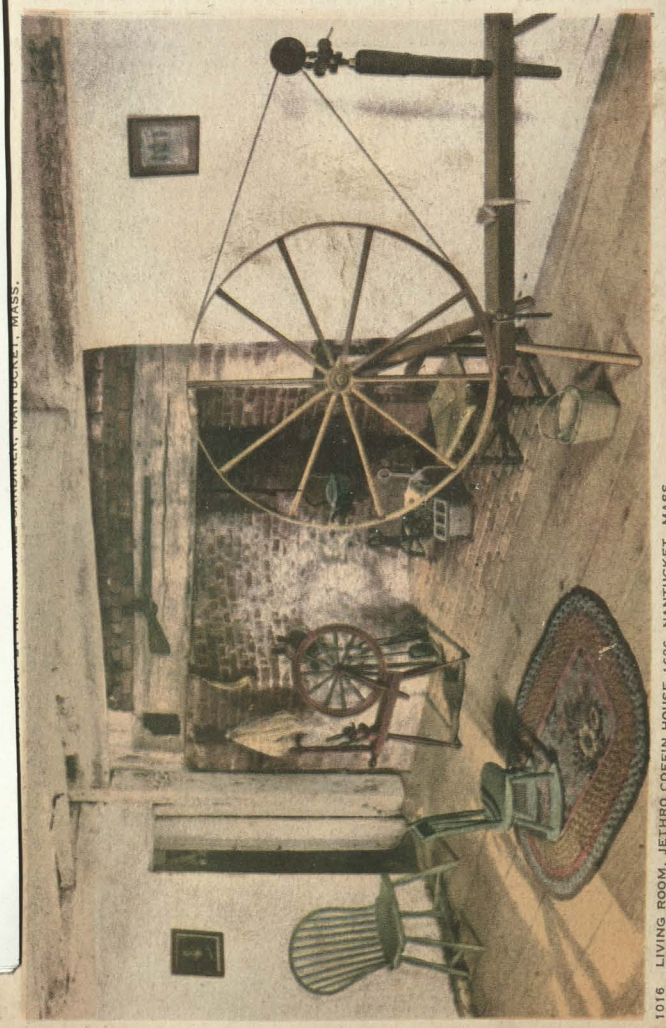
The island's crisis followed. British frigate and American privateer blockaded the rich little whaling port. The Society of Friends, the ruling power, attempted to keep the island neutral and thus save



Nantucket Whalemen Were Pioneers.



BETWEEN THE WHARVES, NANTUCKET, MASS.



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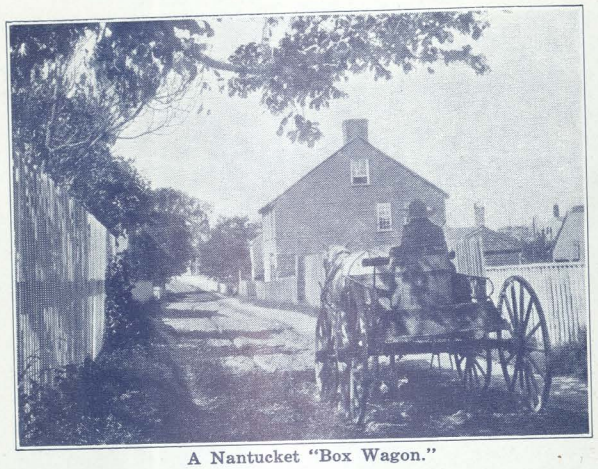

A Nantucket "Box Wagon."

the town from pillage and ruin. In this they were successful but in so doing the fleet of 150 sail was almost totally destroyed. Bands of Tory refugees terrorized the coast and threatened to burn the town. More than 1,600 Nantucketers went around Brant Point, never to return to their island-home. Half-starved, in danger of freezing, reduced to poverty, the peaceful Quakers' farsightedness was not to be denied. They had saved the town—the homes of the whalemen.

The Aristocrats of Whaling.

Historians have been amazed at this stirring chapter in the island's history. With undaunted courage, the Nantucketers set about to re-build a new fleet. They were met with new obstacles in the short-sighted policies of the new nation, and in the migrations to other shores of many of the best whalemen. England and France offered Nantucket families special inducements, and many moved to these countries, establishing colonies at London, Milford Haven, Havre and Dunkirk. In the last years of the 18th century almost all the whaleships in both England and France were captained and officered by Nantucketers. But, neither King George III nor King Louis could buy the islanders' homes, and so Nantucket-Town soon again became the leading whaling port of the world.

From 1815 to 1840, the island's prosperity continued to grow. This period is known as the "palmy days". Into every part of the watery globe the Nantucket whalemen cruised, discovering many new whaling grounds, "off-shore", on "the line", and "on Japan." Their voyages took them into distant parts of the great South Sea, where they charted unknown islands, dangerous shoals, and coral reefs.

A Dying Industry -- Dismay and Desolation.

In the period of 1845 to 1860, there came what Nantucket has since recorded as the "great decline".

Broad Street.

So many communities had entered upon the business of whaling, oftentimes with Nantucket men in command of their ships, that the island began to feel the pinch of worthy competition. A narrow sand-bar across the harbor mouth, that had always been a handicap, became more shallow. Then in 1846, the most terrible fire in the history of the island wiped out the business section of the town, causing damage estimated at $1,000,000. The gold rush to California in 1849 took 700 of the island's enterprising natives; an exodus of emigrants to other whaling towns continued. The Civil War was the last sad blow. In 1869, the last whaler crossed the bar—bound out, never to return. The last ship was sold in 1873 while lying in a foreign port.

A few efforts were made to start some sort of manufacturing here, but all were doomed to failure. Many families continued to move away. The town presented a gloomy picture, reflecting an atmosphere of prostrating calamity. Houses took on a desolated appearance; grass grew up through the cobbles of the streets; fences and barns fell into sad disrepair; the wharves began to crumble and decay.

Nantucket Rediscovered! A Health Resort.

But the little town was not destined to become a mere fishing community. Nantucket was re-discovered. A few writers and travellers became greatly impressed at what they saw—a gray town in the sea—sleeping peacefully among its vanished glories. Their surprise and wonder changed to awe—it was like stepping into the past.

Together, with these first summer visitors, came the descendants of the original settlers of the island. The latter came from a wide area on the mainland, for the migrating Nantucketers had journeyed to many states. They had established a whaling port at Hudson, New York; settled at Newbern, N. C.; joined colonies in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; sailed around Cape Horn to California, even taking their

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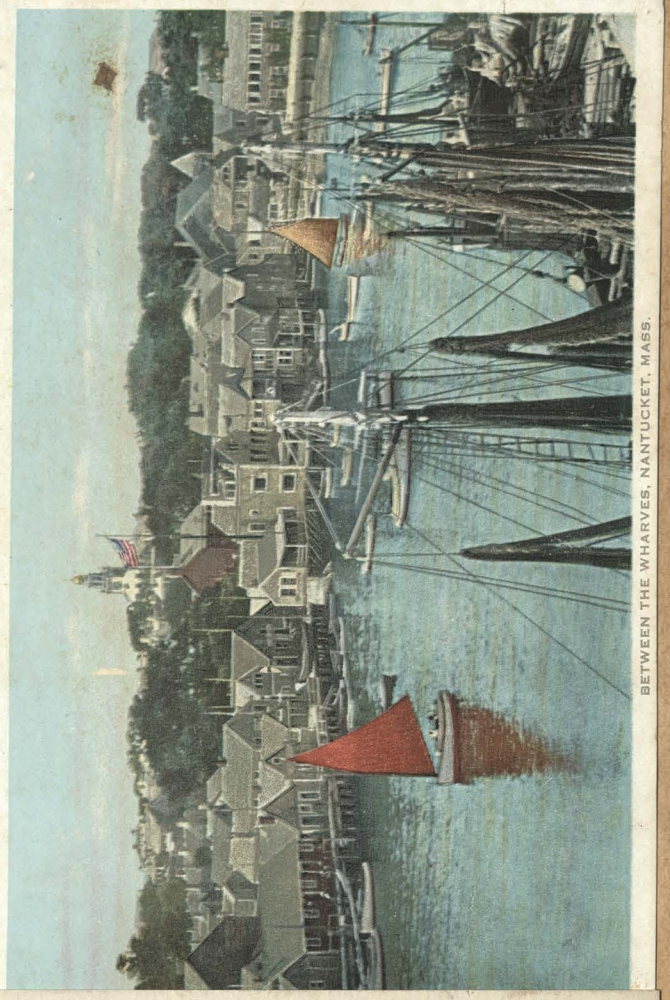
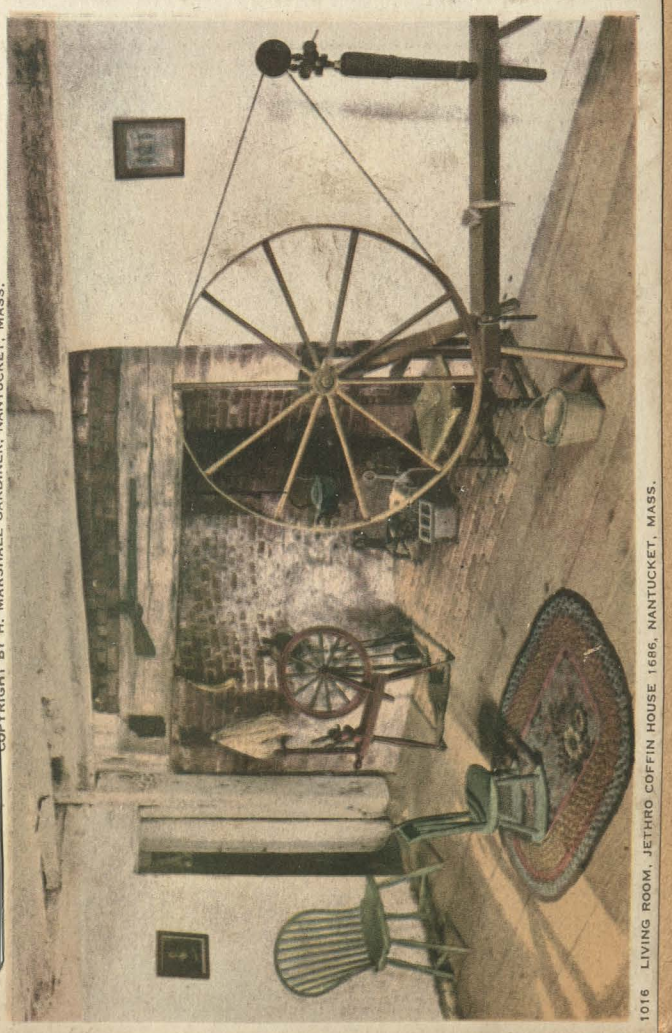


BETWEEN THE WHARVES, NANTUCKET, MASS.



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Petticoat Row.

houses, in some instances. These sons and daughters of Nantucket felt the urge to visit the home-port of their fathers. Soon the wonder of the island-town was told anew.

An Unsurpassed Vacationland and Summer Playground.

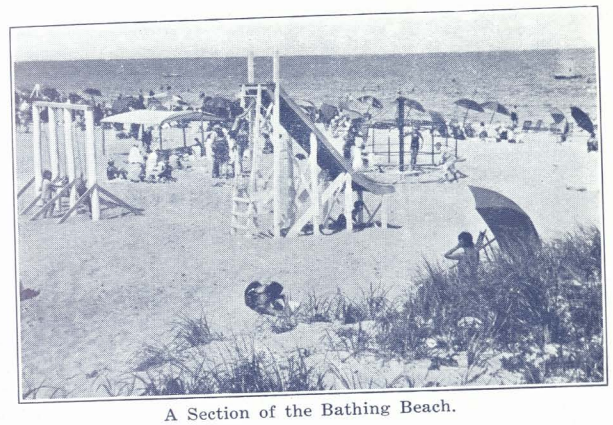
Today, Nantucket is the season's home for many thousands who own large residences. Of late, a number of the old houses in town have been fitted up by their owners for year-'round residences. Life is enjoyed here at any season. The airplane puts Boston and New York within an hour or so of flying time. The beautiful old town, serene and comforting, holds the essence of pleasant home-living.

Modern Nantucket is a thriving community. The rooming houses, smaller boarding places and hotels, together with the private dwellings, are filled with vacationists who enjoy their visit. Every phase of delightful summer life is here—the purest of sea air; the facilities for rest and comfort, bathing, yachting, horseback riding, golfing, swimming, and hiking.

Climate and Sea Bathing

The island's greatest attractions stand unrivaled by any other place on the coast. These are climate and sea-bathing. Nature's tempering influence of

Centre Street.



A Section of the Bathing Beach.

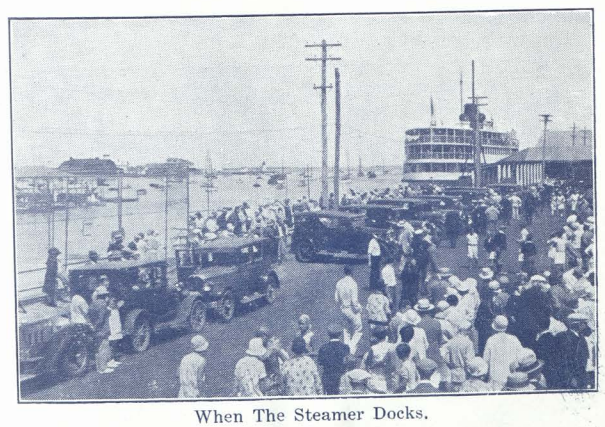
the sea has made the unequalled climate of Nantucket. Days are warm but never hot. Nights are always cool. "All the advantages of a sea voyage without is discomforts", is a well-known description of a summer vacation on Nantucket Island.

The Sea Bath Becomes a Daily Habit.

Bathing and swimming are a part of the daily routine at Nantucket. The still-water beaches are located within the town limits. The public beach, where the clean white sand and the blue waters of Nantucket sound contrast with the gayly colored umbrellas of the bathers, is a delightful picture. A children's beach—"Clean Shore"—is only a five-minute walk from the center of the town, where the children may bathe and frolic under the watchful eye of a life-guard on duty there.

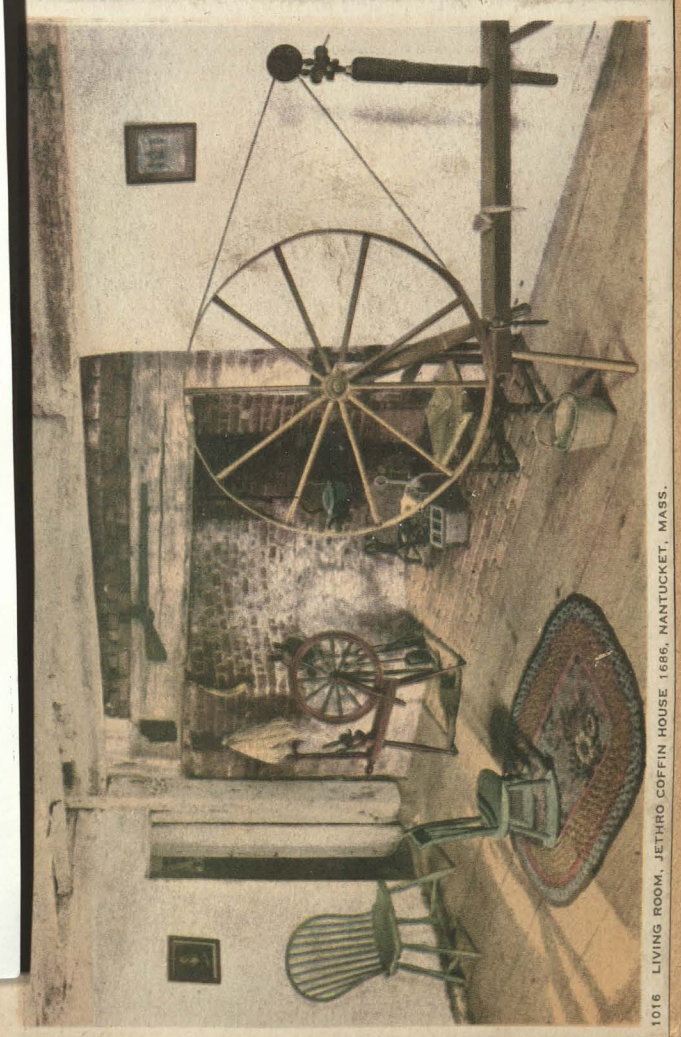
Surf and Still-Water Bathing.

Surf-bathing attracts the experienced swimmers to the twenty-mile length of shelving beach that stretches from Smith's Point to Great Point. Along this curving white beach are the hamlets of Madaket and Surfside, the large village of 'Sconset, and the settlements of Quidnet and Wauwinet. Surf and



When The Steamer Docks.

BETWEEN THE WHARVES, NANTUCKET, MASS.



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The President at Nantucket.

tide and sand-dune are the swimmer's delight here.

The waters that wash the shores of Nantucket are never chill, nor has it a southern warmth to detract from the after-effects. The bather or swimmer will find it invigorating, refreshing—to combine with the bracing air and warm sunshine for a perfect "thrill".

Nantucket Has Become the Yachtsmen's Paradise.

The yachtsman will find a veritable paradise awaiting him at the island. The Nantucket Yacht Club is one of the finest on the coast, and offers a series of racing schedules that includes the beginner as well as the salty "old hand". Up and down the six-mile length of harbor the sails are spread to the breeze—small skiffs, dinghys, catboats, yawls. The rainbow fleet and the others of varied rig set their canvas and watch the green shores of Monomoy, the hills of Shimmo and Shawkemo, on one side, with the five silvery points of Coatue on the other. Here, the fond parents may watch the youngsters sail and never lose sight of them.

Outside the jetties, Nantucket Sound offers a long reach with plenty of room to beat. A racing course is buoyed from the Bar to Tuckernuck Shoal. When the bluefish run, Great Point rip is handy, and the

The Landing Floats at the Yacht Club.

Good Haul of Bluefish.

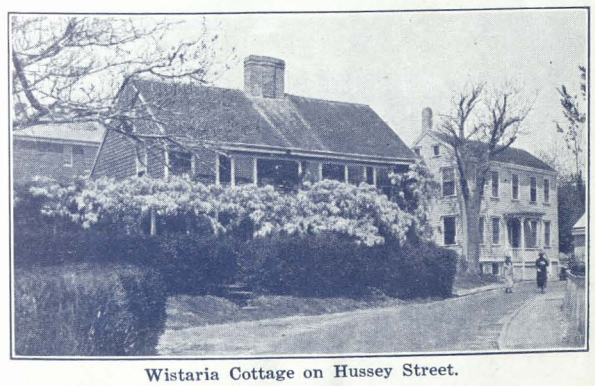
rolling blue waters off-shore give the experienced skippers opportunity for short ocean cruises.

Whem Bluefish Strike On, Islanders Go Fishing.

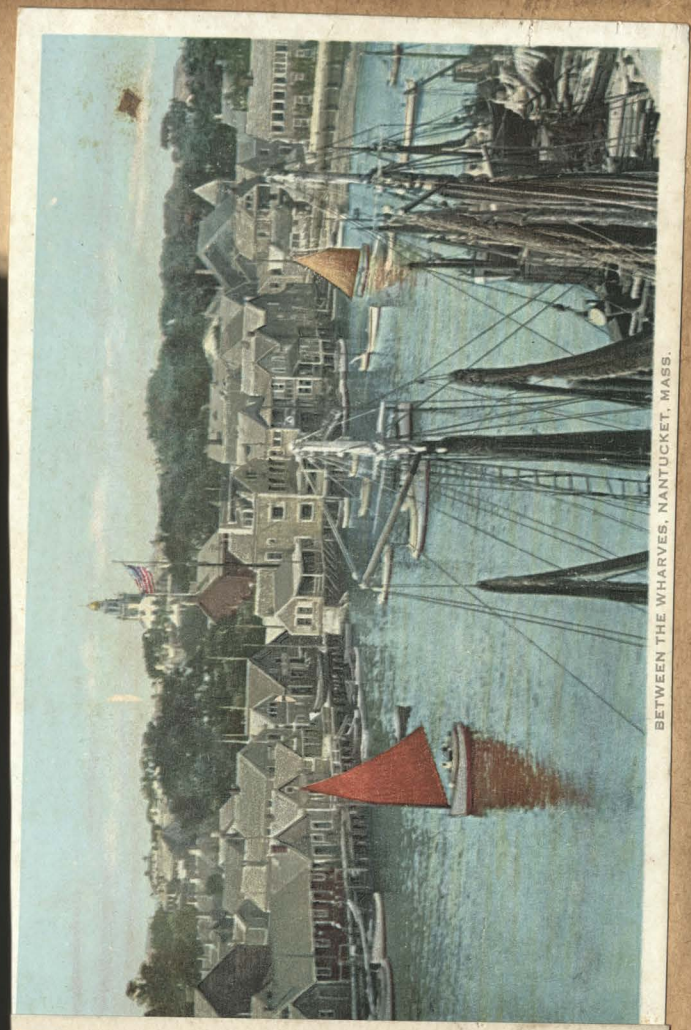
When the bluefish are running, there are many places where this fine sport may be enjoyed to its utmost. Great Point "rips", off the Smith's Point opening and the shoal water around Muskeget are the favorite fishing grounds. Scup, flounders and tautog are abundant, while cod, haddock and pollock are caught off the east and south shores in the spring and fall. Georges Banks, the greatest as well as the largest fishing locality off the New England coast, is nearer Nantucket than any other port, and the fishing fleet here take advantage of it.

Nantucket's Architecture Reveals Her Glorious Past.

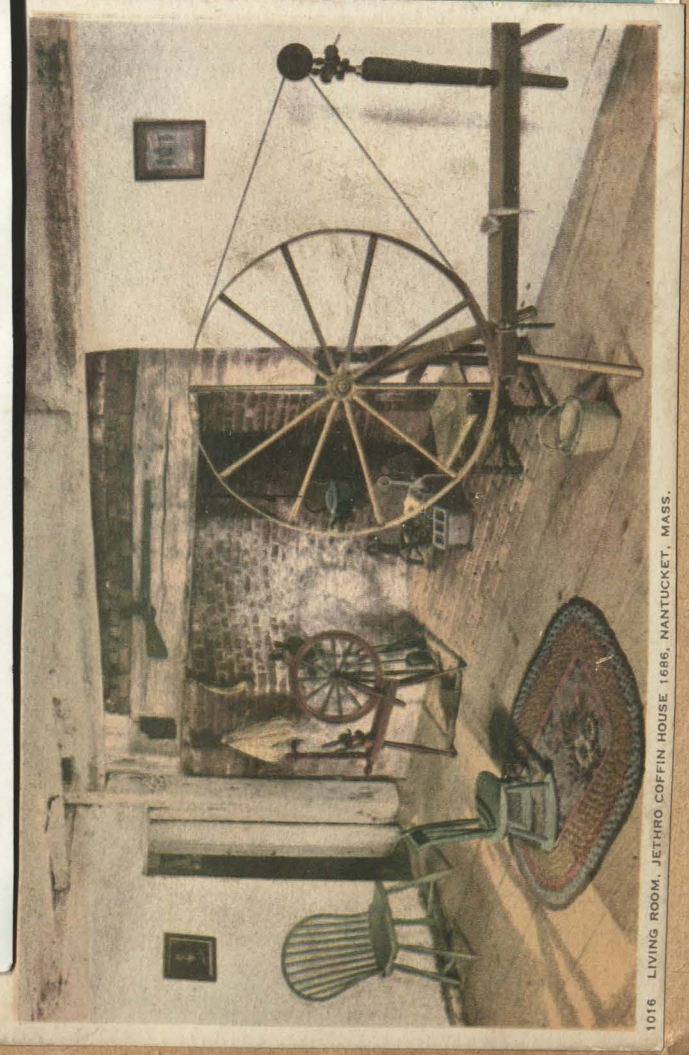
It would take a large volume to note the many features that are of historic interest in Nantucket-Town. Every street has its special history. In the center of the town, branching of from Main Street, is Orange Street, famous for its whaling captains; Fair Street, where the Quaker Meeting House and the Historical Society's Museum is located; Hayscale Lane, Pleasant and Milk streets offer some old-time views; Centre Street has "Petticoat Row", "Gull Island" and North Shore hill; Federal Street has the Atheneum and Broad Street the Whaling



Wistaria Cottage on Hussey Street.



BETWEEN THE WHARVES, NANTUCKET, MASS.



1016 LIVING ROOM, JETHRO COFFIN HOUSE, 1686, NANTUCKET, MASS.

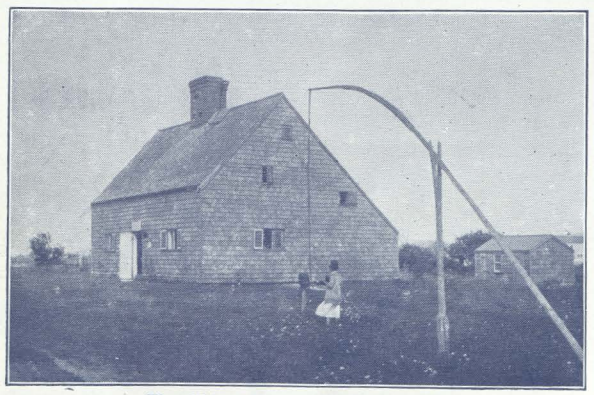
Gull Island.

Museum. Shaded street and winding lane, fragrant gardens, green lawns, sunny pavements—amid the hospitable houses—are the delight of the rambler. The old houses, some grey and some gay in fresh white paint, are not only interesting types of early American architecture but examples of the homes to which the whalemen happily returned after years of "doing business on the great waters."

The outskirts of the town offer lovely vistas. The Old Mill on the hill, built in 1746, is the last of four other mills that topped the Popsquatchet hills and ground corn. They were island landmarks for the bluff whaleships, homeward or outward bound. The Oldest House is another attraction. Built in 1686, and since completely restored, it is one of the most notable examples of early Colonial architecture.

With the Old Homes of Master Mariners and "Friends."

Nantucket is the best preserved town in New England. Destiny preserved it as a living example of the olden time. More than mere wood and brick went into the building of a Nantucket home. The fine interiors are filled with memories as well as paneling. The Starbuck mansions on Main Street, and the many other residences closeby, the Major Josiah Coffin House, the Peter Brock House, the



The Oldest House—Built in 1686.

The Historic Old Mill—Built in 1746.

George Gardner House, "Gull Island", the Starbuck homestead, and many others. The Elihu Coleman house, on Hawthorn Lane, and the Maria Mitchell house on Vestal Street, with its attendant astronomical observatory, deserve a visit. Vestal Street, for all its present dignity, was once called Jail Lane.

A-Hunting With "The Harriers."

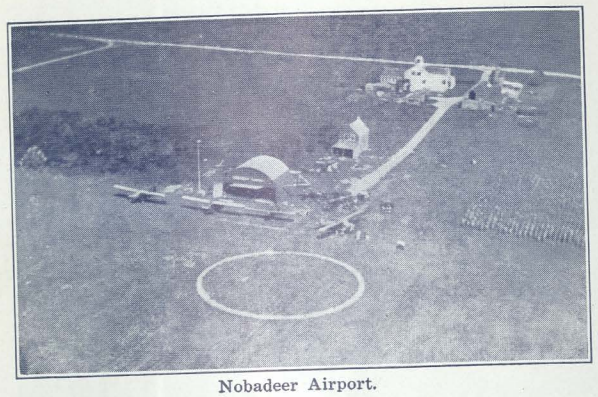
Just beyond the Mill Hill, on Cato Lane, is the home of the "Nantucket Harriers"—an unusual hunt club established by Mr. Justice. There are hunting clubs on the mainland providing the sport most of the year, but on Nantucket "The Harriers" is the only organized group in America where such bracing sport may be enjoyed during the summer months.

Well-Kept Golf Courses are the Players' Delight.

The Nantucket Golf Club was one of the first in this country. Situated a short distance to the west of the town, it has a series of natural hazards that will keep the professional as well as amateur on his game. Sea-scape and rolling heathland, with the old town in the background, combine to offer the golfer an unusual eighteen holes of play.

The Sankaty Head Golf Club is close by 'Sconset. Here is one of the best-kept courses of New England, where an eighteen-hole, full range course

Through Crooked Lane to the Golf Links.



Nobadeer Airport.

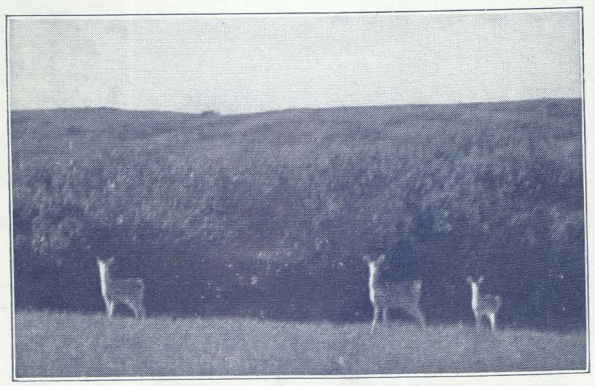
has been adapted to the rolling moorland. The clubhouse on Mayflower Hill, is a popular rendezvous. 'Sconset, also, has its golf club, the old links still being at the disposal of the visitor.

The "Commons" are the Botanists' Hunting Ground, while Deer, Rabbit and Pheasant Roam at Will.

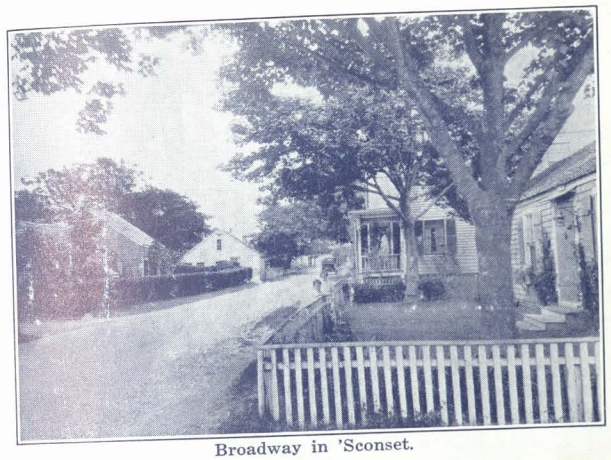
The island's moorland and heaths still retain the old name of "commons". From the earliest settlement, large flocks of sheep ranged the low hills and pleasant stretches. Ponds of various size fill the valleys, several of the larger ones being separated from the ocean surf by only a narrow sand-bar.

Wide meadows and swamp-land and level, green heaths are the botanists' delight. Wild flowers are a constant joy to the nature lover and here roses, violets, arbutus and many others are to be found. The annual wild-flower show has as many as three-hundred varieties on display.

The island is a natural game preserve. Cottontail rabbits make their homes in all parts of the "commons"; the pheasants find the swamps and thickets to their liking and make a pretty picture for the hiker; "bob-white" whistle from the scrub oaks and meadows; wild turkeys have been lately introduced; and a large number of deer roam every section of the island. Here, the deer and turkey



Deer Roam the Island at Will.



Broadway in 'Sconset.

are protected—the only county in the state with this law in effect.

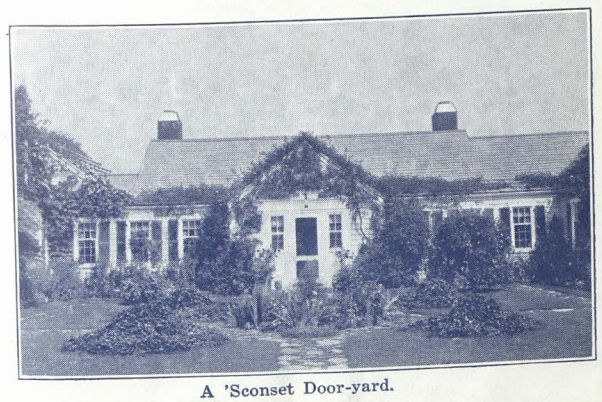
The Fascinating Little Village of 'Sconset.

About eight miles from Nantucket-Town, on the southeastern shore of the island, is the romantic little village of 'Sconset. Along the bank edge, by the gulleys, many years ago the fishermen first built their huts and rowed off-shore in their dories for cold and haddock. Many of these fisher-huts have been converted into summer homes, while a number of small houses from town were moved out to the village, for 'Sconset was the "country place" for the wealthy of Nantucket-Town.

The healthy fame of 'Sconset grew. Summer visitors began to erect larger places. Today it is a compact community, with many beautiful residences, well-kept streets, electric lights, a water-system, telephone and telegraph. "Rest" and "simplicity" are as prevailing as the unique architecture of the original fishermen's homes. Conventionalities are happily forgotten; neighborliness offers a charming substitute.

'Sconset's Beach is Famous.

From under the bank to the surf, is 'Sconset's famous beach. Here, the sea-bather and the sun-



A 'Sconset Door-yard.

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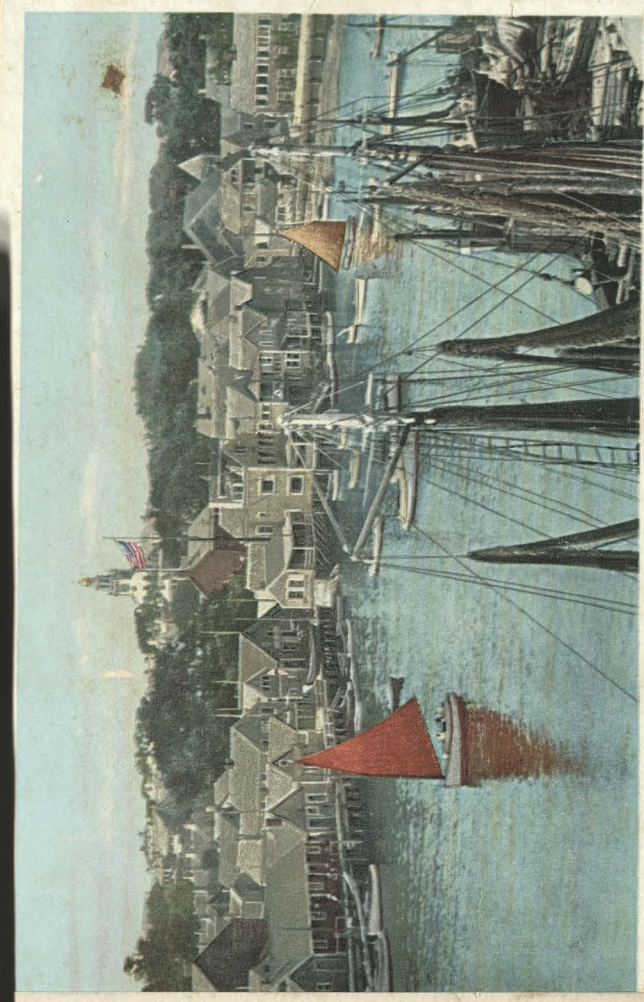

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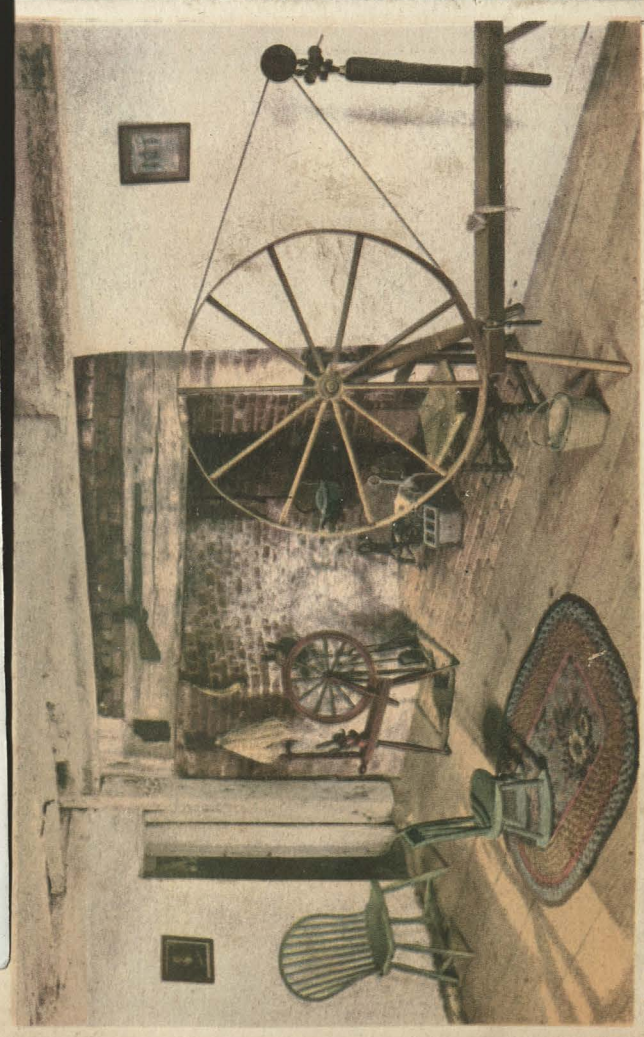

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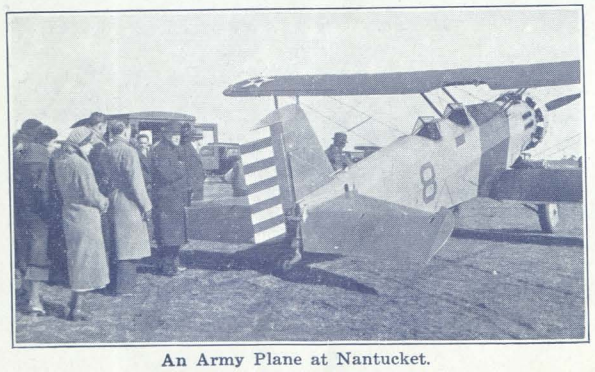
Sankaty Light.

worshipper find an ideal playground. From Sankaty Head, past the environs of "Codfish Park", to the edge of Tom Nevers, the beach stretches for miles, offering a variety of surf and tide-swimming as well as sand-dune resting places.

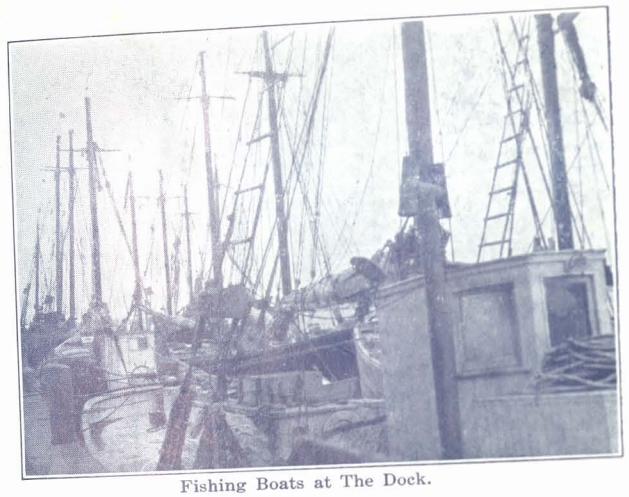
With Summer's Smiling Days.

Summer life at 'Sconset is in restful contrast to work-a-day troubles. The Casino has "talkies", tea dances, bridge and social activities, with fine tennis courts for good measure. A large hotel overlooks the ocean, and on the edge of the moorland is a well-known "tavern", gathering place for writers, artists, and other professional folk, as well as lecturers. Tea-rooms are well-patronized and deserve their popularity. True neighborliness abounds in 'Sconset.

Along the bluff, to the north, stretches a row of cottages, marking a path leading to Sankaty Head Lighthouse, one of the most powerful lights on the coast. It is only a few minutes' walk from the village and has for more than half a century been a favored destination for a stroll. From the path, one may look down upon the surf-strewn shore and watch the varying moods of the sea. Old Ocean is always changing—now calm, glinting in the sunlight, restful and quiet; now rippling before breezes that



An Army Plane at Nantucket.



Fishing Boats at The Dock.

come from the bluff-top to play with the surf; now roaring on the beach before a strong nor'easter.

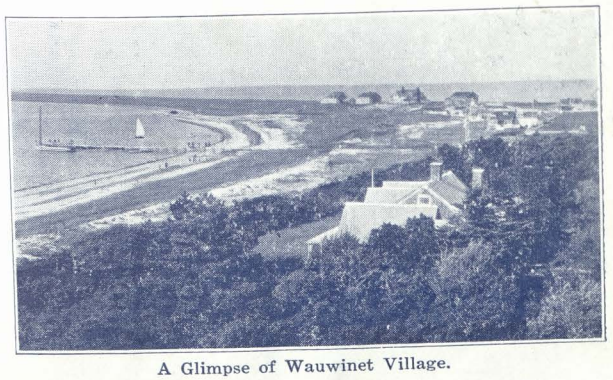
Wauwinet and Quidnet are Growing Hamlets.

Wauwinet is a distinctive village, nestling about the head of the harbor, on the site of the wigwams of Sachem Wauwinet. Numerous cottages surround a small but modern hotel and tea room. One may enjoy both surf and still water bathing here, within a few feet of each other, and yachtsmen will find it a convenient mooring spot. A grove of Japanese pines gives the village entrance a striking appearance. Life is enjoyed at Wauwinet.

Beyond Wauwinet, to the south, Squam Head has a number of cottages all about an old land-mark. A winding rutted road leads from Squam to the tiny community of Quidnet, which sits on a hillside above 'Sachacha Pond, the largest fresh-water pond on the island. Quidnet's devotees are loyal. Sun and sea and green heaths make Quidnet an island gem.

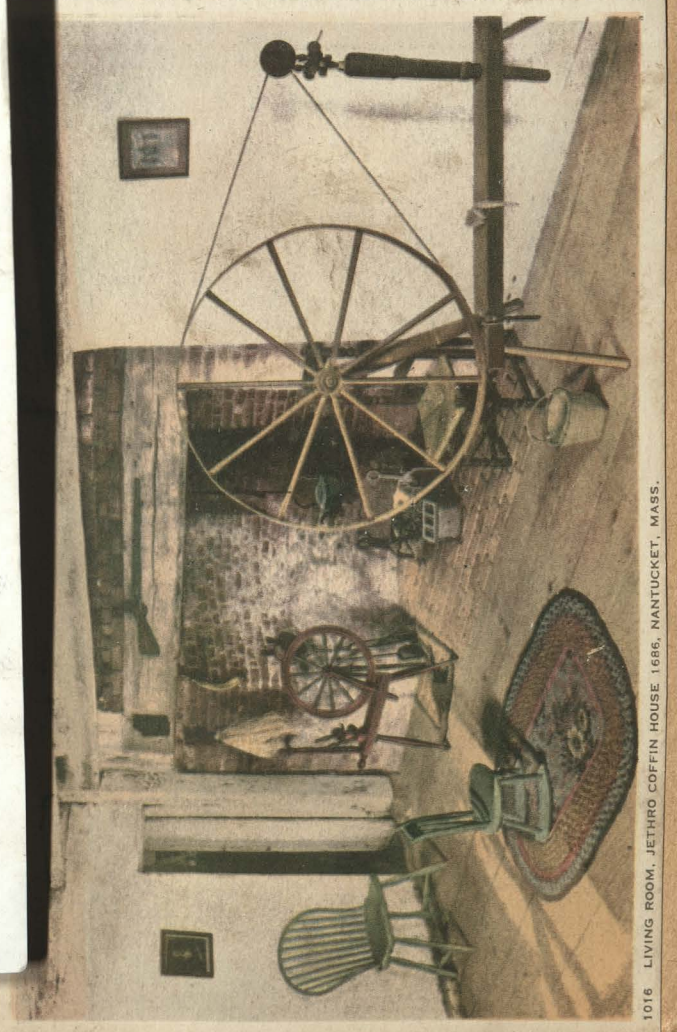
Along the South Shore to Madaket and Tuckernuck.

From 'Sconset alongshore, to the west, the beach extends in a long arc. The high headland of Tom Nevers is a favorite spot for picnickers. Further on, little valleys open onto the beach, and bear their



A Glimpse of Wauwinet Village.

BETWEEN THE WHARVES, NANTUCKET, MASS.



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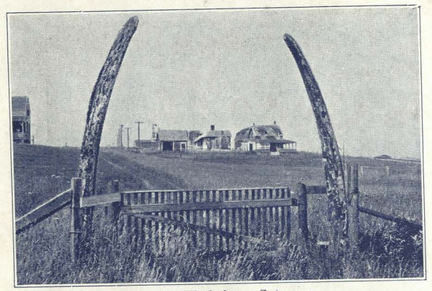

Quidnet's Whale-bone Gate-way.

Indian names of Maddaquecham and Nobadeer. Surfside has a radio-compass station and a tea-room to keep the cottages company. Past Miacomet to "Cisco", on by Hummock and Long ponds, thence to Madaket, the commons are unchanged from those early days when sheep roamed the wide sweep. Here is a favorite farming section, four farms being situated within an area of a few miles.

At the western extremity of the island, Madaket village stretches in a straggling fringe from Smith's Point and the creeks to the site where Thomas Macy first built his house. The small islands of Tuckernuck and Muskeget are off-shore from Madaket, and, with the village, are scenes of activity when the bluefish are running or when the ducks are flying.

All Roads Return to Nantucket Town.

No one fails to visit the Whaling Museum, on Broad Street, where a true record of Nantucket's heritage is kept, or the Historical Museum on Fair Street, with its attendant Quaker Meeting house, or the South Tower with its Lisbon bell, or the Old North Vestry—the historic places would fill a volume.

All roads lead back to the town. To stroll through the winding streets and lane, between the rows of well-kept, shingled houses, where back-yard gardens and front-yard lawns have only a fence between, is to share something with the builders of this unique town. A few horse-drawn carriages remain to take the visitor through the town at his leisure, and to carry him over the rolling commons beyond.

Nantucket gives that fine sense of happy restfulness, afar from the trials of modern life. The salty breath of the sea dispells worry and fear; the charming simplicity of the grey old town brings peace and understanding. A sail up the harbor; a walk over the commons, or a ride along rutted roads; a swim in the invigorating waters; a round of golf under a pleasant sun, a gallop with the "Harriers" —all give that blessing of communion with nature.

Nantucket Island has a welcome for all!

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anywhere else in New E

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1020 THE KITCHEN, JETHRO COFFIN HOUSE 1686, NANTUCKET, MASS.

489 THE TORN NET, NANTUCKET, MASS.

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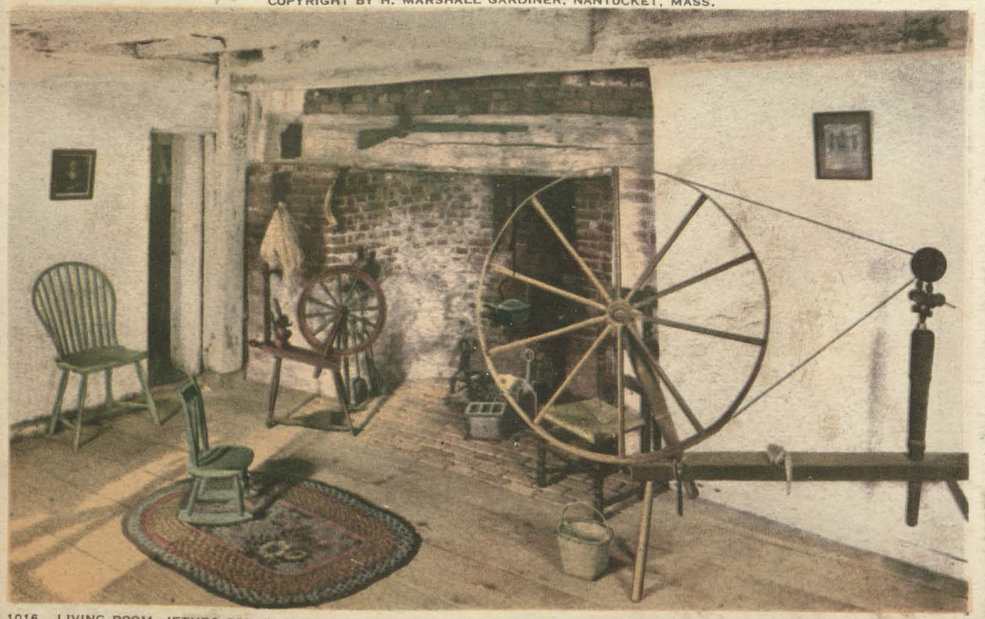

1016 LIVING ROOM, JETHRO COFFIN HOUSE 1686, NANTUCKET, MASS.

BETWEEN THE WHARVES, NANTUCKET, MASS.

"Pokin' round 'mid ferns and mosses,

Like a hop-toad or a snail,

Somehow seems to lighten crosses,

Where my heart would elsewhere fail."

Malvern- Dies; Ve-

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Promoted in 1917 to brigadier general. General Barnum organized the 183d Infantry Brigade in 1917 and led it to France with the American Expeditionary Forces. After the war he commanded the 18th Brigade and the Army training center at Camp Devens, Mass. He retired in 1927.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Martha Scribner Maginness Barnum; a daughter, Mrs. Frank E. Davis, of Baltimore, and two grandsons.

Ralph Dawson

Retired in '45 as Vice-President of Guaranty Trust Company

Ralph Dawson, sixty-four, who retired as a vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, in 1945, died Tuesday after a brief illness, at the Brooklyn Hospital. He lived at 116-26 Eighty-second Drive, Kew Gardens, Queens.

Mr. Dawson was born in Brooklyn. He had been with Guaranty Trust since 1904. Before that he had been for two years with the Western National Bank and the National Bank of Commerce.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Mabel L. Dawson; a son, Ralph Dawson jr., and three daughters, Mrs. Lewis Thomas, Mrs. Jacquelin Chittenden and Miss Rhoda Dawson.

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ot Nantucket!

w York Herald Tribune:

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JOSEPH W. COCHRAN,
President Civic League.

Nantucket Island, Mass., Feb. 26, 1942.

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Surely the blood of these heroes must have come down through their direct or collateral descendants, and that is not of a kind to be alarmed at the German menace.

These commentators who picture the inhabitants of Nantucket as seeking evacuation cannot have visited her whaling museum and there studied the oil paintings of some of her famous captains, who, for more than a century, went down to the sea in ships to battle the Leviathan with their relatively puny harpoons and lances, and to conquer him.

Caspar Milquetoast could sleep a night in the tight little isle, for God Almighty has erected ramparts around it which make for its security. To the south lies the Great South Shoal, where the Nantucket Lightship has been an omen to millions of trans-Atlantic travelers in peace time, either the last or the first sign of the America 250 miles beyond. East of that is the murderous Old Man shoal, fatal to any craft which strikes it. Still further east lies Grand Round shoal, while around the bend of the crescent lie the deadly Great Point Rips which would pound any craft to pieces in short order.

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It is quite a stunt when an 8-year-old lad takes it into his head to roll down the bluff at Sankaty and more than one youngster has probably done it "on a dare", but when an 80-year-old essays to renew his youth and tries the stunt it is something worth recording. It is a long roll down to the bottom of the bluff and the terrain is rough and scratchy, but when a buxom octogenarian accomplishes the feat without serious injury and with only minor losses to his equipage—such as watch, cash and eye-glasses—the event is worth recording almost as much as when a man unfolds a "29 hand" in a game of cribbage down at the Pacific Club.

Nantucket Called Unspoiled American Town.

From The Charleston News & Courier

Having read the printed misconceptions of civic improvements for Charleston expressed in a recent letter about 180 King street, we wish to point out the attractions of an unspoiled ancient American city, Nantucket.

This little town takes second to none in the number of beautifully preserved houses, many of which hark back to the 17th century. They have much of the architectural charm of Charleston's best, but unlike Charleston, Nantucket is not surrounded by an outer shell that reminds us of Ypsilanti, Bridgeport or Norfolk.

Nantucket owners, descendants of the Folgers, Coffins, Husseys and Starbucks, who captained the clippers and whalers that made nautical history, still live in and take pride in them. These lovely houses were built by men who owned and loved ships. One has the feeling that should ever an atomic bomb-created tidal wave strike this gem of an island, these seasoned old homes would take to the sea like ships and fetch up gracefully on the shores of Cape Cod or Buzzards Bay.

Nantucket's cobbled, elm-lined Main street has deliberately not been destroyed by any more modern store front than the well beloved one of our own Ohlandt's. It has allowed itself to remain the quaintest quarter-mile shopping center in America. The result, big business.

Nantucket's harbor sparkles with the most precious of jewels, an ever changing fleet of yachts from every port on the Atlantic Seaboard.

Why, oh why, do not the boat-minded kids of Charleston have a fleet of one class small boats like the ones that every afternoon sally forth from Nantucket with sails dyed every color of the rainbow?

Main street, Nantucket, on a summer's night becomes something out of Stephan Foster. It is innocent of neon. In spite of all attempts at modernization, we doubt if any shop in King street does any better business. A blind man with a superb accordion sits on a bench under a spreading elm and conjures nostalgic magic. The populace, both native and "off-island", gets in the mood for song. The resulting singfest is somethings these ears have never heard outside of pre-two-war Germany.

Thornton Wilder, Morris Ernst, Austin Strong and Frank Conroy can be seen listening, entranced. Marcelled Back Bay dowagers stand side by side with debutantes dressed in knee-length dungarees. Students from Harvard and M. I. T. swell the chorus. An internationally known banker, just in from his yacht, joins in the singing. The ticker-tape look has gone from his eyes. He is a boy again.

The sonorous bell of the ancient church strikes the witching hour of 11. It's "Good Night Ladies". The crowd drifts off to its mansions, yachts, and "salt boxes", and very soon old Nantucket is fast abed. Nothing can be heard except, on foggy nights, the sound of the fog horn on Brant Point or the clop-clop of a horse drawn surrey, with fringes, bearing a starry-eyed honeymoon couple from a dance—a New England midsummer night's dream on the most enchanting island east of Tahiti—the lobster capitol of the world and the fountain head of authentic clam chowder.

Harold Meltzer.

Nantucket, Mass.

9, 1942

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H. BARNUM

Malvern-Hill Barnum Dies; Veteran of 2 Wars

Former Member of General Staff Retired in 1927

Special to the Herald Tribune 1942

BROOKLINE, Mass., Feb. 18.—Major General Malvern-Hill Barnum, U. S. A. (retired), veteran of the Spanish American and first World Wars and former member of the General Staff, died Wednesday at his home here. He was seventy-eight years old.

General Barnum was the son of Major General Henry Alanson Barnum, of Syracuse, and received his unusual first name, Malvern-Hill, from the name of a Civil War battle in which his father was wounded. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., in 1886 in the same class with General John J. Pershing.

As adjutant of the 10th Cavalry, he fought at the battle of San Juan Hill in the Spanish-American War and was wounded. He received a citation for gallantry and later received the Purple Heart. After a six-year-tour of duty in the Philippines, he was assigned to the General Staff.

Promoted in 1917 to brigadier general, General Barnum organized the 183d Infantry Brigade in 1917 and led it to France with the American Expeditionary Forces. After the war he commanded the 18th Brigade and the Army training center at Camp Devens, Mass. He retired in 1927.

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...ot Nantucket!

To the New York Herald Tribune:

Nantucketers have been puzzled and indignant over the spate of rumors, now current on the mainland, that this island is about to be evacuated. Stories are being circulated that local boats and Navy craft are standing by ready for sailing, while hotels are being put into condition as emergency hospitals, and that the island will be "put to bed" for duration.

Nantucket is thoroughly awake to the common danger and has provided against any threat to her safety short of military defense. Not without reason does she look forward to the coming season when she expects, even in war time, to welcome to her shores the summer colony. Reports from her friends on the mainland indicate that they regard Nantucket a haven, not a shell hole. Meanwhile, Nantucket, lacking a single industry, is piling up a war work record of which any community might be proud.

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Having read the printed misconceptions of civic improvements for Charleston expressed in a recent letter about 186 King street, we wish to point out the attractions of an unspoiled ancient American city, Nantucket.

This little town takes second to none in the number of beautifully preserved houses, many of which hark back to the 17th century. They have much of the architectural charm of Charleston's best, but unlike Charleston, Nantucket is not surrounded by an outer shell that reminds us of Ypsilanti, Bridgeport or Norfolk.

Nantucket owners, descendants of the Folgers, Coffins, Husseys and Starbucks, who captained the clippers and whalers that made nautical history, still live in and take pride in them. These lovely houses were built by men who owned and loved ships. One has the feeling that should ever an atomic bomb-created tidal wave strike this gem of an island, these seasoned old homes would take to the sea like ships and fetch up gracefully on the shores of Cape Cod or Buzzards Bay.

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Why, oh why, do not the boat-minded kids of Charleston have a fleet of one class small boats like the ones that every afternoon sally forth from Nantucket with sails dyed every color of the rainbow?

Main street, Nantucket, on a summer's night becomes something out of Stephan Foster. It is innocent of neon. In spite of all attempts at modernization, we doubt if any shop in King street does any better business. A blind man with a superb accordion sits on a bench under a spreading elm and conjures nostalgic magic. The populace, both native and "off-island", gets in the mood for song. The resulting singfest is somethings these ears have never heard outside of pre-two-war Germany.

Thornton Wilder, Morris Ernst, Austin Strong and Frank Conroy can be seen listening, entranced. Marcelled Back Bay dowagers stand side by side with debutantes dressed in knee-length dungarees. Students from Harvard and M. I. T. swell the chorus. An internationally known banker, just in from his yacht, joins in the singing. The ticker-tape look has gone from his eyes. He is a boy again.

The sonorous bell of the ancient church strikes the witching hour of 11. It's "Good Night Ladies". The crowd drifts off to its mansions, yachts, and "salt boxes", and very soon old Nantucket is fast abed. Nothing can be heard except, on foggy nights, the sound of the fog horn on Brant Point or the clop-clop of a horse drawn surrey, with fringes, bearing a starry-eyed honeymoon couple from a dance—a New England midsummer night's dream on the most enchanting island east of Tahiti—the lobster capitol of the world and the fountain head of authentic clam chowder.

Harold Meltzer.

Nantucket, Mass.

...9, 1942

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7/29/44 Head about LEE

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3/15/42

Nantucket Is Calm

Rumor of Evacuation Plans Scouted by Native

To the New York Herald Tribune:

As a native son of Nantucket, may I commend the sane and conservative letter you published from Mr. Joseph Cochran, of that island community?

Nantucket will never suffer so much from the Axis as she does from imaginative, but uninformed, commentators who know nothing, or next to it, about that isle of the blest. Probably none of them knows that more than a score of Nantucket seamen were under the command of our first great naval hero, John Paul Jones, on the Bon Homme Richard, in his memorable battle with the Serapis, and doubtless many of them heard Jones's immortal reply to the British captain's inquiry as to whether the American had "struck" his colors (which had been shot away): "Damn it, sir, I have just begun to fight!"

Surely the blood of these heroes must have come down through their direct or collateral descendants, and that is not of a kind to be alarmed at the German menace.

These commentators who picture the inhabitants of Nantucket as seeking evacuation cannot have visited her whaling museum and there studied the oil paintings of some of her famous captains, who, for more than a century, went down to the sea in ships to battle the Leviathan with their relatively puny harpoons and lances, and to conquer him.

Caspar Milquetoast could sleep a night in the tight little isle, for God Almighty has erected ramparts around it which make for its security. To the south lies the Great South Shoal, where the Nantucket Lightship has been an omen to millions of trans-Atlantic travelers in peace time, either the last or the first sign of the America 250 miles beyond. East of that is the murderous Old Man shoal, fatal to any craft which strikes it. Still further east lies Grand Round shoal, while around the bend of the crescent lie the deadly Great Point Rips which would pound any craft to pieces in short order.

The passenger steamboats which ply to and from the island are of a draught too shallow for a war vessel of any type. Knowing these facts,

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Gen. [illegible] Is Dea[illegible]

Cited in [illegible] Rites T[illegible]

Maj.-Gen. M[illegible] U.S.A., retired Spanish-Ameri[illegible] wars, and one [illegible] distinguished [illegible] day afternoon [illegible] Paul street, Br[illegible]

Son of Maj.-[illegible] Barnum of S[illegible] served with di[illegible] Civil war, and [illegible] named for the [illegible] father was sev[illegible] at an early ag[illegible] for an Army ca[illegible]

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For his services [illegible] presented the dis[illegible] cross. England [illegible] the distinguished [illegible] Bath, while Fra[illegible] member of the [illegible] From Belgium he [illegible] of Leopold and the[illegible] and from Italy t[illegible] Maurice and Laza[illegible]

HONORED BY N[illegible]

After his retire[illegible] divided his time[illegible] and his summer ho[illegible] which had been i[illegible] 65 years. At Nantuc[illegible] ited with being the oldest [illegible] resident and was made an honorary member of the Sons and Daughters

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Nantucket Unafraid

Things Will Be Much as Usual, Official Writes

To the New York Herald Tribune:

The 1942 season for Nantucket is rapidly approaching, and people are planning what to do in these troublous times, so it would seem to be very important for this island, through its official sources, to broadcast the fact that right here is as reasonably safe a place as one is likely to find on this side of the Atlantic.

The "scaremongers" have been working overtime, even if they do not get double pay for it, and it makes one wonder how their mental processes, if any, operate. Do they really try to think intelligently or are they incapable of so doing? Is it just a case of "they say," and so let their tongues function instead of their brains, or do they have that smug, self-satisfied feeling that where they are must be the safest place?

We here in Nantucket claim that this place cannot be considered as of the slightest advantage to the enemy as a naval or military objective. In addition to our unimportance along those lines is the fact that we are bulwarked by nature with our encirclement of shoals and sandbars.

I could almost wish that enemy submarines would make the attempt. What fine targets they would present on, or so near, the surface that our bombers would destroy them in short order.

Is it not time to stop such talk as "the yacht club has decided definitely not to open up this season," "What can the Sankaty Head Golf Club do to keep alive?" and "The Siasconset Casino will have to cut everything right down to the bone if it opens up"—these are sample quotations, and I can give a definite reply to the last one, both as a loyal American citizen and as president and treasurer of the Casino: we are going to carry on, and much as usual, if we have to trim our sails a bit, we will, but some healthy amusement and laughter are good for the morale and often help tide over some difficult hours or days.

So let us urge the stopping of rumors and irresponsible gossip and try boosting the better and brighter outlook.

FREDERICK P. HILL.

Nantucket, Mass., [illegible] 6, 1942.

[illegible] ERALD, THU

H. BARNUM

[illegible] SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1942

[illegible] America's most beau[illegible] Hand-loomed tweed [illegible] made to your meas[illegible] ort Shop, Post Office [illegible] je22-tf

[illegible] Walter R. Tuckerman, [illegible] are staying

[illegible] Eight new mo[illegible] into Sconset's [illegible] Sunday night, A[illegible] fills the club [illegible] Burgess, return[illegible] Providence on Y[illegible]

[illegible] lard P. Dexter

Coin Club Meets

The Westchester County Coin Club will meet at 175 Division Street, New Rochelle, at 8:15 p. m. [illegible] To Brutus and his fellow-conspirators the death of Caesar seemed the only way in which Roman democracy might be saved, and Brutus committed the crime for the sake of his countrymen's freedom, even though Caesar had bestowed many personal political favors upon him in the past. The striking of such a coin was ordered to honor Brutus as a lover of liberty.

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9, 1942

/42

THE BOSTON HERALD, THU

Gen. Barnum Is Dead at 78

Cited in Two Wars; Rites Tomorrow

Maj.-Gen. Malvern-Hill Barnum, U.S.A., retired, veteran of the Spanish-American and first world wars, and one of the nation's most distinguished officers, died yesterday afternoon at his home, 194 St. Paul street, Brookline. He was 78.

Son of Maj.-Gen. Henry Alanson Barnum of Syracuse, N. Y., who served with distinction during the Civil war, and Lavina King, he was named for the battle in which his father was severely wounded, and at an early age began preparation for an Army career.

He was graduated from West Point in 1886, a classmate of Gen. Pershing, and became a cavalry officer, serving with the 3d, 8th, 9th and 10th regiments, as well as on many important assignments. During this time he was graduated from the various service schools and the Army war college.

During the Spanish-American war he served as adjutant of the 10th cavalry and was wounded at the battle of San Juan Hill, receiving a citation for gallantry and later the Purple Heart. He spent six years in the Philippines, half of that time as aide to the commanding general, and on his return to this country, became a member of the general staff.

In 1916 and part of 1917 he was chief of staff of the southern district at San Antonio and carried much of the responsibility of that command during the illness and death of Gen. Funston. Later in 1917 he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general and organized the 183d infantry brigade at Camp Grant, Ill., commanding it in France.

For his services overseas he was presented the distinguished service cross. England honored him with the distinguished Companion of the Bath, while France made him a member of the Legion of Honor. From Belgium he received the Order of Leopold and the Croix de Guerre, and from Italy the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus.

HONORED BY NANTUCKET

After his retirement in 1927, he divided his time between Boston and his summer home at Nantucket, which had been in his family for 65 years. At Nantucket he was credited with being the oldest summer resident and was made an honorary member of the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket, serving as president of the organization at one time.

In Brookline he was active in civic and military affairs, and until failing health caused his resignation, he had been national commander of the Loyal Legion and commander of the state chapter.

He was a member of the visiting committee of the military science and tactics department at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and vice-president of the West Point Alumni Association. He was warden of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Brookline, and a member of the Episcopalian Club of Massachusetts, the Massachusetts chapter of the Sons of the Revolution, the Algonquin Club, the Army and Navy clubs of Washington and Boston, Phi Gammma Delta Club of New York and the Sankaty Head Golf Club at Nantucket.

He leaves his widow, the former Martha Scribner Maginness; a daughter, Frances, wife of Col. Frank E. Davis of Baltimore; a brother, Reynolds Barnum of Kansas City, and two grandsons, Capt. Wilbur E. Davis of the 19th Field Artillery, and Alanson Barnum Davis, now in Manila. His nephew, Col. Edmund M. Barnum, is on duty in the First Corps Area.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow at St. Paul's Church, Brookline, at 11 A. M. Burial will be in the cemetery at West Point on Saturday morning.

MAJ.-GEN. M.-H. BARNUM

"I always speak my mind," Idella said. "Tell the truth and shame the devil"

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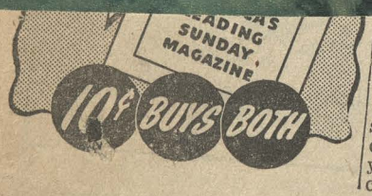
10; Stuart, Jr., 12 (in

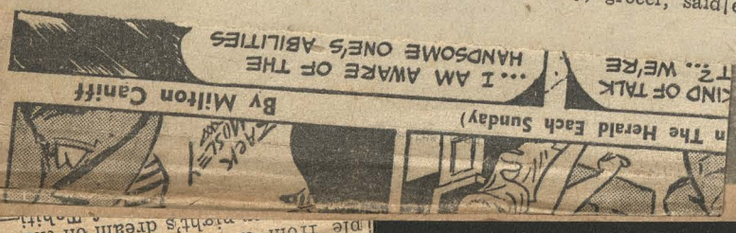


Wright Stewart, who developed Mexican oil and rode with Roosevelt as a Rough Rider, all feel the same way.

"We had an exceptionally good year last year, the island was full," stated Harold B. "Doc" Ryder, merchant. "It won't be so big this year, but many people are going to come." Walter Cady, grocer, said

MOTHER OF 8 GETS DIVORCE

Mrs. Flora M. Vickery, mother of eight childre nand employed as a waitress in Fall River, was granted an uncontested divorce from Lawrence G. Vickery of Weymouth in Norfolk Probate Court in Dedham yesterday after she had told Judge Reynolds her husband had threatened to blow her brains out.



ble from a ... night's dream on the most ... night—the

False

Island Ready As Usual for Happy Season

By LAWRENCE DAME

NANTUCKET, Mass. — This far-away island, still a land of peace and plenty, is about to declare war. It will only be a war on rumors, and the mainland, from which Nantucket has more than once threatened to secede, had better watch out.

Nantucket folk are tired of hearing that the real war, to which they have sent so many of their sons and for which they are making the same sacrifices as mainland people, has changed the character of their island. Sea serpent-stories are jokes, but not these tall tales which hurt a little Eden.

Rumors have been circulating throughout the country that no boats are running to Nantucket. This makes residents mad, when they hear the boat whistle every afternoon and know that service will be on a three-boat schedule this summer.

SAFE FROM SHELLING

If Nantucketers weren't so exasperated, they would laugh at reports that the island might be shelled. Because of the famous shoals which surround Nantucket and make it into a sort of fortress more impregnable than many a mainland city, no enemy submarine, experts say, will ever be able to get within 20 miles of the sandy shore. That radius is way beyond gunshot. Five hundred vessels have been sunk by the shoals. A glance at any government chart of Nantucket's waters immediately dispels rumors of U-boat assault. Steamer routes are barred by shoals and patrols from attack.

Nantucketers are realists, like all New Englanders with courage enough to face facts, who have wrested hard livings from stubborn soil and who are always close to the trials of whaling days. They know that parts of the American coast may, theoretically at least, be bombed by enemy planes. They assert that Nantucket, because there are no military or naval objectives here, is in much less danger from this threat than most mainland communities. This assertion is borne out by off-islander authorities.

TRACKS DOWN REPORTS

This reporter, joining the war against rumors because he knows Nantucket and owes the island an eternal debt for sentimental reasons, tracked down all the false reports he could this week and sounded out scores of natives and residents who consider themselves just as good as, but no better than, the people who were born here.

The rumor that Nantucket has been made into a naval base is false. It is also ridiculous, because ships without extremely shallow draft, as small as the gray-painted passenger steamer Naushon, cannot even enter Nantucket Harbor.

In Baltimore a fortnight ago, I heard that the island had been completely occupied by a new air base. This is false. The government several months ago received bids for improvements to the old Nantucket airport. The plan was to make this airport into nothing more than an emergency landing field, with 4000-feet runways. Optimistically, the government thought this could be done for about $270,000. The lowest bid, submitted by Carlo Bianchi & Company, Inc., of Framingham, amounts to approximately $480,000. It has not yet been accepted because Washington misfigured the cost of construction and the War Department must get an additional allocation of funds from CAA to go ahead.

JOB FOR MACHINES

Incidentally, most of the work on this port, which occupies a small and unobtrusive part of that fragment of natural charm that is Nantucket, would be done by machines. Only about 100 men, according to the contractor, would be needed. Wherever possible, Nantucketers would be used. Skilled workers would be in demand.

Reports that make Nantucket folk mad—because they are really dependent upon summer residents on an island which has no industries and which is organized to give peace and balm to all comers—include a story that the Grand Central station in New York recently refused to sell a ticket to Nantucket because "there are no boats." A woman in upper New York tried to check her trunk through to Nantucket and was told it could not be done. She did it. No more than this writer did she have to swim here. All railroads have now been instructed about true conditions.

ENLIGHTENING INTERVIEWS

A series of interviews with Nantucket natives and residents reveal various points of view in connection with the island's valiant effort to attract as many visitors as possible this spring and summer.

Bassett Jones, noted engineer and economist, who has been in Washington consulting on defense with the government, got a chart of Nantucket's shoals right out on the lawn of his lovely summer home to show this writer.

"See Sankaty Head light," said the forceful Jones, who radiates as much heat as the 'Sconset lighthouse himself when rumors are mentioned. "Well, its range is 20 miles, officially, and that go[es] out to the edge of the shoa[ls] submarine coming in with[in] range would have to come [to] the surface—and that would be suicide, in view of all the flying patrols we have. As for bombers, why should they bother with this little hingus-dingus of an island, when they could reach real military and naval objectives in a few minutes' more flight?

"This is one of the safest places in the country."

SNIFFS WITH DISDAIN

Commodore Herbert Coffin of the Wharf Rat Club sniffed with disdain at rumors. "Members of this club write me and ask me about things. I just reply, Phooey, pack your little bag and come. I have my cannon ready to give you the usual salute when you get in on the boat and that's the only firing you'll hear."

"Nawthin' to it," replied George Nickerson, caretaker of the Evans estate, when asked about how rumors would affect those who know Nantucket. "The oldtimers will come back just the same and plenty of others, too. Gossakes!"

Herbert L. Brown, a fisherman who knows every shoal, said, "We're not afraid a bit down here. And what's the use of meeting trouble until it comes, anyhow?"

One of the best-planned set-ups for defense in New England is functioning on Nantucket under Henry B. Coleman, a selectman, who is defense chairman. Six hundred men and women, including some off-islanders who are year-round residents, have volunteered their services, believing that it would be foolish not to be prepared for things which may never come.

IMPRESSIVE TEST

Two new fire pumpers which suck at the sea along the waterfront cost $3000 and made an impressive test, under Chief William J. Blair, one of the cleverest and most efficient fire heads in the country, for the benefit of The Herald. Volunteers have been assigned duty as air raid wardens, auxiliary police and firemen, labor squads, demolition squads, medical services and supply service repairmen.

A special food survey reveals that Nantucket shops always have a three-and-a-half week store of groceries, a 10-day stock of meat and a six-month supply of fuel. No emergency, it is reckoned, would interfere with speedy replenishment of these stocks.

As secretary of the Island Service Company, Sidney W. Thurston has an authoritative voice. "Of course we have a dimout here, like towns on the mainland. But an army man is going to advise us on stronger lights, and illumination will be adequate. Two boats will run from May 24 to June 20 and three boats will run from June 21 to Sept. 20.

CARS NOT NEEDED MUCH

"There is plenty of gas, fuel oil and lumber. Coal barges give good service. One must remember that automobiles are not needed so much down here as on the mainland. There are plenty of cycles for sale, or for hire, Harvey A. Young has reported."

The Nantucket Yacht Club is reopening, with reduced fees, this year, although the entire clubhouse probably will not be used. Bob Stark, the genial commodore, is now a lieutenant commander in the Navy, but Gardner Russell, Boston lawyer, will be in command as vice-commodore, and of course the veteran W. S. Walsh, club manager, is here arranging things for a gala season. Golf courses are open.

"I have heard rumors that there will be no pleasure boating," said Addison Ormsby, captain of the Coast Guard station here. "There is nothing to them. Daytime pleasure boating will be encouraged. There is no ban."

If there is any fearful person on calm and tranquil Nantucket today, this writer did not find him. Aside from the war on rumors, which isn't going to hurt anyone, the island is principally stirred, and highly amused, by the grotesquerie of defense card photographs. Everyone is comparing his with the other fellow's, and chuckles rise above the sound of surf that is now warm enough for diving.

WOMEN AFRAID? NO

"Afraid? I should say not," declared Miss Edith Bartlett of 4 Gardner street. Her mother and others of a typically Yankee home circle nodded agreement and most of the population of 1800 agree too. Chief of Police Lawrence Mooney, Harry B. Turner, the lively editor of the Inquirer and Mirror, Nantucket's mainsail-sized newspaper which fights against rumor; Col. Robert Wright Stewart, who developed Mexican oil and rode with Roosevelt as a Rough Rider, all feel the same way.

"We had an exceptionally good year last year, the island was full," stated Harold B. "Doc" Ryder, merchant. "It won't be so big this year, but many people are going to come." Walter Cady, grocer, said that many summer residen[ts] written him that they are c[ome]

Other owners and occupa[nts] summer property, like Mrs. G[eorge] Evans of St. Louis, energetic[ally] journeyed here last month to [see] for themselves what the situati[on] is. They were completely contented. These people love and trust Nantucket. They would rather be here than away.

"I was nervous on the mainland, what with all this war talk, but since arriving here, in this peaceful atmosphere, I never felt more calm and rested," declared Mrs. Louis J. Praeger. Her husband, Col Praeger, declared, "We are here for the duration."

SAFEST PLACE TO BE

Two distinguished summer residents who fled from France during the deluge two years ago are finding Nantucket the safest place to be. They are Regis Post, former governor general of Puerto Rico, and his charming French wife. They lost their chateau in France, Roche Posee, near Poitiers, but have their home here left, and are satisfied. Another former Paris-American, Dr. Joseph W. Cochran, pastor of the American Church of Paris, has settled here. The Woodbox is open and hostelries like the Chanticleer and the Skipper regard it their duty to offer business as usual.

Nantucket has given more than 50 of her sons to the armed defense forces. There are no defense projects here. The first Nantucket boy to be listed as missing is Harrison Gorman, whose father is chairman of the publicity committee. The whole island believes and hopes that "Harry" Gorman will come back. He was a flier attacked off Java to the sunken Langley.

If 1942 turns into a bad season—and there is no reason to believe that it will not be a fair-to-middlin' one—Nantucket folks will no more complain than they would become afraid. They will take a couple of notches in their belts, the way their ancestors did, and get along somehow. But they do hope that a lot of off-islanders will get along with them and have a little fun this season. Nantucket is still one of the nation's unique playgrounds.

RECORDER, AMSTERDAM, N. Y., FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1943.

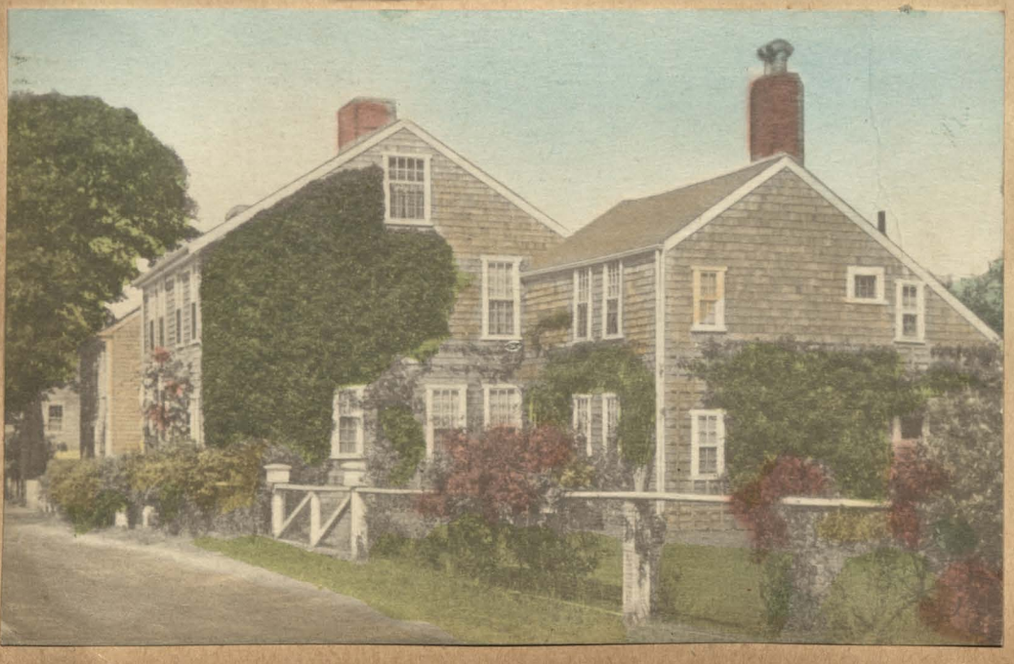
FATHER OF FIVE CALLED IN DRAFT

Stuart Day, 36-year-old drug clerk of Nantucket, Mass., who has been ordered to report for his draft examination August 27, serves sodas to five thirsty customers—his five children. Selective Service spokes- report because he had not transferred to an essential war job. Day says there cket Island and that he would rather enter the service than move his re (left to right): Marion, 15; Janet, 6; Norman, 10; Stuart, Jr., 12 (in

MOTHER OF 8 GETS DIVORCE

Mrs. Flora M. Vickery, mother of eight childre nand employed as a waitress in Fall River, was granted an uncontested divorce from Lawrence G. Vickery of Weymouth in Norfolk Probate Court in Dedham yesterday afte[r] she had told Judge Reynolds her husband had threatened to blow her brains out.

Stuart Day, 36-year-old drug clerk of Nantucket, Mass., who has been ordered to report for his draft examination August 27, serves sodas to five thirsty customers—his five children. Selective Service spokesmen said Day was ordered to report because he had not transferred to an essential war job. Day says there are no war industries on Nantucket Island and that he would rather enter the service than move his family to the mainland. Children are (left to right): Marion, 15; Janet, 6; Norman, 10; Stuart, Jr., 12 (in rear), and James, 7



5/24/43

Robert Grimes has a new milk-delivery outfit—that is, new to the streets of Nantucket. He has secured an old-time Nantucket "depot wagon," with tail-board, removable rear seat and canopy top—a rig not seen hereabouts for many a year. It had been stowed away in Ed Coffin's barn at 'Sconset and years ago was a popular mode of conveyance. With his faithful farm horse hitched to the shafts, Grimes covers his milk route easily and does not worry about gasoline rationing.

Charles F. Thurston and John Miller, with their wives, were saving gasoline Sunday—no doubt of it. Thurston's horse was hitched to a box wagon and the occupants enjoyed driving about town, even if the wagon did run on iron tires instead of rubber. There'll probably be more horse-rigs on the streets before long—and why not? The only difficulty may be to locate the old-time box-wagons and surreys. And there may be a buggy or a runabout stored away in some shed, too. Bring them out—if there are horses enough to go around.

5/24/43

85 Years Ago—185

The body of a sailor, with around his arms and legs, w ashore at Smith's Point. T no marks of identification. buried in the South cemetery.

* * * * *

There was a rush of boys to the Pacific Bank to get some of the new pennies just arrived from the mint. "Friend Obed," records *The Mirror*, "allowed but five to each boy, and as he handed them out he gave a few words of advice gratis."

* * * * *

For the first time in half a century whaleboats were launched from the south side and chased right whales. One boat was headed by Capt. Joseph Winslow. The harpooners who drove their "irons" home were Francis Folger and William Atwood. The whale made 46 barrels of oil.

'Sconset Notes. 5/30/43

. W. H. A. Walker has opened ummer cottage.

s Harriet Fobes and Lady Gow "Tis A House".

. M. J. Wangler is spending th end at her cottage on Lily street.

ry Towhill is spending a ten- urlough with his family at "Hill

. Mary Nugent is visiting her Mrs. F. V. Johnson, on King

s. V. S. Vellis has arrived at the ck cottage on Sankaty Road for mmer.

and Mrs. Stanley Swift have d their home on Sankaty Blu e season.

and Mrs. Regan Hughston ar- Thursday afternoon and are oc- ng their estate in 'Sconset.

Siasconset branch of the Tele- Company has opened its office usiness on Shell street with Mrs. Handy as manager.

and Mrs. Eben Hutchinson, their son, Eben Jr., and daugh- laine, arrived Thursday for an- week's visit and are at the 's Nest" in 'Sconset. They ex- o occupy the cottage for the en- season, dividing their time be- the "Crow's Nest" and the new e which they have had erected aise.

Cape Cod
Animal Hospital

Dr. D. F. LEACH

VETERINARIAN

Osterville, Mass. Tel. Osterville 393

In Nantucket first Wednesday of each month

Kindly mail or phone requests to Osterville.

COASTAL FREIGHTERS, carrying gasoline and other important wartime commodities to points on the eastern seaboard, make easy targets for Axis submarines as the ships are outlined against the setting sun and the coastline.

Sub-Fighters

Constant vigilance along the Atlantic coast is kept by the U. S. Coast Guard. Enemy submarines have learned to fear the increasing number of small, speedy submarine chasers. Blimps and airplanes co-operate with the sub-chasers in spotting survivors and subs.

Associated Press Photos

AFTER SPEEDING to a scene of a sinking, a fast submarine chaser of the coast guard looks around for survivors and then turns away to seek the U-boat that torpedoed the freighter. The chaser's depth charges are ready to be dropped over the position of any submarine it detects with its sensitive listening apparatus.

SURVIVORS of a freighter sunk by an enemy submarine off the Atlantic coast wave happily as a surfboat from a Coast Guard station approaches to take them to safety.

AN ESCAPE FROM IT ALL

This picture was taken in the garden of Robert S. Trickett of the police force in London, England. He says, "During trying times there is no more worth-while diversion than the growing of water lilies and aquatic plants. There is something about the beauties of a garden which gives one a mental escape from the troubles and tragedies of the world and fills us with renewed confidence in the eternal triumph of right."

Red Cross Notes

The story of the rescued seamen who were brought into the safe harbor of Nantucket has passed from mouth to mouth so frequently (and often so incorrectly) that the actual facts may be interesting to our readers, especially since one of our neighboring Cape Cod ports has given such wide information concerning its own experiences.

So here they are—the real facts. The first lot of men, 43 in number, were a week on the water before they were picked up by a local patrol boat, and during that time they had covered many miles of ocean. They had no nourishment other than vitamin tablets and a supply of water, no protection from the weather which was very foggy, and a severe storm had soaked them to the skin the day before they were found.

Upon arrival they were taken to Bennett Hall, where they received medical attention, food and clothing. Most of them were suffering from exhaustion and needed rest and refreshment only, but three were taken to the Nantucket Hospital for special care, x-rays, etc.

The men were very comfortable in their improvised quarters and grateful for all that was done for them, and in 24 hours all had departed but one man who remained for three days in the Hospital.

While his physical condition was improving, he was further benefitted by a complete set of false teeth which replaced those he had lost overboard. He has recently written a polite and appreciative letter to this Chapter, expressing thanks for all that was done for him, especially mentioning the satisfactory new teeth.

Headquarters in New York has written to commend the Nantucket Red Cross for the efficient manner in which this whole emergency was handled, speaking particularly of the detailed and careful reports of the case sent to them.

A week later a second lot of men, 10 in number, was picked up at midnight and taken to Bennett Hall. The next day, being Sunday, all ten men filed into the Congregational Church to morning service through the door connecting with Bennett Hall, thus keeping within bounds. In the afternoon they were taken, still carefully guarded, to a baseball game which they thoroughly enjoyed. These wet, tired and hungry men were refreshed, and restored by the same friendly hands and hearts that had ministered to the first arrivals and they were

3 More Vessels Sunk; U-Boats' Toll 14 in 4 Days

(Continued from ...)

twelve passengers and ... members ... medium-size British merchant vessel sunk in the Atlantic at an undisclosed date with rescue of the entire crew of sixty-one. ... was not ... light was seen. ... fifteen to twenty ... light before they were ... to abandon the vessel with the eleven surviving passengers and thirty-five crew members. They went over the side in two lifeboats which were so crowded that some of the survivors were transferred to liferafts.

The next day they were picked up by two American vessels and taken to Trinidad, where the passengers remained. The others were brought to an east-coast port. The list of the five seamen who lost their lives includes three with ... and New York addresses. They were Guido D. Dellmolin, of 3012 Bronkwood Avenue, the Bronx; Francesco Scuderino, of 106 East 105th Street, and Stephen S. Labash, of 21-80 Thirty-eighth Street, Astoria, Queens.

British Crew Saved

The sixty-one officers and members of the crew of the British ship were rescued after passing eight exhausting days in open lifeboats in the North Atlantic. The first torpedo struck the ship at noon while most of the men were at their Sunday dinner. The second penetrated the engine room after the men had taken to lifeboats.

The master of the vessel, Captain Angus Shaw, an articulate Scot who has passed forty-two years at sea, said:

"I'd give the teeth out of my head—they're of the store variety—if they'd give me something to hunt those submarines with. A sensation of absolute vindictive bitterness swept over me when I saw my ship go down.

"You always feel you'll never get torpedoed. Somebody else, yes, but not you. I've seen plenty of ships get it, in the last war and this, but this was my first experience. I felt as though my work was gone, my ship lost. We're not out to lose ships but to take them through. A ship is part of a master's life; your blood goes when it goes."

The men lived on biscuits, pemmican, raisins, prunes and peanuts. The boats became separated in a storm. On the seventh day two patrol planes sighted Captain Shaw's boat and soon other planes appeared, one of which dropped eight tins of tomato juice. "I'm glad he was not dropping bombs because he was an expert," said Captain Shaw. "The first package was ten yards from the bow and the second almost in the same spot.

One of the lifeboats was sighted by an outward bound vessel but the men were so coinfident of their navigation that they refu... to be picked up. Coastal naval vessels found all three lifeboats on the eighth day.

Gun Crew Helpless

One torpedo ripped into the Panamanian vessel on May 17. The explosion was so powerful, survivors said, that fragments of the vessel were hurled high into the air and jets of oil spurted from amidships.

The ship carried a Navy gun crew but the list of the crippled vessel made their gun useless. Forty-four members of the crew of forty-five got away in two lifeboats. They were rescued by a United States naval vessel and subsequently were taken to an east coast port.

Two Float Seven Days on Raft

From the 8th Naval District came an account of how two of the three survivors of the American vessel sunk on May 20 in the Gulf of Mexico floated for seven days on a raft. They were suffering from blindness and exposure when they were rescued and their bodies were so thickly coated with oil that physicians at a Port Arthur, Tex., hospital worked two hours to remove it.

They said two submarines attacked the ship from port and starboard sides almost simultaneously so that its stern and bow lifted into the air and it "collapsed like an accordion." A third man was on the small raft with them, but fearing his weight would sink it he slipped off and swam away.

The third survivor and two other men were rescued and taken to a Mexican port where two of the men died.

The men listed as lost by the Navy includes the following whose homes were in the New York area: Sigurd O. Hellum, chief mate, Bayonne, N. J.; John B. J. Hope, third mate, 4808 Eighth Avenue, Brooklyn; Isidore Weinstein, radio operator, 350 West Fifty-fifth Street; Fred E. Gossler, 451 Park Avenue, Huntington, L. I.; Bjarne Pedersen, 554 Sixty-eighth Street, Brooklyn; James Glassco, 343 East Tenth Street; William J. Gordon, 210 Thompson Street; Donald R. Hilton, Oyster Bay, L. I.; Louis Rodriques, 323 Spring Street; George Vandewater, 153 Wilkinson Avenue, Jersey City, and Frederick Harris, 444 East 144th Street.

Tanker Blast Kills Captain

ELIZABETH, N. J., June 2 (AP).—Captain Ingvald M. Martunisen, forty-nine years old, of 1319 Alina Street, was killed on Sunday in three explosions and fire aboard the tanker Cacalialo at Tampico, Mexico. His wife said she was notified today by owners of the vessel. He was employed as a first mate on a Sun Oil Company tanker before assuming command of the Cacalialo. Besides his wife, he is survived by a daughter.

New Light on Stone Age

Discovery of the remains of an ancient civilization in Palestine, closing a gap in knowledge about the Stone Age man who lived 7,000 to 8,000 years ago, was recently reported.

Paper for Blueprints Costly

It takes 6,000 pounds of rag content bond to make enough blueprint paper to draw the plans for one pursuit plane.

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Occurrences such as these are happening all along our coast, and we are fortunate that our shoal waters permit so few of these disasters to come to us. But if and when they come, we are ready to meet them.

Dr. Werme will conduct an ad-

Drive in Kiangse Toward Chekiang Troop Junction, Push North From Canton

CHUNGKING, June 2, (AP)—Fighting raged on three fronts in China today, as the Japanese pressed two new offensives and continued to make progress in

2 New Thrusts Against China

This letter was recently received by Miss Farrell and explains itself:

Dear Miss Farrell,

It gives me great pleasure to tell you that I arrived home safely and found my wife and family all in good health despite war conditions on this side of the Atlantic. They were all full of praise when I related to them how good and kind you and your co-workers were to us when we were landed from the life boats on Nantucket. I need not tell you that your Island will always have a soft spot in our hearts and for the people who done so much for us, to make us once more presentable. Len Doyle asked me to remember him to you when I wrote. So again I must thank you all once more. I hope if ever it is my luck to land on Nantucket it will be under more favorable conditions. We all will soon be ready to start off again to carry on where we left off in such a hurry. I heard that we were the forerunners for other similar tasks that you all had to deal with. You see a little advertising on the care for us, has made life boat crews simply pass other places for Nantucket. I hope you all are having a good season, under the present circumstances of restricted traveling facilities. Give my best wishes to all. I am

Yours sincerely,
Chas Mayne

99 Lansdowne Road
Berkenhead, Cheshire, England

6/15/42

U-Boat Shells Dutch Vessel, 2 Die, 4 Missing

Freighter Fires on Raider Before Being Sunk as 265th Atlantic Victim

Two crew members were killed last week when a small Dutch merchant vessel was shelled and sunk in the Atlantic Ocean by an enemy submarine, the Navy announced yesterday. Four other members of the crew are missing.

This sinking brought the total of Allied and neutral vessels sunk in the western Atlantic to 265, thirteen of which were announced last week.

After the twenty-nine survivors of the Dutch ship were landed at an east coast port, Captain Barteld Van Dijk, master of the vessel, revealed that his gun crew opened fire on the submarine at 8:30 one night last week after the enemy had fired a flare high into the sky. The submarine, about 2,000 yards from the Dutch freighter, then countered with a shower of shells, starting several fires.

After the crew members took to three lifeboats, the submarine came up to the survivors and the commander asked why they had fired the gun. Captain Van Dijak said he had told his gun crew not to wait for orders to fire when they sighted a submarine. The submarine commander then gave them a course for reaching land. They were picked up by an Allied ship four days later.

rbor at Darwin

Other broadcasters now sit in front
"Cully's" microphone and glance up
the clock on the wall which gives
broadcaster the time; other ears
en for the "click" from the control
m, which is the signal to go on the
The studio is sound-proof and all
side noises are barred, but there is
ouble window right in front of the
/ator through which one might
nce at Cullinan as he talked into

ward
tion,
ina
-Right-
China.
ed to
through
iang.

Will doubtless receive strong support
from his constituents.

The Atlantic Coast Fisheries Company is removing its "liver oil operation department" from Provincetown to Los Angeles, California, for the production of vitamin products from fish livers. The Atlantic Fisheries Company operating on the Pacific coast will be on a par with the Pacific Bank and the Pacific Club here on Nantucket in the Atlantic ocean.

Mary Belle Shop featuring all the new hair cuts, with Creme or Oil Permanent wave to suit your individuality. 1078-W

On Sat. June 6 - 1942 at one oclock in the A.M. the "Gen. Green", coast guard Cutter brought in to Nantucket a boat load of torpedoed Dutch sailors, from a Dutch freighter. They were billited in 10 men. Bennett Hall & reported two more boats from their ship off. Sankaty some where about 70 mile Probably. The Navy blimp, the Gen Green, & our local coast guard men searched all Sat & Sunday, day & night & the Gen Green brought them in Mon. June 8 at 2 a.m. & took on the other 10 men & left at once. There were 19 men in the 2nd lot in 2 boats, 29 in all, & had been in their life boat about 5 days. Six men from the ship were lost.

Nantucket Island Is the Closest You Can Get to Europe in 1946

With Restrictions on Overseas Vacations, This Last Outpost of the U. S. in the Atlantic Offers a Haven for Escapists From Run-of-the-Mine Resorts

6/10/46

Last outpost of the United States out in the Atlantic is Nantucket Island—once the whaling capital of the world, now a vivid projection of life in America a century ago. Maintaining an isolation possible only for an island, Nantucket has managed to retain most of the flavor of American culture before the Civil War—and to do it unselfconsciously.

Nantucket was first settled by a Puritan escaping from the Puritans of the mainland—and it has been a haven for escapists ever since. Today—with Europe cut off from vacation travel—a trip to Nantucket is the straightest line to another way of life.

Though the whalers and the men who sailed them have been gone from Nantucket's wharves for almost one hundred years, the island still retains the atmosphere of its halcyon days in the beginning of the last century. You'll walk the same cobbled streets, saunter down the same flowered lanes, view the sea from the same platforms—the widows' walks—around the chimneys of old houses from which the wives of seafaring men watched the horizon for the sprouting topsails of homecoming whalers.

With all this early American charm so readily available to New York City, it's no wonder that the good Yankee innkeepers of Nantucket are looking forward to the greatest holiday season in the island's history.

Reopening Hotels and Inns

Many of its hotels and inns are open for the first time since the beginning of the war, and Nantucket's returned service men are taking over the management of some which operated under the temporary direction of members of their family while they were away.

Re-opened this season are the White Elephant, the Sea Cliff Inn, the Ocean House, the Ship's Inn, Nesbitt Inn and the Gordon Folger Inn at Nantucket Town; the Wauwinet and the "Old 'Sconset" Inn at Siasconset.

Despite these augmentations to the island's tourist accomodations, Nantucket hotelkeepers fear they will be unable to care for all the summer visitors. However, they believe sufficient rooms will be available in private homes to accommodate the overflow.

With some "summer" residents already taking up their sojourn on the island, it is evident that the holiday season is beginning earlier than ever this year. Most of the private tourist homes are already open, and all hotels will be open by mid-June.

Regattas Scheduled

The Yacht Club is opening early in June, and is planning a varied program to last throughout the season. Two regattas are scheduled, with match races and more informal racing slated for every week-end. Dances will be held weekly, afternoon tea with music will be a daily feature and guest entertainers will appear each week.

The 'Sconset Casino will be open for tennis, dancing and movies. Once again the Straight Wharf Theater will present a local cast and guest stars in a stock program of seven or eight plays during the summer season.

Dining facilities for summer visitors to the island are expected to be better than ever before, as a number of local residents have decided to open eating places to help accommodate the record number of vacationists expected this summer.

Death of Arthur Chase.

11/2/46

The many friends and acquaintances of Arthur D. Chase were indeed sorry to learn of his passing early on Monday morning of this week. Although stricken with an incurable malady, his death came as a sudden shock to those who had kept in touch with his home during his illness.

The deceased was in his 61st year. He had been a faithful employee of the A. & P. company here on Nantucket for nearly thirty years. Always of an obliging disposition, he made many friends while manager of stores on Gardner and Main streets and he will be missed by the many he served so well.

WANTED—A Miniature "Grandfather's Clock," as made by Wallie Brown, of 'Sconset, fifty years ago. Write offer to Box 81, 'Sconset. 5/9/46 1t

Health, Safety and Happiness.

6/7/46

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Although it is impossible to guarantee safety anywhere in the midst of a World War, Nantucket is considered a safer place to live in than most cities and summer resorts. The reasons for the above have been well portrayed by recent articles in your paper.

Spend a summer at Nantucket, learn to know its people, who are kind and friendly and whose friendship is to be greatly desired. Here you will find Health, Safety and Happiness.

If our hearts are ruled by fear we will not feel safe anywhere—by faith, safe anywhere.

Very truly yours,
Lewis C. Henry.

York city.

* * * *

6/13/46

The Messrs. Henry came down from New Jersey for the Memorial Day week-end, occupying their charming home over on the Shimmo shore, which they have named "Enchantment"—a name which is entirely suited to the estate, with its delightful view across the harbor to the town in the distance, and its wonderful air of hospitality within. The Messrs. Henry expect to be here the entire season from the middle of June on.

*

6/13/46

I'm down
Orange Street
a little bit but
It's worth the walk

DOC RYDER

6/13/46

If I'm not in the store,
you'll find me on
Main Street.

Hunt me up
when you get
to Town!

Doc SHEEHAN

HABERDASHERY

"Pat" Walker Writes "Home."

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

I am enclosing a so-called poem—which I dashed off after having seen and read the article on Nantucket in National Geographic's April issue. It made me so homesick not to be down there again this summer! And here I am —way out in the cornfields with nary a drop of water around!! However—I can visit in memory—and my memories of Nantucket are most pleasant.

Also, I keep in touch with the Island news through the *Mirror*, which a friend sends faithfully every week, and I do enjoy it so! Most of all the "Chatty Letter to those in Service." It's almost like meeting an old friend on Main street and stopping a few minutes to go over the every-day news events. Please let us have more of those columns! Best wishes to you and all my Nantucket friends.

"Pat."

Patricia W. Walker H. A. 2|c
formerly Nantucket Cottage Hosptial.
Naval Dispensary
Ames, Iowa.

Dear little Island far away—
How I long to be back with you today!
A precious gem far out to sea—
I'm surely there now—in memory.

Walking down [illegible] cobblestoned
"Main"
There's blind Herbie playing still!
And a Coast Guard boy with a hat
'most filled.
Folks from over the country wide,—
Singing lustily, side by side.

Biking out the Madaket Road
Into the sunset—moors all gold—
Or past "Our Island Home"—then left
Towards Polpis way—I hold my
breath!
Such beauty all around me lies—
The sea—white sails—feathery clouds
—blue skies.

A little too far by bike —I've tried!
Is sweet, darling, dainty 'Sconset—
Never even in Heaven, I'm sure,
Is there anything to compare with its
Tiny, doll-like, rose-covered houses—
white fences covered, too—
And Mrs. McRae's old-fashioned lady
Waving a welcome to you!

Now we're off to the Jetties for a dip,
The water invitingly tempting,
To lay on the beach, so clean and
white,
Eyes closed, ears tuned—just waiting
To hear the friendly greeting—
The whistle loud and plaintive.
Ah! there she is in Majesty!
Our only link with the mainland.

Decks filled with jolly vacationers—
'Round Brant Point she's sailed
Into the dock, where so many times
She's come and gone without fail
Hundreds more to touch these shores
To get "sand in their shoes" and re-
turn o'er and o'er.

As I sailed from this Isle one Novem-
ber day
Five copper coins I threw—
Into the ocean so wide and deep
As we rounded Brant Point—and my
view
Of the little town was obscured a bit,
By a strange mist in my eyes.
"Oh, fog again!" I said to myself
As I furtively wiped them dry!

Come wind, or storm, or fog, or rain
My five pennies insist I return again.
Dear Gray Lady of the Sea
Linger awhile in memory.

A man in sailor's uniform giving the name of Kenneth Lewis, was taken into custody last night on West Main Street by Officers Teeter and Stark, and held as a deserter. A message to the Coast Guard stationed in New York City brought an answer to the effect that the man was a deserter, and to hold him, that officers would be here today to take charge of the case. Lewis was removed to the county jail at Fonda where he told Sheriff Nellis that he was 23 years of age, and that his home was in Nantucket, Mass. He said that he had left New York four months ago, and that the attention of the officers was attracted to him because his uniform during that period had become soiled and dirty.

The records of the local police include the names of quite a number of men who are listed as deserters from various camps but that of Lewis was not included among them.

8/15/42

Jesse E. B. Cunningham, Pennsylvania Judge, 74

Superior Court Jurist Was Ex-Aid to Attorney General

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 6 (AP).—Jesse E. B. Cunningham, Judge of the Pennsylvania Superior Court and former Deputy Attorney General, died tonight in Jefferson Hospital. He was seventy-four years old.

Born in Johnstown, Pa., he was graduated from Washington and Jefferson College. He began teaching but quit to study law and was admitted to the Westmoreland County bar in 1893. In 1900 he was elected District Attorney of that county. He was named Deputy Attorney General in 1907 and [illegible] in 1915.

[illegible] boarding Indian-head pen-
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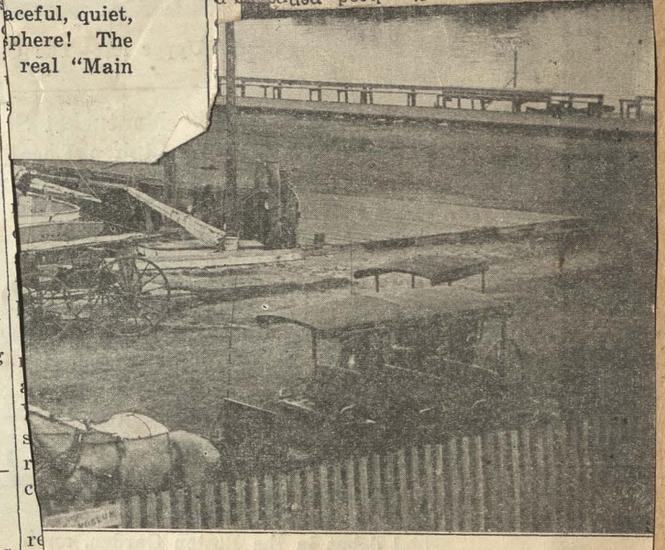

REACHED NANTUCKET.

[illegible]s to Nantucket and before the Yacht Club came into
[illegible] Water Baths." It is now standing on Easy street. Note

ATTEST

DIED

7/24/23

At Princeton, New Jersey, July 22, Edith C. Roberts, daughter of Mrs. John E. Roberts and the late Mr. Roberts.

"MAIN STREET"

8/1-/44

"Main Street" is America's best-known thoroughfare. It is a symbol of life that is real. It is the focal point for shopping and the discussion of public issues, where one simply joins the passing throng. Most every town has its "Main Street," but there is no other town that possesses a "Main Street" equal to that on Nantucket.

Other towns may have busier, noisier thoroughfares, more pretentious stores, larger show windows, more business activity. But Nantucket's "Main Street" is different from them all. Every cobble in its road, every brick in its sidewalks, every leaf on the elms arched over-head, all have their traditions, their back-ground, their memories, which grouped together are what makes Nantucket's "Main Street" different.

A century ago the oil-laden trucks rumbled along; young men anxious for the sea, stood talking with middle-aged men who had returned from long voyages "round the Horn," to the South Pacific islands—Nantucket youth were eager for a share in the adventurous world. The topic of conversation in those days was whaling, fitting out, successful voyages. Years have passed; Nantucket has changed; conversation and town topics are vastly different; the livelihood of the townspeople has changed; but it is still "Main Street."

And it will always be "Main Street." Summer folk now throng the thoroughfare by day and by evening. Comfortable benches are there, cordially inviting passers-by to sit down and rest—to watch the world go by. Children, parents, grandparents, mingle together, sing together; the little flower girls offer bunches of posies at so much a bunch. Confidence in mankind places a box or other receptacle near-by in which to drop the coin. Self service, indeed. Just an example of what Nantucket extends to all who come to enjoy the island.

Everybody is good-natured on Main street—peaceful, quiet, ca[illegible]e, home-like, congenial—what an atmosphere! The [illegible]d the elms unite in their hospitality. A real "Main [illegible]d!

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1945

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[illegible] Court was to have [illegible] ber 31, 1945.

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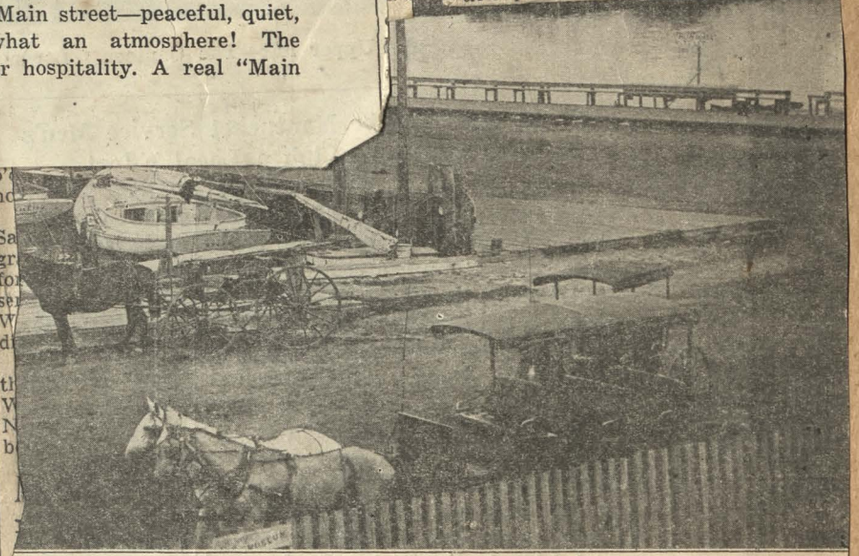
He was a member of the Philadelphia County, State and National Bar associations and a trustee of Wilson College, Chambersburg.

Surviving are his wife, Caroline; a sister, Mrs. John Silsley, of Greensburg, Pa.; and a stepson, Lieutenant George Bradshaw, of the U. S. Army Air Corps.



[illegible] AUTOMOBILES AND SPEEDBOATS REACHED NANTUCKET.

[illegible]ats and "partying" were popular among the visitors to Nantucket and before the Yacht Club came into [illegible] white building at the right was "Hayden's Hot Sea Water Baths." It is now standing on Easy street. Note [illegible] "three-seater" in the foreground.

ATTEST

12/10/42

THE EVENING BULLETIN—PHILADELP

JUDGE CUNNINGHAM DIES IN HOSPITAL

Superior Court Member since 1926 Succumbs here at Age of 74

Judge Jesse E. B. Cunningham, member of the Pennsylvania Superior Court since 1926, died yesterday in Jefferson Hospital. He was 74.

A native of Johnstown, his home in recent years was at 1530 Locust st. He served the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in various capacities, although during several periods he practiced law in Dauphin and Westmoreland counties.

After graduation from Washington and Jefferson College, he studied law in the offices of Joseph A. McCurdy, in Greensburg. He was elected district attorney of Westmoreland County in 1900.

In 1907 he was appointed deputy attorney general, serving in that post until 1915. During that time he played a major part in the prosecution of three former State officers and two others for conspiracy to defraud the Commonwealth in the furnishing of the new Capitol building. He helped obtain their conviction and the return of about $1,000,000 to the State. His term in the Superior Court was to have run until December 31, 1945.

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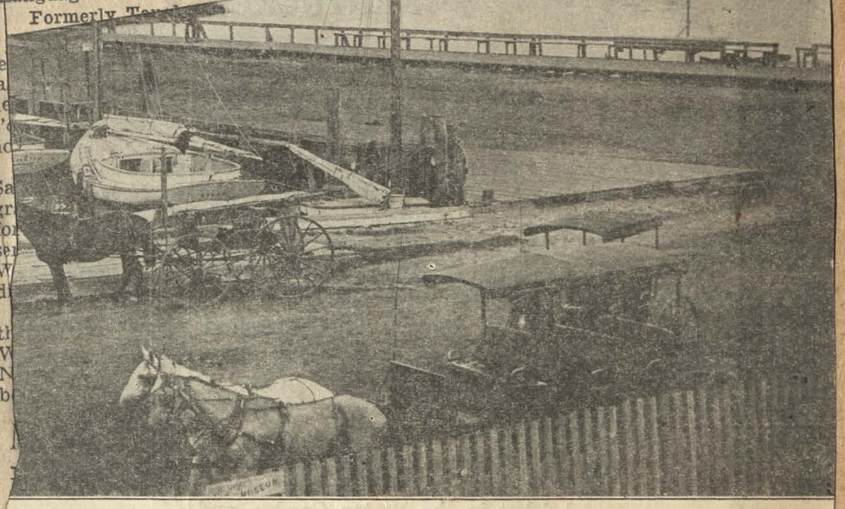
Judge Dies

JESSE E. B. CUNNINGHAM
Member of Pennsylvania Superior Court was 74

JOHN D. RENNINGER

Language Teacher in Harrisburg Formerly Te...



HOME AUTOMOBILES AND SPEEDBOATS REACHED NANTUCKET.

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ATTEST

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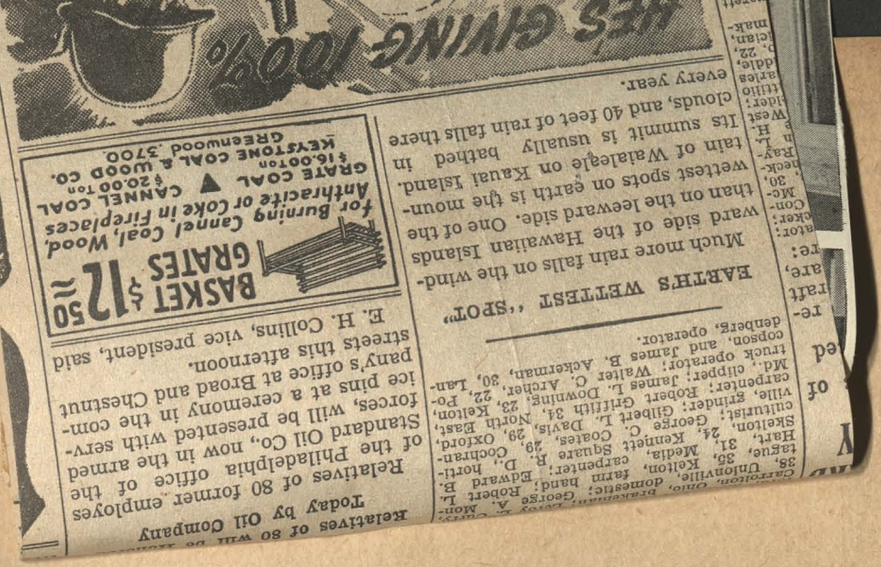
1942

...You're hoarding Indian-head pen-... nies, the Mint wishes you'd put them ...



Relatives of 80 former employes of the Philadelphia office of the Standard Oil Co., now in the armed forces, will be presented with service pins at a ceremony in the company's office at Broad and Chestnut streets this afternoon.

E. H. Collins, vice president, said

Today by Oil Company

Much more rain falls on the windward side of the Hawaiian Islands than on the leeward side. One of the wettest spots on earth is the mountain of Waialeale on Kauai Island. Its summit is usually bathed in clouds, and 40 feet of rain falls there every year.

EARTH'S WETTEST "SPOT"

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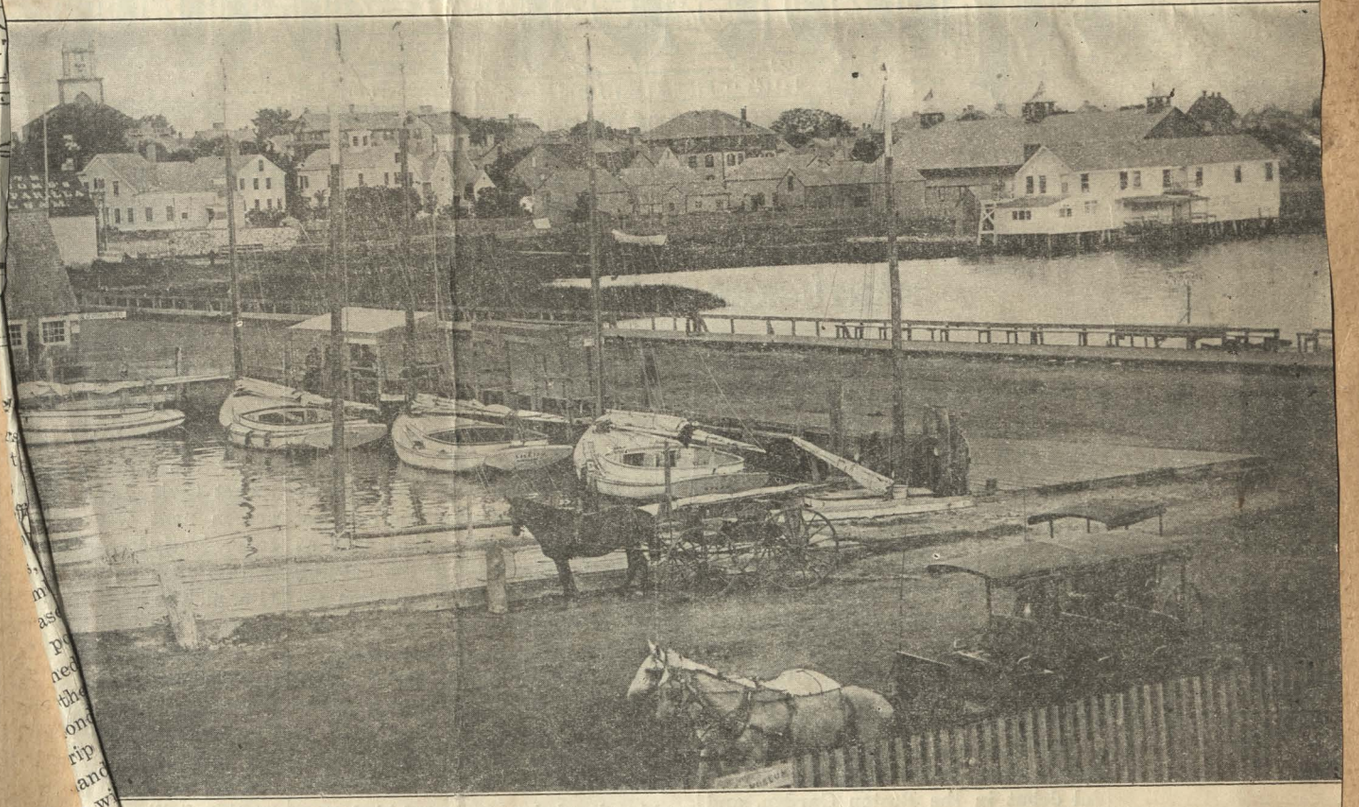
Pat Idle Coins to Work

Students Enlisted in Drive to

U.S. Asks End to Hoarding

Of Indian-Head Pennies

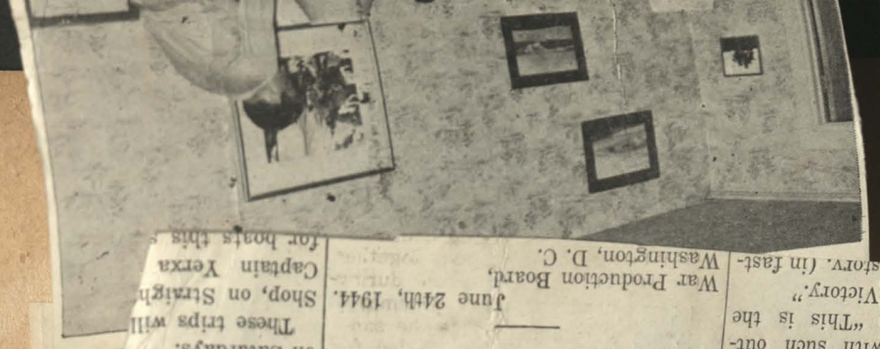
MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS. SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1944.



BEFORE AUTOMOBILES AND SPEEDBOATS REACHED NANTUCKET.

Boats and "partying" were popular among the visitors to Nantucket and before the Yacht Club came into ... white building at the right was "Hayden's Hot Sea Water Baths." It is now standing on Easy street. Note ... "three-seater" in the foreground.

ATTEST_____



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...deserter, and

"Direct Hit" tells the story. (In fast-

...for boats this

Captain Yerxa

Shop, on Straigh

These trips will

on Saturdays.

another Sailing Tri

nesday; if the dem

day, and a Sailing T

Fishing Trip each M

Beginning next week,

summer, will be resu

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Every one will be

will be open on week

11 a. m. The telephone

conveniently located at

season next week. The

tucket Civic League, c

under the sponsorship

The Nantucket Neigh

of Community Inv

"Neighbors" Planning

Protests Inability to Have Telephones Installed.

Government orders which the Telephone Company must follow have made it impossible for cottagers to have telephones installed and this fact has been detrimental to the island as a summer resort, even at the opening of the season. The same situation exists in other places, yet appeals to the Telephone Company cannot bring relief. One of our summer residents who found this annoying situation existing upon the arrival of his family at Nantucket, has written to the War Production Board in a strong protest, and has handed us a copy of his letter, as follows:

June 24th, 1944.

War Production Board,
Washington, D. C.

"Direct Hit" Will Be Presented to Bond Buyers on July 4th.

Those participants in the Fifth War Loan Drive, who buy bonds worth $25 or more, will be admitted free to the "all-services" musical comedy "Direct Hit," to be presented at the Yacht Club on the evening of July 4th. It is to be a stellar performance, with some twenty-five former stars of stage, screen and radio, now serving in the various armed forces, taking part and being supported by a cast of 63 men and 22 women.

The show has been on tour all over New England, following its successful debut in the Boston Garden, and has been acclaimed as a real hit, to be compared favorably with such outstanding successes as "This is the Army" and "Winged Victory."

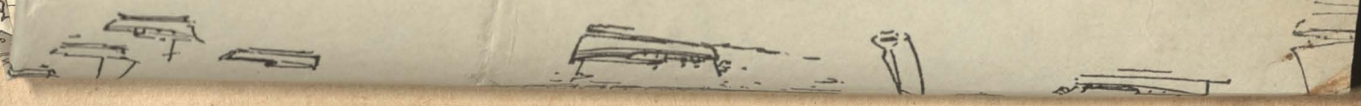
NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, JU

...22 a pair

...TOMERS.

...O.

...DI...



SANKATY HEAD GOLF CLUB

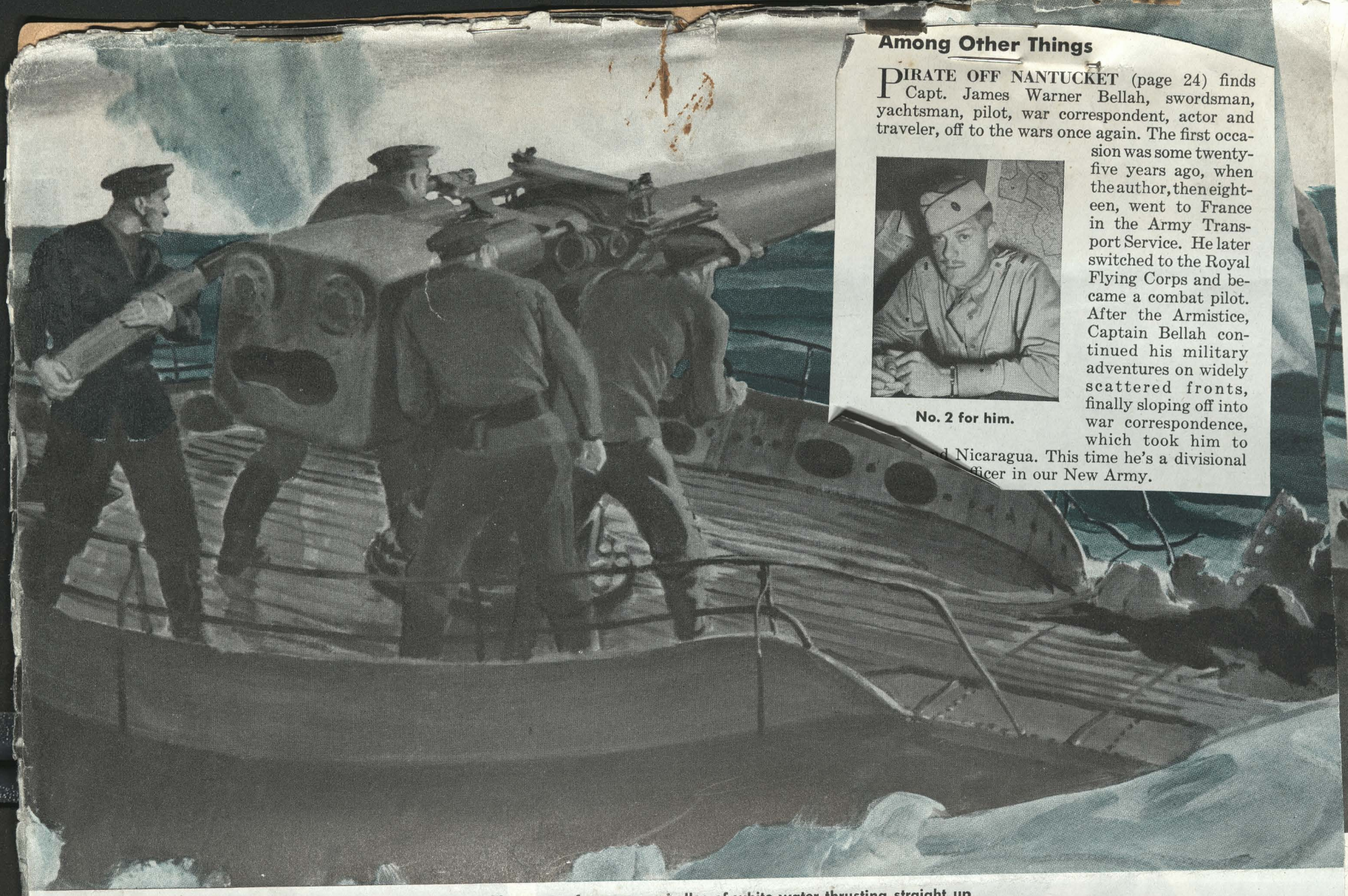
PAR	4	5	3	4	3	4	4	5	4	36	4	4	3	5	4	3	4	5	4	36	72	
DISTANCE YARDS	432	455	197	379	135	405	339	500	382	3224	385	358	191	488	413	148	392	515	296	3186	6410	
HANDICAP	1	17	9	6	11	3	18	16	5	OUT	12	10	13	7	2	14	4	8	15	IN	TOTAL	HANDICAP
HOLES	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18			NET SCORE
Harry	4	6	4	7	4	4	5	6	6	52	5	5	4	7	6	5	6	7	4	49	101	
Mattie	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	6	6	46	5	6	4	6	5	5	4	7	5	47	93	
Lew	5	6	4	7	5	9	5	6	6	53	6	5	6	8	6	4	7	7	5	54	107	
Stan	5	5	4	5	3	4	4	5	5	40	3	4	3	6	4	3	5	6	4	38	78	
Scratch																						
July 21/43																						

WON + LOST − HALVED 0

DATE +1 +2 +3 +4

SCORER +5 +6 +7 +8 +9 +8 +9

ATTEST



There were four more spindles of white water thrusting straight up into the sunlight. And again four. Closer, pinching in on the raider.

Among Other Things

PIRATE OFF NANTUCKET (page 24) finds Capt. James Warner Bellah, swordsman, yachtsman, pilot, war correspondent, actor and traveler, off to the wars once again. The first occasion was some twenty-five years ago, when the author, then eighteen, went to France in the Army Transport Service. He later switched to the Royal Flying Corps and became a combat pilot. After the Armistice, Captain Bellah continued his military adventures on widely scattered fronts, finally sloping off into war correspondence, which took him to Nicaragua. This time he's a divisional officer in our New Army.

No. 2 for him.

Pirate Off Nantucket

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

It was the blood of the Cassatts that made Andy set out to find his brother Mike that night he heard the Bannockburn had been torpedoed.

ANDY CASSATT ate his supper in sullen silence. The algebra books lay under the lamp on the red-and-white-checked cloth. Mrs. Albro would tell him to get at them as soon as he finished. That's what his brother paid her for—to cook and clean and sew and keep the house for Andy to study in and live in.

"I'm agoin' to tell your brother where you were again this afternoon, soon's he docks," she said. Andy put his fork down. "He ain't agoin' to like it"—the thin lips snapped shut—"because your job's to stay in school, not to hang around that Navy recruitin' fella at the post office."

"I wasn't hangin' around," Andy said angrily. "I was talking to him 'bout enlistin' in the inactive reserve—I can graduate and still be called up next fall—when I'm seventeen. And after I'm in, maybe I can go to Annapolis."

The woman shook her head. "Michael Cassatt ain't agoin' to allow it. I've heard him talk to you about gettin' yourself edjicated. You ain't enlistin' in the Navy. I mind the night he took you up to the graveyard and showed you them family gravestones. He couldn't get an edjication like your old people had, so he had to go for a common sailor himself. But you ain't agoin' for one, so get it out of your mind."

"He didn't do so bad," Andy growled. "He's got his master's ticket; he'll be going as captain next trip or the one after. Cap'n Whitehouse's a sick man. He knows it and Mike knows it. Likely, Mike'll have the Bannockburn herself—one of the smaller boats anyway."

"It took him a good many years," Mrs. Albro said, "making up for the lack of the book learning he's giving you. Don't think he's going to forget that. And he's mighty stubborn, is your brother Michael. You git after those schoolbooks now."

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

"Not till I hear the news." Andy swung around in his chair and snapped on the radio switch. ". . . rich, creamy lather . . . the fourth vessel to send out its distress call since dawn yesterday, when the Languedoc was attacked. Authoritative naval sources believe that there are at least two enemy raiders operating in the waters of the Boston coastal area. No further details are available at the present time."

"Is that so?" Andy snorted at the radio. He reached for a rolled chart on the shelf above. "That's all you know about it. There doesn't have to be but one sub!" He spread the chart out on the table. "I bet I can put my finger almost on the spot that fourth ship went down—if I knew the ship, where she was going or coming from. On a twenty-mile segment of a circle—not knowing it. What do you want to bet?"

"I ain't bettin'," said Mrs. Albro firmly, "and you git to studyin' now."

"You look here," Andy said. "I bet I could tell them in Boston it only has to be one submarine. I bet it's so obvious they haven't thought of it. She's intercepting whatever is taking a departure from the lightship or making a landfall on her."

Mrs. Albro watched his flushed, excited face. It always hurt her to see him that way, because that

way he looked just like her own Eddie would have looked. She pressed her lips tightly together in faint remembered pain.

Andy pointed a finger at her. "She's run away from two areas. So they take it for granted she'll run away from the third. But this time she fools 'em. She just moves off her course a little, submerges and lies on the shelf until sundown again. Sundown today. And I'll bet she's lying between a southeasterly bearing from the lightship and say a shade just east by south. That way whatever comes in from South Africa, or leaves New York for Europe, or comes in from ——"

Mrs. Albro looked at him.

"—— Bermuda," Andy said. He stared at the chart for a moment. "It's too soon for Mike." His voice was sharp, for he suddenly realized that it wasn't too soon. A quick run down, a quick unloading and a quick run back, and Mike could be docking in Boston.

He twisted the radio again. "Survivors of the Languedoc and the Choctaw were brought into Boston late this afternoon. So far, it is known that there are seven survivors of the Pitcairn Island aboard an unspecified Coast Guard cutter still at sea, but no further word has been received from the Bannockburn since she sent out her distress ——"

"Mrs. Albro, it's the Bannockburn!" He was turned toward her, white-faced, staring at the woman, his eyes stinging at the corners, so that for a second he could hardly see her. Then he grabbed up his chart and his cap, and barged out of the house. A dog was barking in the quietude of the supper hour.

The night was drawn down tightly around him and around the whole island, and somewhere in that darkness his old people stood with him. He felt them suddenly as Mike felt them. The compulsion of them. The obligation to them. Old whaling masters and old clipper captains in their white knee breeches and their gold-headed ebony canes. Dead Cassatts come back from the cities of the world and the lanes of the Seven Seas to sleep on Nantucket. Capt. Makepeace Cassatt, of the Orion. Capt. Rufus Cassatt, of the barkentine Nora. And suddenly all that his brother Mike had ever told him was a blinding consciousness in his mind.

"Your old people aren't ever going to let you go, Andy. You'll know, when you get older. Because they're you and you're them. So get a grip on them at the start, and make 'em work for you. Make your life out of what they gave you, good blood and bad. Drink, devil and duty, but do the job! And remember always it's the little things that make the job. Remember the little things and you'll never have to worry about the big ones. Because that's what the big things always are—the sum of the little ones."

"I mind the night he took you up to the graveyard and showed you them gravestones."

His brother Mike was almost old enough to be his father, and all Andy's life he'd tried to be. But he was cold about it sometimes, harsh about it, ruthless.

Andy was tearing toward Jessup's now, through the narrow streets of the old town, his breathing deep and strong within his young chest and his leg muscles hard to the impact of his feet on the roadway. He burst into the lighted store and turned around deliberately to close the door and steady himself. The air inside was warm and heavy with the smell of salt fish and new rubber boots and tub butter and kerosene.

"Just heard it, Andy," Owen Jessup said. "It said they picked up the call at about ten minutes of five—no position, no nothing else. That's two hours ago. They'll have sent destroyers out, and planes. It's tough on Mike." Owen passed his rough hand across his mouth and shook his head.

"Owen"—Andy Cassatt walked over and put both hands flat on the worn counter—"I want the Sally J."

"Aw, say now, Andy; Mike wouldn't want this himself. It's crazy. They'll do everything possible out of Boston. If you think a minute, you'll know that. Even they haven't got the Bannockburn's last position. You can't just shove off in sixty feet and comb around the whole ocean."

"That's not what I'm going to do. And it isn't the whole ocean." Andy spread out his chart on the counter and put his finger under Nantucket Lightship. "Owen, you've got to believe me. Give me your parallel rule. Here. Like this." Andy worked for a minute laying off bearings. "I know it, Owen. That sub wouldn't head farther south, because she's working the lightship. Everything she's done so far proves it. Mike says they always work the lightships, and a man's a fool to use them in wartime. That's how I know that that same sub got Mike, and where it got him. It was swinging on this circle." He swung the circle with Owen's navigator's compass, a continuation of the circle that intercepted the positions of (Continued on Page 52)

PIRATE OFF NANTUCKET

(Continued from Page 25)

the Choctaw and the Pitcairn Island attacks. "And they got Mike right in here. Well off the lightship, but on that same circle. They got him by chance! The sub just kept swinging on that circle—and it caught Mike. I want to go out there in the Sally J right away."

Owen looked at him. "You know you're right, Andy, don't you?"

"Sure as I'm standing here!"

"Get going then; I'll meet you on the Sally. Get Black Oke."

Andy headed for the dead-end alleyway behind Carson's shop and pounded on Black Oke's door.

Fifteen minutes later they were swaying up the Sally's heads'ls to get way on her to cast off.

At the outer harbor buoy, Owen nodded to Andy. "You keep her."

"I'm laying for Great Point in a minute."

"Right." Owen shouted forward, "On the jib sheets, Oke!"

It was just on to ten when they came up on Great Point Light and beat around the point laying for Sankaty Head. Owen took the wheel and Andy turned in.

Somewhere not so many miles away, Mike was in those same waters. Maybe he was in a boat, rowing. Maybe he was alone, swimming in his belt, pushing a piece of timber along with him. Big, vital Mike. Or maybe—Andy closed his eyes tightly and clenched his fists—he was just in them, floating face downward.

The nervous excitement washed out of his *youth and he slept until Black Oke and Owen came about again and rolled him out of the bunk.*

It was five o'clock. Owen put a flashlight down to the chart he had spread on the cockpit deck and pointed. "We're just about in here, Andy. Here's where your last tick is. Over there is Nantucket."

"You're way south; you must have had wind."

Owen nodded. "We've been footing it pretty steadily all night. Now I figure we'll run off another three quarters of an hour as we go, and come about again. That'll put us just north of your ticked position. Then if the wind holds, we'll run it out until noon. If we don't find anything by noon, we'll come in and call it a sail."

Andy looked at him for a moment. "That's it, Owen, because we haven't got a radio set, so we can't know what the Navy's found. But if they didn't find anything, and we don't, we'll know then that there isn't anything."

"Don't talk like that. We came out to get Mike. So we get Mike."

The three of them lapsed into the silence of night sailing, waiting for the dawn to whiten to port.

Suddenly they could see the tight line of the Sally's backstay against the darkness above and the lower course of reef points and her slapping lazy jacks, and that was the beginning of dawn.

"Owen!"

At the wheel, Black Oke's mouth dropped open.

Three hundred yards to starboard there was a black can buoy, only larger—and it wasn't a can buoy. There were men beside it—standing beside it, and a head over top of it, and a voice, "On the schooner! Heave to . . . at once!"

"For God's sake, head up, Oke!" Owen breathed through his teeth. Black Oke didn't need the word; he was throwing the wheel as soon as Owen started to speak.

"Hold her!" the voice bellowed at them across the water. "What ship?"

"Sally J, out of Nantucket."

"Stand by for boarding. You're a prize. Muster all hands on deck by your wheel. I'm coming along your starboard side. Hold her up as she goes." And they saw the machine gun on her bridge rail, trained on them.

In the half light, all of it was completely unreal—all of it but that voice. The three of them stood rigid in the Sally's cockpit, with bitter saliva threading down the backs of their throats and the bend of their elbows cold with nerve tension.

"Well, and then the ol' Father Bear looked around . . . an' uhhh. . . . Oh, yeah . . . ol' Fazzerbear said ah . . . whoozbn mmm . . . whoozbn mmm eatnup ahmm."

The submarine turned slowly toward them, rounded behind, and they could smell the hot uncleanliness of heavy Diesel smoke.

Owen reached out for Andy's arm and bit into it with his fingers. "Son, you ain't talked yet. When you do, be careful."

"You didn't have to say that."

Close to, it was an unholy craft. Lean, metallic, vicious. A trespasser and a murderer with the blood of four ships on her. And the sudden hatred in the boy was pain for a moment. Blind hatred that Owen had seen in his eyes.

There were four men forward of the submarine's conning tower. The wet gun crew. Damp looking, rumpled men in sea boots and sweaters watching the lightening waters to the northward and eastward like hunted animals, their backs to the Sally. All of the blackness of the raider was white-streaked and weathered gray. Sea-worn, softened. And suddenly the three men on the Sally saw something more. She was torn up, ragged ripped, between the wet gun and the conning tower. The edges of the rip were a jagged blossoming of torn steel.

"Sumpin done hit her," Black Oke breathed.

Owen nodded.

And again the voice on her hailed them, "Steady!" They could see her officer's face now under the visor of his cap, tight drawn along the jaw lines, young—hard young. He had his hands on the wet wheel, laying his ship alongside, himself. Deep bells rang inside of her and white water boiled in her wake. She came in on the Sally neatly, rubbing her, holding close to her and stopping. The gun-access-trunk hatch opened and more men came up out of her, men with white faces and white hands under the dirt. Sick white from no sunlight.

The rip in her topsides had opened great torn leaves of her deck plates about eight feet forward of the base of her conning tower, ruffled them upward and outward and cut in below into the hull itself, for inside the tear there was growling green flame suddenly, a portable oxy torch, and the movement of men in small space. And as one man moved there was white paint visible far beyond the hole and the glare of electric lights from below. Not a direct hit, because that would have penetrated her and blown her open, but a close-in lashing, with the shell splinters ripping her wet superstructure wide and cutting through it to hull her. The 4.7's on the Bannockburn.

The broad sheer of the Sally ground against the rounded submerged side of the submarine and the boarding party took short runs, and leaped to the schooner's deck, awkwardly, as if their legs were stiff. The boarding officer had a long-snouted automatic pistol in his hand with a black leather lanyard across the shoulder of his gray sweater. He steadied himself and stepped down into the cockpit. He was extremely young, and arrogant in his youth.

He jerked his head toward Andy and Owen and Black Oke. Ridiculously and momentarily, as if he had read in a book that he must do just that. He said, "Leutnant zur See Hessels," and thereafter he ignored them completely, except to look at them now and then. He searched the cabin and the forepeak, and sent a man to the main masthead. Lines coiled off the raider and struck on the Sally's deck with a bony rattle, and in a few moments she was hauled in close to the submarine.

The skipper shouted in German to Hessels and the boarding party tried to lay the Sally's main and fores'l booms across the submarine's deck, but both boats were still up into the wind and the schooner's canvas was backed. They couldn't walk the booms even outboard of the Sally.

They hitched lines to the boom ends and hauled from the submarine's deck. That way they got the booms outboard, but it didn't please the officer on the conning tower.

It was thirteen hours since the Bannockburn had sent out her call. If there had been a chance, it was going. If Mike was out there alone, he was on his own now, with the Sally caught, with only the new day to give him hope. Big, blustering Mike. Andy wanted to cry, not actual tears, but deep inside of him, because no matter what happened now, it wouldn't be any good if Mike was gone.

What in heck are they after? What are they trying to do?

The raider's skipper was bellowing at Hessels, and Hessels, on the Sally, was standing stiffly to attention. He said, "Yes, Herr Kapitän," twice, and he yelled angrily at his men. It wasn't arrogance, with Hessels. It was sullenness. The heavy, controlled sullenness of insufficiency and fear. He lived with fear and he was worn by it. Fear had stolen his youth.

Then Owen was getting it. Black Oke was getting it. They all got it suddenly together.

Andy stood up and moved close to Owen. "She can't submerge, and dawn's caught her, so she's going to use us as a decoy, with our canvas to blanket her and our shadow to lie in when the sun comes up."

"Maybe," Owen growled, "but they ain't sailors. Not a sailor in the lot."

"Owen, she can't stay out here, even with us. She's safe enough from the north'ard because of Nantucket. That's why she's on our starboard side. But she'll have to run farther inshore, farther east with us. You watch."

Owen nodded. "That's sensible. It wouldn't be No Mans, would it?"

"You've got it. Fifty-five miles, and the further inshore she gets, the less chance of a destroyer spotting her."

"No one but the caretaker on No Mans to bother with," Black Oke whispered. "Sho, sho, No Mans. 'At's it. To refit and repair."

"You vill not shpeak togedder!" They all turned quickly. Hessels, gun in hand, was glaring at them.

"Even if I can tell you how to do what you are trying to do?" Andy said.

"Iss no madder!" Hessels shouted at him. "Keep shtill!"

"Can I tell him?" Andy pointed at the skipper. His voice was soft, almost eager.

Owen stared as if the boy had struck him. His eyes went blank, cold; Black Oke's eyes were wide in disbelief.

"What are you trying to do, help him?" Owen growled.

"Silenz!" Hessels brought the gun up slowly.

From the conning tower, the captain called across in German. Hessels answered him.

"On the schooner! You will not talk!" the German said. "You, boy, there at the wheel. Do you hear me?"

(Continued on Page 56)

No nation can be successful in war while its functions are frustrated by a people not physically fit to man capably all arms of the service . . . at home and on the fighting fronts.

Thos. E. Wilson
Chairman of the Board

L. B. Icely
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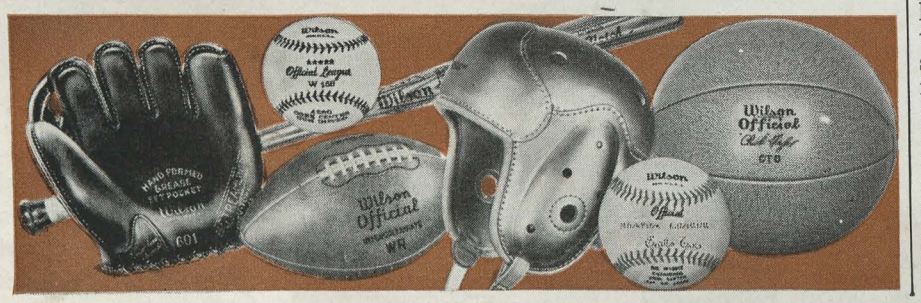

(Continued from Page 52)

"You've got to get yourself lower in the water," Andy said.

Now, you can't hit anything you shoot at from the hip. But Hessels did. He jerked his wrist and pulled the trigger of his automatic with quick fury, jerked the trigger with his wrist bent. The heavy explosion tore the loose expanse of the early morning like a knife cutting through taut fabric. Hessels' action was so blindly the action of an infuriated, half-frightened boy that the sound of the shot sobered him at once and stopped him from firing again. A bitter whiff of burned powder swept into Black Oke's broad nostrils. His knees began to give and his big, hunched body turned slowly as he went down with the dawn light gleaming on his great white teeth and his enormous, surprised eyeballs. Then he pitched heavily onto the deck planking and lay on his back, his hands to his belt line. The shot had taken him vitally. Oke lay there looking up at Andy and Owen, telling them with his eyes.

Then he told Hessels with his voice, "You done killed me, white boy, foh no reason," and quite simply Black Oke died. So simply that it was the most terrible thing that would ever happen.

There was Black Oke that they had known all their lives. Only it wasn't Black Oke; it was a dreadful, outraged, dead reminder of Black Oke. And there were Owen Jessup's eyes, telling Andy why forever.

The voice on the conning tower ignored all of it blandly. "Why do I have to get lower in the water?" it said.

Andy stared at him. It was just as if he didn't know it had happened, hadn't seen it.

"Yes, you," the German said. "Why do I have to get lower in the water?"

Andy tried to swallow, but he couldn't. "You've got to—got to get lower ——" Then he saw Owen's accusing eyes and he closed his own.

"Why?"

"So you can get under us. So we can lie in closer to you," Andy said. It was coming back now. He'd make it come back. They weren't sailing men. Little things. "Then—then, when we lie in closer, get a couple more cables to us and cant us over to port on your own underbody as you come up. That way the booms will lie to starboard across your deck."

"So? How do you know this?"

"I know how you're built. I read the magazines. And I know how our hull's built. That's all."

"You are a bright boy," the German said. "How is it you know what I intend to do? Is that in the magazines too?"

Owen turned his back angrily and spat overside.

For a moment longer the officer stared at Andrew. His head and shoulders disappeared from above the steel bridge curtain, and they heard him call an order into the depths of his own boat. Nothing happened for a moment or so, then the Sally was no longer touching; she was free of contact and the cables across her hung slack. At once the crew on deck took in scope and drew her closer. She ground against the sub again, and they took in more scope and they laid four more cables across her from the submarine, clewing them down and drawing them taut. The submarine lay much lower in the water now than it had at first. They'd changed trim and they were changing again. And then, very gently, the cables began to tighten of their own accord, biting deep into the Sally, crushing into her firmly, whispering with the tension as the sub rose a shade. And imperceptibly the schooner listed slightly to port, listed a little more, more, until she lay over at about twelve degrees. That way they could draw her main boom to starboard across the submarine abaft of the conning tower and screen the tower with it from the eastward. Then they drew her fores'l boom over forward of the tower, screening it to the west, and, with the topping lifts slacked off on the Sally, they secured the booms aboard the sub in that position. Bells rang and the taut cables across the Sally rasped and cut deeper and chafed her decks raw as the raider began to move.

The compass needle swung lazily around and steadied on a touch north of east. Owen looked at it mechanically, for something to do, looked overside to see what they were making. Four and half to five knots. Testing to see what the cumbersome rig would hold at. *Better not get much more than five,* Owen's mind said, *or it won't look like sailing, if anyone sees us. Keep your mind on anything rather than think of Black Oke.*

Andy sat with his back turned to Owen, thinking what Owen was thinking, but only thinking it around the edges of the wet red hole that Black Oke's murder had left in his mind. *Doesn't look like sailing. Doesn't look like sailing, if any boat sees it.* But as he thought it, exultantly, it was as if the wind heard him and wanted to help the Germans. It hauled around almost two points and freshened perceptibly, bellying into the Sally's canvas.

Two of the boarding party laid onto Black Oke's stiffening arms and hauled him to the companion. Bumped him down into the cabin.

Still Owen wouldn't look at Andy. The boy was feeling it now, knowing it. Owen thought he might never be able to look at him again. He could see him out of the corner of his eye, sitting on the locker top, knowing now what he'd done to Black Oke by talking, and helping them. *Suppose I never can look at him again? Suppose I never can?*

Eight o'clock. Eight or nine hours to No Mans. Five in the afternoon. Could they get away with it that long?

There were a whale of a lot of Navy wagons usually around Newport, going back and forth. Coming out or going in between Block Island and No Mans. *But why don't they come? If it was only swordfish time!* But it wasn't. Owen was biting his thumb.

There must be some boat out here somewhere. There must be some plane that'll come out and spot us. From the air, they ought to see what we're hiding, even miles away. Maybe, except from right overhead, we'd just look like a schooner to an airplane. No, no! Owen threw his head up and his muscles stiffened in his back. For a moment he thought he had shouted, because as he thought it, the lookout on the main masthead did shout and point to the south and east.

She doesn't look like a schooner sailing; any sailor'd spot her miles away, and someone has. That's what the kid did, and I've been cursing his soul for a fool—and now it may be too late to tell him.

Not twenty feet from Owen they were swinging that murderous deck gun around, elevating her, laying her to fire across the Sally. The men on the schooner leaped wildly off her to the submarine. There were two more machine guns on the sub's bridge sud-

denly. Men were standing by the cables to slip them on order, and they were all straining their eyes to the south and east. Smoke boiling down close to the water. Black smoke. Full-speed, forced-draft smoke, and four hundred yards ahead, a beautiful thin spindle of water leaping straight up into the sunlight. They could see the destroyer's boiling [illegible] Someone had spotted what he'd made wrong about it all. And the destroyer had fired for them to heave to. He watched the Germans crouching to fight.

Owen stepped closer to Andy and gripped his hand where it hung at his side. "Good, kid, good! They still don't know!"

Suddenly the sub's skipper shouted and the men at the cables slipped them. The Sally lurched and threw out a flat sheet of water to port as they let her go. She whipped her sticks and her canvas cracked overhead. Then the sub's engines roared and Diesel smoke fanned across the wallowing schooner. Water boiled all along her starboard side and her booms slammed across her and whipped out to port as if they'd tear her sticks loose.

The sub fired her deck gun, and the blast of it tore the sound out of their ears, the air from their lungs, rocked them on their feet. There were four more spindles of white water thrusting straight up into the sunlight. And again four. Closer, pinching in on the raider. They could see the white-orange flame of her deck gun firing through the water spindles, swinging as the sub swung bow on to bring her forward torpedo tubes to bear, to narrow her silhouette.

The destroyer was huge now, careering down on them, and the firing of both ships shredded the morning, tore it to tatters, riddled it. Then a great gout of water leaped up over the midsection of the sub and whipped outward in all directions, with flame in it and black particles; whipped out and dropped back along the whole midsection length of the raider. But halfway back, it spurted upward again in another furious, torn sheet in the sunlight. And suddenly the conning tower was heeled over to port and the bow with the net cutter was coming up out of water. Men were running forward along her narrow deck, their arms flung up. Leaping overboard headlong and head down. Then the water between the sub and the Sally was pocked in a thousand small splashes as if a great fistful of pebbles had struck into it. And pebbles were striking the Sally. But that didn't matter. What mattered was the awful grandeur of sea death—the sub rolling in and under so fast that it wasn't possible. Rolling like a great black log, with that destroyer still tearing down on her through the screaming wind. Passing clean over where the submarine had been, dropping two ash cans and circling beyond the rumbling mushrooms that came up from them.

Then she bore down on the Sally and spoke through a megaphone. "What's your story?"

"They took us over just before daylight. We've been with them ever since. They killed one of our crew. He's in the cabin. I'm Owen Jessup, the owner."

"You're lucky," the destroyer's captain said. "We've got some of the Bannockburn survivors aboard. One of 'em's a Nantucket sailing man. He spotted you [illegible] do it! They weren't sailors, none of them. They canted us to port and hauled our booms to starboard. The kid sold 'em the idea. He had us on both tacks at the same time, port and starboard. Any sailor'd spot that as far as he could see. He's Andrew Cassatt."

"Wait a minute!" The destroyer's skipper turned to an officer behind him on the bridge. Then he called back to the Sally, "Tell him we've got his brother aboard, off the Bannockburn."

Mike sat in the dining room listening to Andy. "All right, all right." Mike raised his hand. "I've got it all now, and the answer is you don't enlist."

"Mike, I had to go before, but I've got to go double now. I can't ever get over Black Oke, unless I do go and pay 'em back more and more."

"You can't get over Black Oke completely, no matter what you do." Mike's voice was solemn. "Black Oke didn't lay down his life for you, but he died by mistake for what you were doing. What you were doing was right, Andy. You were selling them a little thing, a bill of goods that finally killed their ship and all but five of them. And that's big—just as I told you the little things generally are. But there is still Oke to account for—and dead Germans can't do it for you. You've got to account for him yourself, Andy. Because that officer couldn't shoot, you're alive and poor old Oke's dead. So it's you who's got to be big now, to account for it. To pay Oke back for dying, while you lived. Black Oke is going up into our burial plot—with the whole story written out on his stone, so that you'll always remember why you're alive and never waste one chance you get in living. You're not enlisting."

"I've got to, I tell you. I can't go to college with this war!"

"You're not going on to college. Not the way you were. The newspapers in Boston are trying to make a hero out of you. We'll forget that, because being a hero is all right in the funny papers, but it ain't living. We won't forget, though, that the afternoon papers say that Senator Cassidy is appointing you to the Naval Academy, so you're not enlisting."

"Say that again."

Mike stood up and held out his hand for Andy's. "All right, admiral," he grinned. "That's the start of your life. Go to it full out. I'm going down to Owen's now; they're laying Oke out." He stood quite still for a moment, looking at his younger brother. A big hard-bitten man, Mike, long years away from the scant tenderness of his own sketchy boyhood. And always a little embarrassed when he felt tenderness for this kid. He started to speak, and stopped himself. Then he said gruffly, "You're a good kid, Andy."

HOW TO MAKE GOLF EQUIPMENT OUTLAST THE WAR

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IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRU

Former Oil Concern Official

Associated Press

Colonel Robert Wright Stewart, as he appeared several years ago

Colonel Stewart will be cremated and the ashes will be flown to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, his birthplace, where a funeral service will be held Saturday at the First Presbyterian Church.

Board Chairman Eleven Years

Robert Wright Stewart, six-foot-two-inch son of an Iowa blacksmith-farmer, developed Standard Oil of Indiana with a sure hand during the eleven years he was chairman of the board, but when it came to a showdown, he was unable to summon sufficient backing from stockholders to retain his job. Mr. Rockefeller outvoted him, 5,510,290 to 2,954,963.

It was an old oil deal, unearthed as a sidelight to the Teapot Dome scandal, which brought him to grief. In the Senate investigation of Teapot Dome in 1928, a block of Liberty bonds in possession of Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior, was traced to Harry F. Sinclair, the oil man.

Mr. Sinclair, it was learned, had received those bonds as his profit from a $3,080,000 deal consummated in 1921, in which he, Colonel Stewart and two others had arranged for the purchase of 33,333,333 barrels of crude oil from a Texas wildcatter and for its resale to their companies at a profit of 25 cents a barrel.

Denied Personal Profit

Colonel Stewart always said he had acted for his company in the deal and had not profited personally, but other sources declared each of the four oil men had received $759,000 in Liberty bonds from the transaction. By 1928, at any rate, the transacted had not been publicized, and because he declined to answer questions about it, the Senate cited Colonel Stewart for contempt, and later, after he had talked, for perjury. He was tried on both charges, but was acquitted in each case.

As a result of the case, however, Mr. Rockefeller, a large stockholder in Standard Oil of Indiana, demanded Stewart's resignation, and when he refused to quit his job, Mr. Rockefeller sought proxies to oust him at a stockholders' meeting. Colonel Stewart fought back, principally by ordering distribution of a 50 per cent stock dividend and a special cash extra dividend of 50 cents a share, a melon of about $300,000,000 which failed, however, to win him enough support.

Since his defeat he had lived in virtual retirement. Some reports, never denied, said the company was paying him $50,000 a year as a pension, contingent on his remaining out of the oil business.

South Dakota Lawyer

Colonel Stewart was born March 11, 1867, and was a graduate of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, and of Yale Law School. As a young lawyer he set himself up at Pierre, S. D., where he served as state's attorney for a while and later as a member of the South Dakota Senate.

He entered Standard Oil by representing the company in cases which developed in the region. He became general counsel in 1915, and was chairman of the board from 1918 to 1929, building the company from a $167,000,000 corporation to a $1,000,000,000 concern.

As an industrialist he was known as a pioneer in what he termed "placing the inner workings of big business in the floodlight of publicity," and his admirers later found irony in the fact that a champion of open dealing should have his career checked as the result of one secret transaction.

During his days of prominence Colonel Stewart was much in demand as a public speaker, particularly as a champion of "big business." It was his dogma that "the public can and should be educated to the true belief that big business, fairly, honestly and successfully conducted, is a national asset." One of his contributions was a model labor-relations plan for his company, and another was a scheme which allowed employees to purchase stock on the installment plan.

Colonel Stewart's military title came to him after he had served as commanding officer of the 4th South Dakota Infantry from 1899 to 1907. Earlier, in the Spanish-American War, he was a major of the "Rough Riders," but did not see action.

CARROLL W. DRESSLER

...NCISCO, Feb. 25 (AP).

1948

Robert Atkins Dies; President Of Hat Concern

Was Partner of Investment Brokers and Director of Trans-Lux Corporation

Robert W. Atkins, fifty-eight, president of the Hat Corporation of America, of South Norwalk, Conn., manufacturers of hats, and a director in several other companies, died Sunday in St. Luke's Hospital, Amsterdam Avenue at 113th Street, after a short illness. He lived at 375 Park Avenue.

Mr. Atkins was elected president of the Hat Corporation of America last April, at which time he was a partner in Shearson, Hamill & Co., 14 Wall Street, investment brokers.

He was a director in Brightwater Paper Company, Byrndun Corporation, Carlisle Tire & Rubber Company, Clinchfield Coal Corporation, Fajardo Sugar Company, of Puerto Rico, Missouri Pacific Railroad, Norma-Hoffman Bearings Corporation, Pharis Tire & Rubber Company. Also Pittston Company, Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., Scullin Steel Company, Shermeth Corporation, the United States Hat Machinery Corporation, the United States Sugar Corporation, and of the Trans-Lux Corporation, and its several operating companies.

Mr. Atkins was graduated from Harvard University in 1910 and then became associated with his father, the late Edwin F. Atkins, in the sugar business in Cuba, first with the Solidad Sugar Company, later with the Punta Alegre Sugar Corporation.

He became president of Punta Alegre Sugar in 1926, on the retirement from business of his father, and at the same time severed his connection with E. Atkins & Company, Inc., of which his father had been president. This firm became Lowry & Company, Inc.

Mr. Atkins subsequently joined Hayden, Stone & Company, Brokers. In 1933, he became a general partner in the brokerage firm of Abbott, Hoppin & Company, and later was associated with Abbott, Proctor & Paine.

Surviving are his mother, Mrs. Edwin S. Atkins; his wife, Mrs. Dorothy Rooth Atkins; four sons, Dr. Robert W. Atkins jr., Elisha, Henry H. and Edwin F. Atkins; two daughters, Mrs. Aphelstan Spilhaus and Mrs. Huntington Damon, and a sister, Mrs. William H. Claflin jr.

Col. Robert C. Andrews

FRANK PAINE REILLY

Special to the Herald Tribune

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 4.—Frank Paine Reilly, seventy-two, a lawyer for many years with the firm of Putney, Twombly, Hall & Skidmore, 165 Broadway, New York, died here today after a long illness. Mr. Reilly was graduated from the University of Rochester and in 1900 from Columbia University School of Law. He was a member of the D. K. E. fraternity. Prior to his association with his law firm he had been for several years an assistant corporation counsel of the City of New York. A sister, Mrs. Helen E. Kammer, and a brother, Dr. John V. Reilly, survive.

Death of Mrs. Buttrick.

Mrs. Herbert Alden Buttrick, of Morey Lane, 'Sconset, died on June 5th at the New England Deaconness Hospital in Boston, where she was taken when stricken ill with a heart attack while on her way from the sanitarium at Clifton Springs, N. Y., to her summer home in 'Sconset. The remains were taken to Lowell, Mass., for interment. The deceased was 81 years old.

Mrs. Buttrick, with her husband, the late Herbert Buttrick, first went to 'Sconset in 1901. She is survived by her son, Alden Buttrick, of Minneapolis, Minn.

Oct 27/47

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John Gardiner

Buckeye Brewing Co. Board Chairman

John J. Gardiner, chairman of the board of the Buckeye Brewing Co., died at 5:15 a.m. today in Toledo Hospital where he was taken yesterday after suffering a heart attack. He was 65.

Mr. Gardiner had been president of the Buckeye Brewing Co. for several years until Jan. 1, when he became chairman of the board. At Mr. Gardiner's request Col. William R. Martin succeeded him as president.

Mr. Gardiner was born in Norwalk, O. He was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Gardiner of that city. He attended Andover Academy and Princeton University and came to Toledo shortly after completing his education. He was married to the former Helen C. Coghlin of Toledo.

Surviving are his wife; sons, Woodward C., Toledo, and John J., Jr., San Francisco, and a grandson.

Mr. Gardiner was a member of the Toledo Club and the Toledo Country Club. At one time he was interested in the Pantheon Theater operation and had many other business interests here.

The body is in the Bennett Funeral Home.

Death of Harry A. Williamson.

Harry A. Williamson, of 49 Cliff Road, a summer resident of Nantucket for the past 26 years, passed away on Wednesday of this week. Mr. Williamson's home was in Rochester, N. Y., but he has always participated in the activities of Nantucket and 'Sconset. He was a charter member and, at the time of his death, a member of the Board of Governors of the Sankaty Head Golf Club, and also a member of the Pacific Club.

He has been deeply loved and his loss will be sorely felt in the community.

He is survived by a brother, Clifton P. Williamson, and two sons, Gordon and Roger Williamson. Services will be held in Rochester, N. Y.

JUNE 27, 1942.

Looking Backward

105 Years Ago—1837.

Some of the merchants here were expressing apprehension in relation to the threatening war with Mexico.

* * * * *

Abraham Hays, of Philadelphia, a seaman aboard the whaleship *Zenas Coffin*, of this port, was lost overboard while the ship was rounding Cape Horn.

* * * * *

While putting water aboard at Hukahiva, in the Marquesas, in January, a boat's-crew from the whaleship *Barclay*, of this port, was attacked by natives. Captain Barney was captured while some men escaped by swimming. The mate slipped the anchor cable and got the ship off-shore. After negotiating several days with the natives the mate effected the ransom of Captain Barney by handing over ship's stores valued at $5.00.

days.

1/8/44

Look about the streets nowadays and what do you see? Legs! Legs! Legs! Fat legs, skinny legs, hairy legs, flea-bitten legs, sun-burned legs, varicose veins, knock-knees, bow-legs, pigeon-toes, corns, bunions, blisters, painted toe-nails, etc., ad infinitum!

[illegible] not immune

Benjamin Vernor Norton

2/13/46

Retired Trust Officer of Bank and N. Y. Yacht Club Member

Benjamin Vernor Norton, seventy, who retired in 1922 as trust officer of the Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, died Monday at Doctors' Hospital, 170 East End Avenue. He lived on Valley Road, New Canaan, Conn.

Born in Detroit, Mr. Norton was graduated from Yale University in 1899. Before joining the trust company in 1918, he had been associated with Matheson Alkali Works, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and R. M. Newport & Company, of St. Paul, Minn. He was a member of the New York Yacht Club, the Racquet and Tennis Club, the Yale Club, the Woodway Country Club and the Sons of the Revolution.

His wife, Mrs. Clare Norton, survives.

Death of Miss Ehrisman.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

This is to announce the death of Miss Anne E. Ehrisman, who met the Silent Opener of the Gate on March 16th, and was ushered into the nearer presence of God.

Optimism was perhaps one of the most outstanding characteristics of her life. The life currents of her soul never froze. Her sympathies never hardened. Her greatest memorial is that which genuine goodness leaves in the wake of an unselfish life.

She joined the Pine Street Presbyterian Church, Harrisburg, Pa., in her youth and, since living in Philadelphia, was a faithful attendant at the Second Presbyterian Church, where she was a willing worker for many years.

She was the sister of the late Mrs. S. Murray Mitchell, and of Miss Jennie Ehrisman, with whom she lived at the time of her death, at their apartment in Chateau Crillon, Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

Their home, "The Yarrum" on the North Bluff, Siasconset, she has occupied each summer since 1893, fifty-one years last summer, and her neighbors on the Bluff will all miss her greatly.

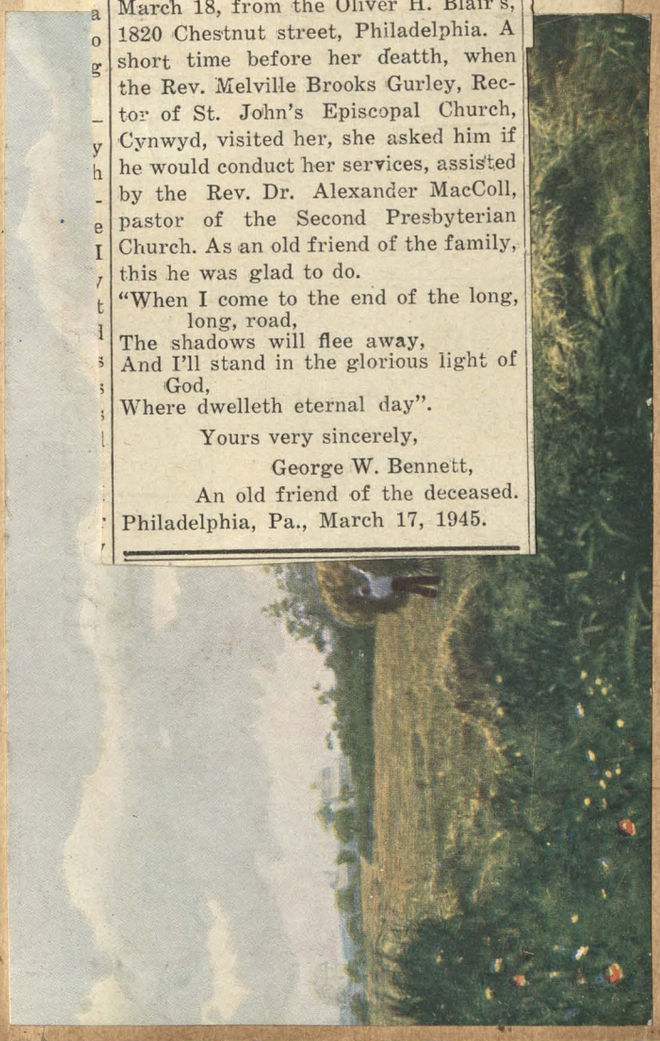
Services were held on Monday, March 18, from the Oliver H. Blair's, 1820 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. A short time before her deatth, when the Rev. Melville Brooks Gurley, Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Cynwyd, visited her, she asked him if he would conduct her services, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Alexander MacColl, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. As an old friend of the family, this he was glad to do.

"When I come to the end of the long, long, road,
The shadows will flee away,
And I'll stand in the glorious light of God,
Where dwelleth eternal day".

Yours very sincerely,

George W. Bennett,
An old friend of the deceased.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 17, 1945.



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Building Supplies

RESIDENCE 10 Prospec

Care and Super

during the

Agent for Johns Ma

SANKATY HEAD GOLF CLUB

JULY 31st, 1926

18 HOLE HANDICAP

MATCH PLAY AGAINST PAR

PRIZES IN CLASSES "A" and "B"

Offered by

MR. and MRS. R. D. ELDER

And MR. and MRS. STANLEY H. SWIFT

TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE

days.

4/8/44

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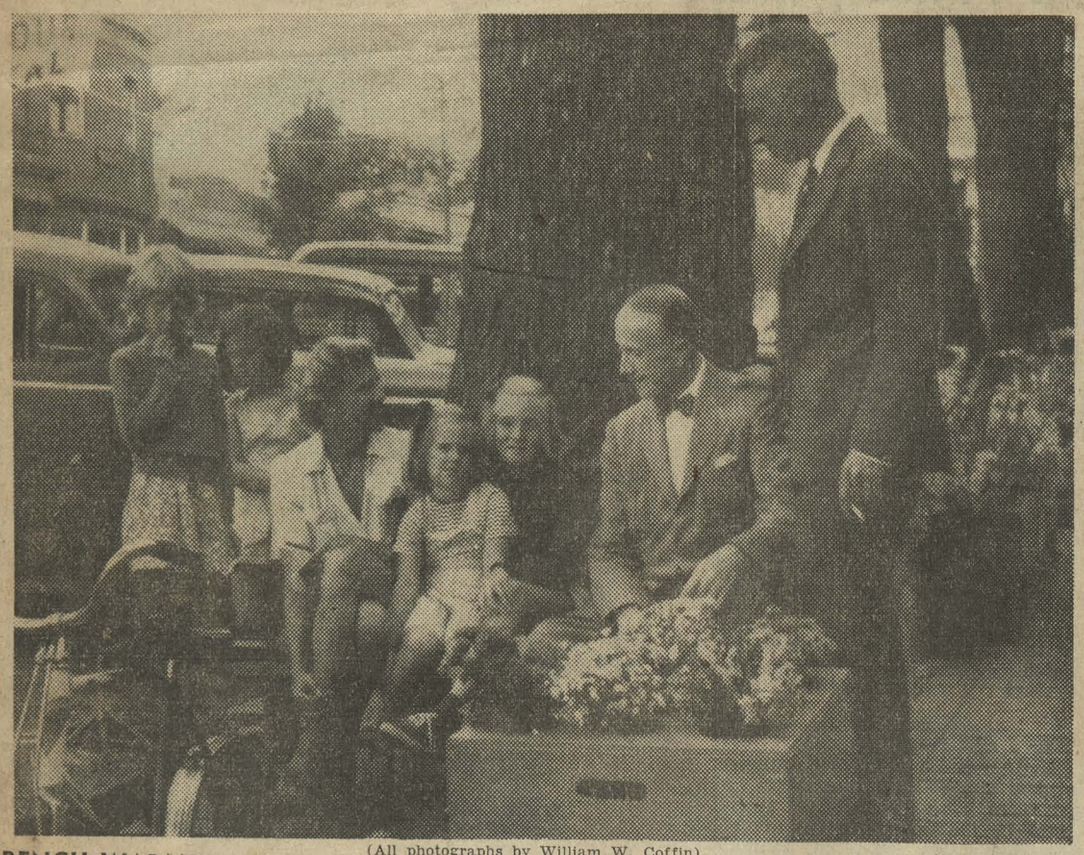
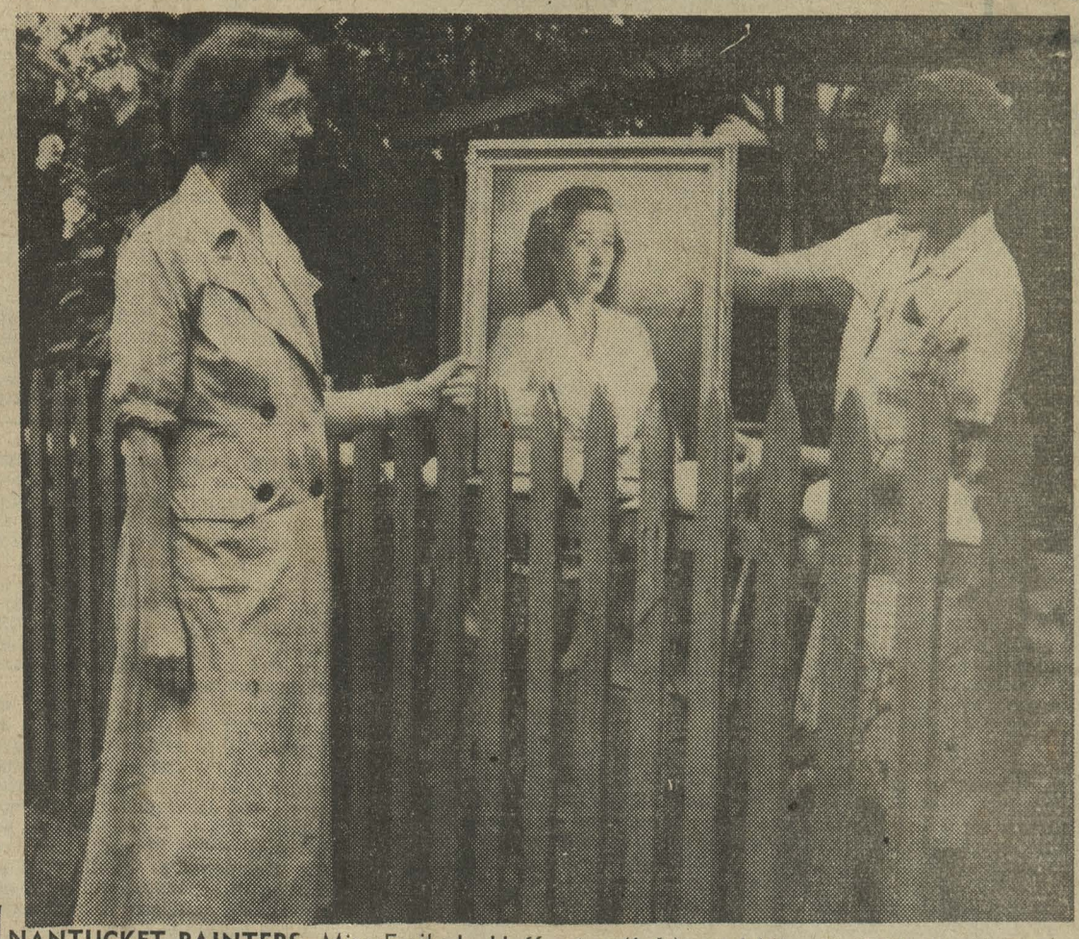
Nantucket Oasis of Peace in World at War



(All photographs by William W. Coffin)

BENCH WARMERS—Sandwiched between stalls of the flower market at Nantucket, Mrs. Herman Gade and Ralph R. Lee of New York, sitting, receive the greetings of Joseph R. Burgess, director of the Nantucket Neighbors.



NANTUCKET PAINTERS, Miss Emily L. Hoffmeier (left), and Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton, prepare for the sidewalk art show.

ACTIVE IN NANTUCKET—Left, the Rev. Laurence Farr gives a fresh coat of paint to the steeple of the First Baptist Church. Right, Herman Garde, chairman of the Nantucket Hospital drive, presents a certificate of merit to Mrs. Nathalie G. Gates of 'Sconset, a volunteer worker, and Mrs. James Coghill of Quidnet, left, examines her roll of honor.

Pleasure Facilities Intact for Vacationists Army Building Airport to Cost Half Million

By LAWRENCE DAME

NANTUCKET, Aug. 9—An oasis of peace in a world at war, Nantucket carries on bravely with pleasure facilities intact this summer. Like all New England resorts, it has seen precious vacation business dwindle, but chins and thumbs are up, in ancient whaling spirit, and time often seems to have gone back to the turn of the century.

Bicycles and horse buggies, flourishing gaily this year, course quiet roads where motor cars are out of place. Town beaches are bright with life and color. Thanks to the shoals that protect the steamer route and cast an impenetrable barrier for 20 miles roundabout, nobody worries at all about submarines. Small yachts sail as usual by daylight and all appears to be well with the world.

Hardly anything on many daily programs is quite so important as to reach a Main street bench, before someone else gets there first, among the aromatic flower stalls.

It is hard to believe that a $500,000 airport is being built in the center of the island, intended for auxiliary use only, on a well-screened site near the old flying field. Army engineers are in charge. Bulldozers and other machines, as queer to this island as dinosaurs, chew away at the sandy soil, out of sight and sound of curiosity seekers. Like all things in Nantucket, this work is being carried on quietly and unobtrusively. The turmoil which wrecked Bermuda is absent here.

NOT MAJOR BASE

After the summer season ends, some 500 army and navy trainees will probably have filtered on to the island. Yet the government does not intend to make this a major base and the 100-odd men now in uniform fit nicely into the native picture and praise their luck for the orders that sent them.

The last war saw 300 naval reservists here, at a time when Crest Hall, now being turned into a barracks, and the Nantucket Yacht Club, which is now entertaining its members and the public as well, were naval living quarters. Social activities in 1917-18 rose to new winter peaks and the resultant gayety became a boon for all. Civilian defense did not exist. A Newport band staged concerts.

Incidentally, Nantucket gave 192 men to the service in the first World War and four died away from home.

Already in this war, Nantucket has sent about 200 sons away to fight the battles of the world. Two much-loved boys attached to aviation—Mason Stevens, 28, son of the Nantucket writer, and Harrison Gorman ,son of a town official, have already been reported missing. Men are still going from Nantucket. Henry B. Coleman, head of defense, will be called in September and Wesley Fordyce, clerk of courts, is to take his chairmanship. So that Nantucket men in uniform will not get too lonesome for reminders of salt air, moors and sea, the Inquirer and Mirror mails out its weekly issue free. Without USO aid, a local committee under Mrs. Dorothy Wescott has opened recreation rooms for service men.

Nantucket, under the brave appearance of business as usual, has made sacrifices like any other American community. Two hundred men away means empty places at many a family table, empty seats in the churches, new and more youthful faces behind the counters in the shops. It means sweet smiles hiding the pangs in many hearts.

Business as usual may be the slogan of an island entirely dependent upon summer visitors. Yet the island is still ready to give unselfishly to the common cause and proves this every day.

As an example of patriotic spirit, about $13,000 worth of war bonds and stamps are bought here every month.

HOSPITAL DRIVE

Another remarkable instance of community spirit is the Nantucket Cottage Hospital drive. It emphasized something that has been the rule throughout the years in a place where Yankee neighborliness has not died. That something is fellowship based on co-ordination of summer folk and year-round residents.

"Guess we'll make the goal $10,000 this year and do our best whatever happens," said Herman Gade, a Cambridge and Florida insurance executive, when he resumed the chairmanship of the drive this year. Only a few mournful souls shook their heads. The rest pitched in and canvassed every one of the weathered houses of the town.

The goal was $10,000. By Wednesday night, when the 12-day campaign ended, receipts totaled approximately $11,000. Nantucket had gone over the top again. Both army and navy, sending men here, are grateful that this modern hospital, quaintly designed in cottage style, exists. Last year it treated more than 1000 patients. To 125 volunteer workers, many of them summer residents, goes much credit.

Life continues in Nantucket as a model of pleasant variety at a time when spirits need cheering. The charming little resort of 'Sconset attracts its loyal devotees at the other end of the island, and Wauwinet and Polpis vie with each other as beauty spots.

Herbert Brownell, the blind musician, still makes Main street melodious with his accordion. "Prof." Jim Doroff got off old age relief to dust his shoe-shining stand. Veteran cabbies like Adelburt Munroe, 71, and Albert R. Coffin, 79, who remember the days when automobiles were barred from the island, cheerfully say "Giddap" to tranquil steeds. Chief of Police Lawrence F. Mooney and his men have no trouble whatever keeping the peace and the curfew still rings 52 times at 9 P.M., whether the lights are dim or the moon is high. People still stay out after 9 o'clock, and nobody cares.

WELCOMING SALUTES

Down on the deck of the Wharf Rat Club, a village sage, Commodore Herbert Coffin, keeps his powder dry for welcoming salutes to members arriving on the two steamers a day and he expects his harmless cannon to bark, no matter how long the war lasts.

Up the street and round the corner, Theodore Newcomb, whom the handsomest girl in town (engaged to some one else) calls her best beau, keeps looking like a young man though past 70 and rejoices over the fact that the old club has 211 members and is still growing.

Proving that Nantucket folk can do almost anything in a yen of stress, the Rev. Laurence Farr is painting the steeple of his First Baptist Church himself. The yacht club is giving public dances and the Straight Wharf Theater makes people laugh every night.

Children who used to be driven to the beaches in station wagons now ride on the back of bicycles propelled by tanned mammas from the East Street art gallery has a fine array of 40 exhibitors, the whaling museum and the historical society attract hundreds of visitors, and summer residents, when not at home, can sometimes be spotted in a tower near the old mill, spotting airplanes themselves. Now that men from off-island are scarce, young gallants of the town are much in demand as beaux. And they spend much time dreaming of ways of war service.

Various traditional events will be staged as usual this year. Miss Emily L. Hoffmeier of Westchester, Pa., and Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton of Springfield are among painters helping to organize the famous sidewalk art show for Aug. 17, 18, and 19. The noted Thrift Shop is preparing, under Mrs. Everett Jerome, to open old houses to the public.

The Nantucket Civic League, headed by Dr. Joseph Cochran, retired minister from Paris, is staging a waterfront festival, a kind of island Mardi Gras, as usual, Aug. 22. Funds raised will go toward expenses of the Nantucket Neighbors, a unique group that makes strangers feel at home. Joseph R. Burgess, director-secretary of the Neighbors and superintendent of schools as well, reports that Tuesday night meetings, when guest speakers range the field from plant life to world politics, draw nearly 600 persons.

The Neighbors hold about 60 events a year. These include the eagerly-awaited hike to the hidden forest on the edge of the moors, Aug. 20, cycle tours, nature walks, boat trips and scup fishing contests. Always co-operating is William L. Mather, manager of the Nantucket Gas & Electric Co., who was president of the Civic League for years and saw its mosquito control program grow from a private venture to a state enterprise. Now that there are few mosquitoes, ragweed has been nominated as Public Enemy No. 1 and a new battle is on.

School Committee Meeting.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Ellen Chapel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Everett Chapel, will be held tomorrow (Sunday) in the Unitarian church. The groom will be William Everard Grieder, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Grieder. The father is keeper of the Gay Head light.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Miller, of Scarsdale, New York, are enjoying their first visit to the island. They are stopping at 15 Gay street. Mr. Miller is one of our country's leading restorers of old art. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are natives of Switzerland and Holland respectively.

Miss Ethel Anderson, R. N., R. T., who has been assistant superintendent and laboratory technician at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital for the past four and a half years, left Monday for Illinois. She will be superintendent of the J. C. Hammond City Hospital in Geneseo, Ill.

Richard B. Corkish has received an honorable discharge from the Army, the place of separation being Fort Dix, N. J. Corkish has been serving in the Asiatic-Pacific theatre of operations and attained the rank of Sergeant.

Occupants of Underhill Cottages between 1884/1890 from Det.

Mr & Mrs. Emory Wendell
Winnie Wen'll

Mr + Mrs. Jas. Jerome
" " L. A. McCreary
" " J. E. Davis
Mrs. a. w. Rice
" " A. E. F. White
" " J. Atterbury
" " H. S. Rees
" " R. H. Fife

13 Bank Edge Cottages
23 "Underhill"
115 to 275.

OVER

...AUGUST 5, 1883.

...WATER

...rom The Airport.

...se making trips to or ...hland this past week, via ... Air Service, Inc., and ...land Central Airline were ... Manchester, Mr. Cluett, ... Kent Peterson, John L. ...Curtis Snow, Robert Mc... A. S., Mrs. Richards, ...n, Charles McDonald, Er...h, Nelson W. Hearn, Mr. ...ine, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. ...hport, Mr. and Mrs. Ar... Mr. Chubbs, Mr. Taylor, ...llips, Robert Mack and ...d Lobo, Mrs. William ... Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry ...nd Mrs. Paul Klingelfuss.

...the flight from Boston to ...n 35 minutes last Wednes...g, and it was a very smooth ...table trip, made in one of ...otored planes of the New ...ntral Airways System, pi...pt. Frederick Walker, who ...y with the Troop Carrier ... In view of the fact that it was heavy northeasterly weather and that it had been raging for the last three days, it was not strange that the boat had such a rough trip daily the first three days of the week, but conditions were not at all rough up aloft Wednesday.

...es by fire which occurred ... The latter conflagration ...ess portion of the island ...e never financially re... At this latter period ...an immense business ...st the wharves was, as a ...o me in conversation, "a ..." but now it sleeps lulled ...usic of the waves gently ...hores. It has the appear... almost forgotten village; ... ravages of time by their ...ls and mossy roofs, the ...and old hulls of stranded ...es. Yet it has its charms. ...es, with their look-outs on ...es, tell their own story of ...eparture of their husbands, ...g for the return of the ...will bring their sailor boy

... abound in peculiarities. ...with his cracked voice ...nounces the news of ...as tells of the mer... that are to happen. ...re informed that there ...n-beef at auction at 10 ...the post-office. I at... which was patronized ...stened to the glib tongue ... as he sold his four ...at 6 and 7 cents a pound ...xceptionally pure and is ...he island. The pond that ...per is not more than 10 ...nd it is nothing unusual ...the banks of the pond ...tter fish, and within a ...e scene may be witnessed ... weather here is not sub...s; the thermometer stand... the air as bracing and

...seeker findeth here ...

The Metropolitan and ...

...

Jan 19th 1943

THE EVE...

5/28/46

RICHARD VAUX DIES; NOTED HORSEMAN

Gentleman Farmer was Grandson of former City Mayor

Richard Vaux, prominent horseman and retired gentleman farmer, died today at his home, Fatlands Farm, Three Tuns, after a long illness.

He had served in two wars, in the Spanish American War with Battery A and in the first World War as commanding officer of the 5th Air Depot, Bar le Duc, France.

Mr. Vaux was a member of William Bolton Dixon Post No. 10, American Legion.

Mr. Vaux was the son of the late J. Waln Vaux and a grandson of the late Richard Vaux, a former Mayor of Philadelphia.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Ruth Shain Vaux, and three daughters, Mrs. Henry Sergeant Cram, Bluffton, S. C.; Mrs. William J. Strawbridge, Paoli, and Mrs. Algernon A. Craven, Penllyn. Dr. Norris Vaux, of this city, is his brother.

Another brother, Henry Pepper Vaux, lives in Rosemont, and a sister, Mrs. Edward Ingersoll, in Penllyn.

Funeral services will be held in St. Thomas' Church, Whitemarsh, Friday, at 11 A. M., with burial in the churchyard.

...paste, ...y cool ...uckle ...beef: ...nions, ...toma... ...e col... ...ful of ...d to it ...l pour ...inutes

...ANCIENT NANTUCKET.

Notes on Its History, Homes and People.
Correspondence of The Republican.

NANTUCKET, Friday, August 3.

Nantucket has more points of interest and more historical richness than is often found at sea-side resorts, and from the time its whale fishing began in 1668, up to the present moment no spot on this continent has seen greater changes. The little island has been swept

Farquars

H. Kirk Whites

Ned Fitch

Verna Norton

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Notes From The Airport.

5/28/46

Among those making trips to or from the mainland this past week, via the Nobadeer Air Service, Inc., and the New England Central Airline were A. Preston Manchester, Mr. Cluett, Mr. Griffith, Kent Peterson, John L. Toner, Jr., Curtis Snow, Robert McGrath, N. A. A. S., Mrs. Richards, John Hamblin, Charles McDonald, Ernest Whelden, Nelson W. Hearn, Mr. and Mrs. Brine, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. H. L. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Howes, Mr. Chubbs, Mr. Taylor, George Phillips, Robert Mack and son, Richard Lobo, Mrs. William Voorneveld, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Turner, and Mrs. Paul Klingelfuss.

We made the flight from Boston to Nantucket in 35 minutes last Wednesday morning, and it was a very smooth and comfortable trip, made in one of the twin-motored planes of the New England Central Airways System, piloted by Capt. Frederick Walker, who was formerly with the Troop Carrier Command. In view of the fact that it was heavy northeasterly weather and that it had been raging for the last three days, it was not strange that the boat had such a rough trip daily the first three days of the week, but conditions were not at all rough up aloft Wednesday.

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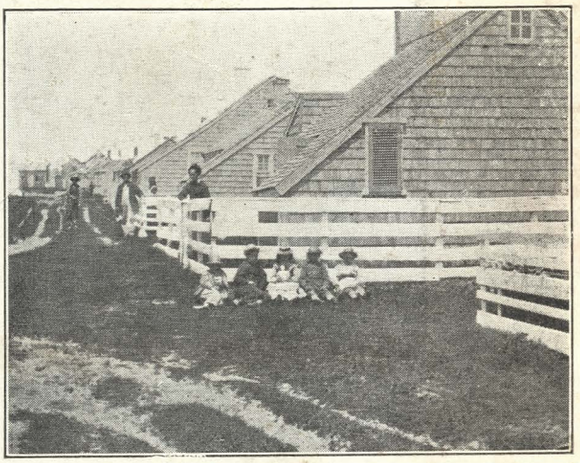
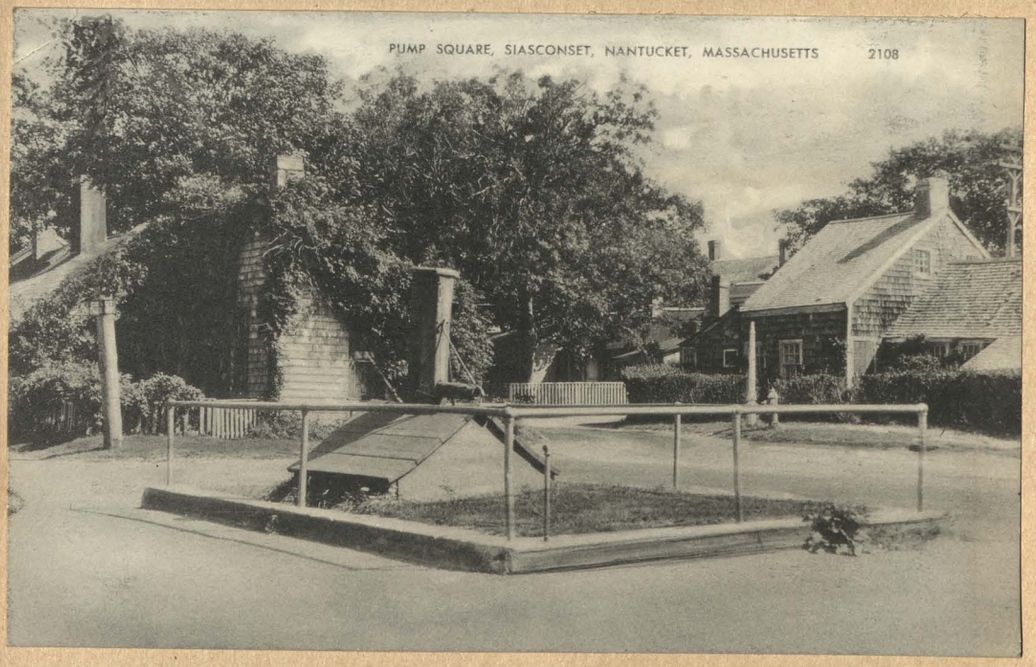
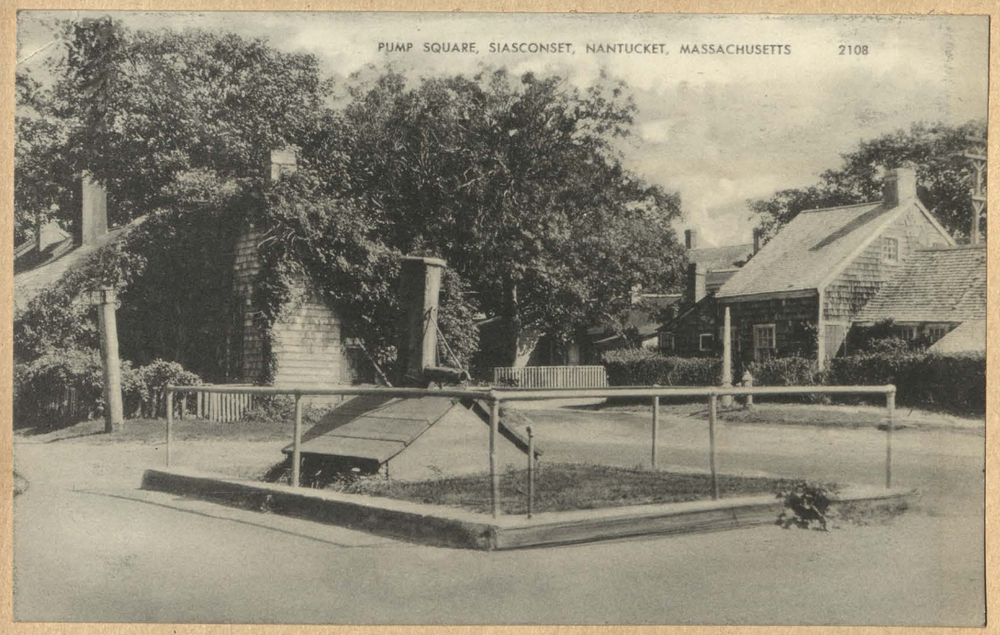
A group on 'Sconset beach in 1872.

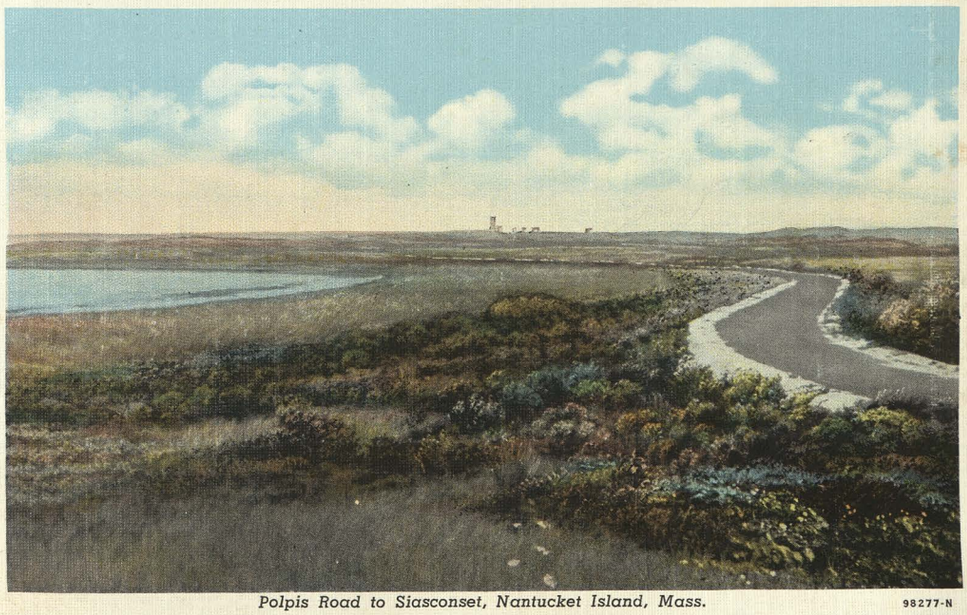


Broadway in the 60's.



The Old 'Sconset Pump before it was modernized.





Polpis Road to Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Mass. 98277-N

12/26/42

Coast Guardsmen Safe After 21 Days Adrift in a Yawl

Herald Tribune—Acme

Shown on their arrival here yesterday are, left to right, Arnold Windsor, James T. Watson, Vance M. Smith, Toivo Koskinen, Ward Weimar, Curtis Arnall, Theodore Carlson, Joseph Choate, Edward Jobson

drove into the ribs of James T. Watson, forty-two, seaman first class. For the rest of the time, he was strapped in his bunk, his ribs taped.

Several other men were cut about the head as they plunged into bunks and against the cabin walls. Curtis Arnall, forty-five, a former radio actor, who played among other parts that of Buck Rogers, said: "I was in the chart room, and floated through the cabin and ended up in the galley." Mr. Arnall, chief boatswain's mate, was in charge of the vessel.

The two men on deck were not

Nine Buffeted 21 Days on Ya... Saved, Flown In for Christm...

Coast Guardsmen Battered for 3,100 Miles ... Coast From Halifax to North Carolina, Res... in Atlantic's Greatest Sea and Air H...

Nine members of a crew of a Coast Guard auxiliary ya... for twenty-one days by two hurricanes and at least ten ga... Atlantic Coast from Halifax to North Carolina, were resc... and brought to New York in a Navy plane in time to pass Christmas with their families.

Before the rescue off Ocracoke Inlet, N. C., the fifty-eight-foot yawl had been tossed about like a chip by fifty-foot waves as rescue units of the United States, British and Canadian sea and air forces searched the sea, trailing the helpless boat as it sailed or was blown over a course of about 3,100 miles. The yawl is the former yacht Zaida, winner of many races at Rye, Larchmont and New London.

Several times since Dec. 3, when the yawl was caught in a storm off Nantucket and the crew glimpsed its last sight of land until yesterday, rescue had been imminent. Once the yawl had been in tow by a British destroyer but the hawser broke at night and the destroyer could not keep contact. Several times planes sighted the craft, but before ships could be sent to the scene another blow would carry the yawl away.

Once a plane dropped food, but when the parcel was picked up it was found to be split; the food went to the bottom of the ocean and the crew got the parachute.

The men told the story of one o...

Adrift in Yawl

(Continued from page one)

the largest rescue hunts in recent maritime history yesterday at the headquarters of the Eastern Sea Frontier, 90 Church Street. They had lost an average of fifteen pounds each. But they were happy. They had wanted to get home by Christmas.

The men were gaunt and most of them sported luxurious beards. The trouble began, as they told the story, about noon on Dec. 3 when a wave broke over the top of the yawl's mast.

Seven men were below. The yawl went over on her side, her masts in the water. The ship rebounded and went over on her other side. It was only seconds before she righted herself, but the damage had been done. Vance M. Smith, twenty-six-year-old boatswain's mate, second class, said: "We saw an awful lot of water below. She took green water right in the cabin."

Meantime, the pot-bellied stove was crashing about the cabin. The men tried to dodge it. They also had to dodge fifty-pound pieces of lead, used to weight the keel, which were loosened by the battering of the seas. As the boat lurched to right herself every loose item in the cabin spilled about the scrambling crew. The stove drove into the ribs of James T. Watson, forty-two, seaman first class. For the rest of the time, he was strapped in his bunk, his ribs taped.

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Mast Swept Away

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Navy Plane Sights Boat

A Navy plane located the boat about 7:15 p. m., Dec. 3. A Coast Guard Cutter was notified but could not locate the yawl because of the thick weather. The next day the British destroyer saw the vessel but the weather was too rough to permit transfer of personnel.

At 9 p. m. the destroyer reported that the tow line had parted and that the yawl was lost in the dark.

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The men of the crew are all members of the Coast Guard Reserve. They included Toivo Koskinen, seaman first class, of 33 Trowel Avenue, Bridegport, Conn.; Theodore G. Carlson, seaman first class, of 2511 Avenue D, Brooklyn; Edward R. Jobson, seaman first class, of 25 Bennett Avenue, Larchmont, N. Y.; Ward Weimar, coxswain, 81 Havemeyer Place, Greenwich, Conn.; Arnold Windsor, seaman first class, of Greenpoint, L. I.; and Mr. Watson, of Freeport, L. I.; Mr. Arnall, of Greenport, L. I.; Mr. Choate, of 96 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, and Mr. Smith, of 177 Walker Road, Swampscott, Mass.

CONDUCT REGRETS

Enemy at Buna Driven to Final Line of Defense

(Continued from page one)

Police Barricade Roads to Pennsylvania Valley; Ill Are Unvaccinated Elders

HEWISTOWN, Pa., Dec. 24 (AP).— ... of the State Health ...

Adrift in Yawl

(Continued from page one)

the largest rescue hunts in recent maritime history yesterday at the headquarters of the Eastern Sea Frontier, 90 Church Street. They had lost an average of fifteen pounds each. But they were happy. They had wanted to get home by Christmas.

The men were gaunt and most of them sported luxurious beards. The trouble began, as they told the story, about noon on Dec. 3 when a wave broke over the top of the yawl's mast.

Seven men were below. The yawl went over on her side, her masts in the water. The ship rebounded and went over on her other side. It was only seconds before she righted herself, but the damage had been done. Vance M. Smith, twenty-six-year-old boatswain's mate, second class, said: "We saw an awful lot of water below. She took green water right in the cabin."

Meantime, the pot-bellied stove was crashing about the cabin. The men tried to dodge it. They also had to dodge fifty-pound pieces of lead, used to weight the keel, which were loosened by the battering of the seas. As the boat lurched to right herself every loose item in the cabin spilled about the scrambling crew. The stove drove into the ribs of James T. Watson, forty-two, seaman first class. For the rest of the time, he was strapped in his bunk, his ribs taped.

Several other men were cut about the head as they plunged into bunks and against the cabin walls. Curtis Arnall, forty-five, a former radio actor, who played among other parts that of Buck Rogers, said: "I was in the chart room, and floated through the cabin and ended up in the galley." Mr. Arnall, chief boatswain's mate, was in charge of the vessel.

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Mr......

Regrets exceedingly

his deplorable conduct while a guest

at your

☐ *Dance* ☐ *Party*

last.....*evening*

and humbly craves your pardon for the breach of etiquette

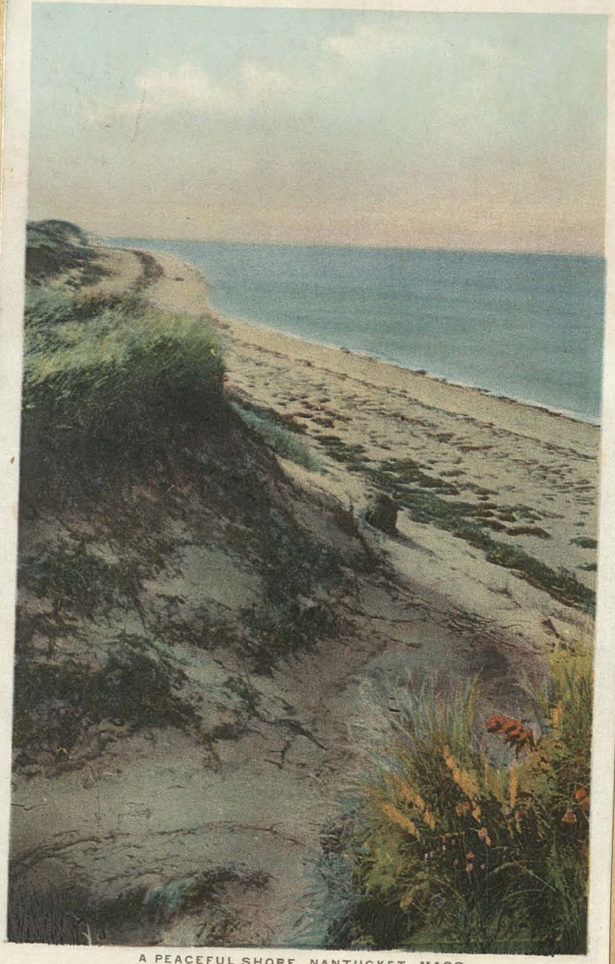
CHECK IN THE ADJOINING COLUMN

☐ Striking hostess with bottle.	☐ Excessive destruction of furniture.
☐ Spanking hostess or female guests.	☐ Complete loss of equilibrium.
☐ Riding to hounds in drawing room.	☐ Partial loss of equilibrium.
☐ Riding to hounds in ball room.	☐ Throwing glasses.
☐ Excessive screaming.	☐ Insulting guests.
☐ Frequent absence from party.	☐ Indiscreet petting.
☐ Protracted absence from party.	☐ Nausea.
☐ Partial inebriation.	☐ Expectorating in fireplace.
☐ Extreme inebriation.	☐ Burning holes in tablecloth.

With
sincere wishes
for your
happiness
at Christmas
and throughout
the New Year

Bernache
30 Beach Ave

81554



A PEACEFUL SHORE, NANTUCKET, MASS.

0-Month Nantucket Crime Wave: One $500 Theft and One Dru

Judge Flies Over From New Bedford for Fall Term and Leisurely Winds It Up in Six Hours, Including Quahog-Chowder Dinner at Noon

By John Watson

On a recent mellow October day Judge Joseph Leo Hurley, of the Massachusetts Superior Court and a former lieutenant governor of that commonwealth, and his retinue of district attorney and assistant, probation officer and court stenographer, flew from New Bedford to open the autumn term of the court in Nantucket County.

This was Judge Hurley's first visit to Nantucket in his eleven years on the bench and before him was the acumulated docket of evil-doing on the island since another judge held court in May. The party put up at Miss Kate's, more formally known as the Roberts House, lapped up some quahog chowder, a meat course with baked potatoes and salad, apple pie and cheese with coffee, and thus fortified against the trials of the morrow, went to bed.

Prayer Opens Court

At 9 a. m. the next morning Jay H. Gibbs yanked the belfry rope in the Unitarian Church, announcing the opening of court, a custom that goes back beyond the memory of the oldest Nantucket resident. A mile or so away, in the auditorium of Cyrus Peirce School, the Rev. Claude Bond, of the North Church, said the opening prayer, and Sheriff Nelson O. Dunham called the court to order. The school's pupils, staunch believers in American justice, had received the day off.

By a little after 3 o'clock that afternoon—just six hours later, including a recess for a leisurely midday dinner—the October term of Superior Court for Nantucket County had ended, evil had been rebuked, and Judge Hurley was free to tour the island and recuperate from the long ordeal with more quahog chowder, both of which he did with considerable pleasure.

The docket had consisted of one case of breaking and entering, one charge of intoxication and one civil damage suit which was settled by trial by jury. In addition, the grand jury found time to return a technically secret indictment, the nature of which was known to every resident of the island, excluding a few babes in arms, and which the island newspapers later reported to contain a charge of abduction against a father who had taken his young daughter from the legal custody of her mother.

The breaking and entering concerned a young Englishman who pilfered $500 in his employer's safe and departed with it and a case of bottles of liquor he stole from the boathouse on Commercial wharf. He took a boat to Woods Hole, then a train to Boston, and was arrested as he alighted there, the liquor untouched, the money unspent. He pleaded guilty, received a suspended sentence of one year, and was immediately rearrested by immigration authorities.

Crime of the Village Drunk

The case of the village drunk, who shall be known as Charlie, was rather more interesting. He had been arrested, not for being drunk and disorderly, for slugging acquaintances or insulting women, but simply for being plain drunk in, as a matter of fact, his own home, very quietly and determinedly drunk.

Lest the arrest should be considered harsh, it should be explained that Charlie had been on probation for having been drunk. There is no jail in Nantucket and Charlie had been sent to the Barnstable jail on the mainland, where he passed several horrible weeks drinking water and eating solid food.

He pleaded guilty and was placed on probation for a year, which is a great deal more serious than it might appear, for violation of probation, as Judge Hurley pointed out as Charlie licked his lips and grabbed the table, meant back to Barnstable and water.

Charlie has been blacklisted by all the town's liquor stores to some time ago submitted his name as a candidate for Selectman, under the impression that no liquor store would dare blacklist a man running for that office. He was wrong.

Charlie also has the distinction of having been the last inmate of the old Nantucket jail, built in 1805 and taken over by the Historical Association. Police records in the office of Police Chief Now that one Lawrence F. Mooney, Charlie the night of June 1941, one of the headquarters wrecked the interior of two lockups in his sleep by his fretful

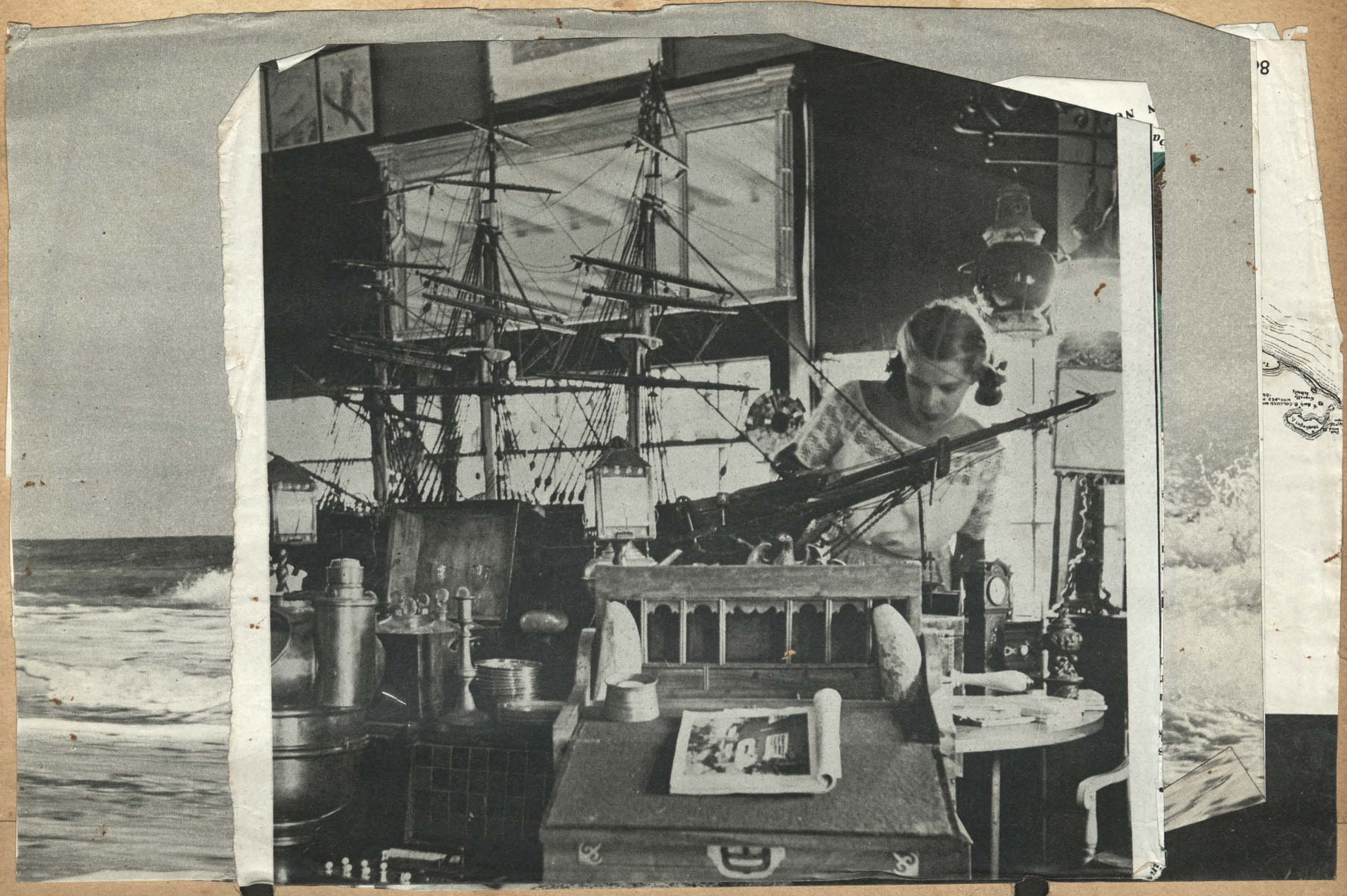
and was transferred to the k spacious confines of the o mi Spacious is the word. Th tow looks o be about eight by elt feet, have cross ventilation, burning fireplaces, and desp somwhat elemental toilet ties probably would rent f a month in Manhattan st housing crisis. st

Last Slaying in 1915.

The last death by violent e island was Aug. 1, 1915 er ne man killed another st squabble, the defendant ow freed on grounds of self-d ng This reporter, accustomed b years of New York servit pov murder as a means of domestic disputes, casually Chief Mooney the date of t husband-wife killing or vice 38 The chief could not have en more shocked if he had ha tomato paste in his chowder te hattan style.

"We do not have such here," he said, speaking colder distinctly.

Well, what can you exp nu a place where you come up postman, in the course rounds, discussing William De furniture with an islander whe taken a breather from par his house?



LOOK AT AMERICA
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Artist Ann Beach plays with breakers on "surfside" of island, edged by 80 miles of white sand.

The Old Mill, built in 1746 from the wrecks of ships, overlooks town. It still grinds yellow corn.

Nantucket—Holiday Island

Ann Beach, 25-year-old artist from Battle Creek, Mich., has spent the last eight summers in Nantucket. Its bone-white beaches, Scottish-type moors, the purity of its Colonial architecture and the traces of a rich whaling history make this island —30 miles off the Massachusetts coast—a painter's paradise.

And always drawing her back is the fun to be had, from elaborate yachting parties to simple clam digging. Besides painting, Ann likes to sail, swim, bicycle, fish, play golf and tennis, ride, hunt for antiques; wander in the Whaling Museum and fly her father's plane. All this she can do on Nantucket where the 3,500 winter population is increased to 10,000 by equally enthusiastic vacationists every summer.

(Continued on next page)

Sailing in Nantucket's seven-mile, landlocked harbor is a thrill for which Ann abandons her sketchbook. John Treadwell of New York manages 19½ ft. Town Class boat. Semi-weekly races, an annual regatta, are held by the Nantucket Yacht Club, famous for its "Rainbow Fleet" of catboats.

Sea, sky and history bring tourists to Nantucket

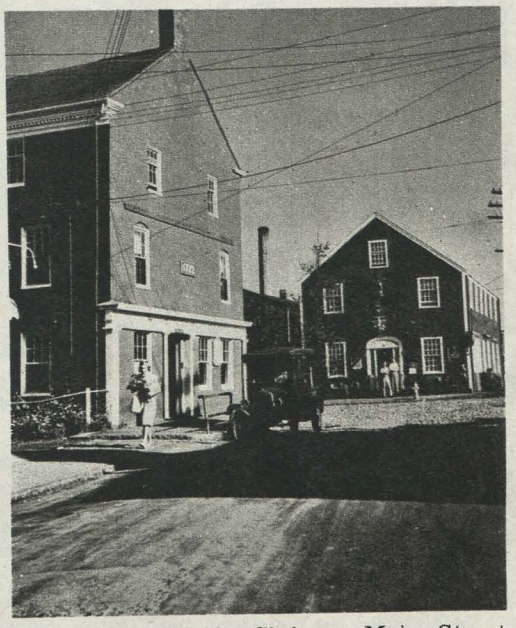
Clad in paint-splashed dungarees, Ann sketches fishing boats by Old South Wharf. In early 1800's, this was the world's greatest whaling port, as hundreds of square riggers came and left for India, China, Ceylon, Spain.

Nantucket lore is keynote of plays put on by Straight Wharf Theatre run by Robert Wilson, Margaret Fawcett, daughter of George Fawcett, the famed actor. Here costumed actors rehearse in backyard of former sail loft.

The town clock beneath gold dome of the Unitarian South Church is an old Nantucket landmark. The bell, which tolls 52 strokes at 7 a.m., noon and at curfew, was brought from Lisbon by a Nantucket sea captain in 1815. Cobblestones, in front of Ann, pave Main Street too, are typical of island's charm.

The old whalers called Nantucket 'The Little Grey Lady'

This map of Nantucket was drawn by playwright Austin Strong, a summer resident since early 1900's. He lists names of old settlers—Macy, Starbuck, Coffin, Coleman.



Ann passes Pacific Club on Main Street Square, once office of three ships involved in Boston Tea Party. It's now a cribbage center.

She chats with Charlie Sayle, one of best ship-model builders in U. S. Born in Ohio, he went to sea at 14 and settled in Nantucket in 19

Antique shopping is a fascinating foggy-day pastime. Ann browses through Frank Sylvia's shop, once a ship trader's. Island's great fire of 1846 started here. Sylvia's Portuguese forebear jumped ship on Nantucket.

left her a romantic heritage of Americana

Ann is one of many artists entered in Annual Sidewalk Art Show. Leading gallery is Nantucket Foundation's Kenneth Taylor Gallery

Tips for Nantucket Visitors

1. Nantucket is accessible by car, train or plane. Drive to New Bedford or Woods Hole for Nantucket steamer. Make advance reservations for a car or leave in local garage. New Haven RR runs trains out of New York, Boston, connecting with boat. By train or car, it's an all-day jaunt, a few hours by air via Northeast or New England Central Airlines. Airport is one of largest, best in New England.

2. Accommodations range from New York-priced White Elephant Hotel to rooms as low as $21 a week for two. Write the Nantucket Information Bureau for addresses.

3. Best restaurants: The Grey Gull, cozy tea room atmosphere; The Skipper, waterfront quaintness; The Opera House, good food, good atmosphere; One Pleasant Street, a family restaurant; The Green Coffee Pot, fishermen and a juke box; The Chanticleer in village of Siasconset.

4. Carless visitors rent or bring bicycles. Local buses connect with nearby beaches and points of interest.

For vacation bulletins, send stamped, addressed envelopes to LOOK *Magazine, 511 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.*

PEAR POND

O come, but tread lightly through heather and bay
To a magical pool on the lone silent moor,
The fruit of what mystical tree none can say,
And pickerel weed sapphires it o'er.

'Tis a rare jewel set in the hollow of hills,
Where clethra her candles of fresh incense burns--
And the meadow lark cries, and the song sparrow trills,
While blushing sabbatia looks out from the ferns.

Oh, For An Iron Horse!

... by Lawrence Dame in

Nantucket, of course, ... means of transportation today. The best manner of making 'Sconset is on a bicycle. But when you travel across the moors, on foot or awheel, give a thought to the time when the toot of a miniature locomotive's whistle blended with the cries of the seagulls and the sound of the constantly beating surf. Others, their sense of poetry somewhat blunted by the exigencies of OPA, will sigh for an iron horse.

2239 K

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...ANAGER

Errors can be guarded against only by ... transmission or delivery of Unrepeated Night Letters, sent at reduced rates, beyond ... of Fifty Dollars, at which, unless otherwise stated below, this message has been valued by the sender th... sixty days after the message is filed with the Company for transmission.
This is an UNREPEATED NIGHT LETTER, and is delivered by request of the sender, under the ...

THEO. N. VAIL, PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT 13 E. Main St., AMST...DAM, N. Y

NY., 131BN 42 N.L. ...Via Woo...

Siasconset Mass Sept.19th.191...

S.H.Swift,

58 Church St., Amster... O.,NY.

Many happy returns of the day. Big storm here, no boats there-f no mails. all well, happy as ...er. Leave the twenty nineth wind and weather permitting. Fredricka and Reina going to portland Saturday to visit Mrs Gage. ...oin us in Boston.

...ther. & Mother.

1039PM

Oh, For An Iron Horse!

Editorial by Lawrence Dame in The Boston Herald.

7/26/43

On the right little, tight little isle of Nantucket, traces of an abandoned narrow-gauge now inspire nostalgic tears from those who, in these days of gasoline rationing, remember how easy it was to go the eight miles fom Nantucket Town to 'Sconset behind an iron horse. Railroad Magazine has just commemorated that era.

Back in 1879, when the narrow-gauge was first talked of on Nantucket many of the old-timers scoffed at the proposal. The flesh-and-blood horse had come to stay, it seemed. Such a y-fangled invention as a steam engine horrified islanders who little realized that within two decades they would be threatened by an even deadlier machine, the automobile. Running water was led into the town in 1879. That was more important than a railway line. However, Billy Clark, the town crier, drove the first spike for the road in 1881, and on July 4 of that year, the first train puffed across the moors. It was a great day!

Electrified later, the line lasted until 1917. Perhaps only under cover of a war could it have been removed. But the automobile, so bitterly fought by many islanders, sealed its doom. Nantucket lost the battle to exclude motor cars in 1918 and their profitless railway started turning into rust.

Nantucket, of course, offers all other means of transportation today. The best manner of making 'Sconset is on a bicycle. But when you travel across the moors, on foot or awheel, give a thought to the time when the toot of a miniature locomotive's whistle blended with the cries of the seagulls and the sound of the constantly beating surf. Others, their sense of poetry somewhat blunted by the exigencies of OPA, will sigh for an iron horse.

Form 2239 K

NIGHT LE

THE WESTERN UNION TEL

INCORPORATED

25,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA CABLE SE

This Company TRANSMITS and DELIVERS messages only on conditions limiting its liability, whic
Errors can be guarded against only by repeating a message back to the sending station for compari
transmission or delivery of Unrepeated Night Letters, sent at reduced rates, beyond a sum equal to ten
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Sankaty Head Golf Club
Siasconset, Massachusetts

At the request of

The Board of Governors of the Sankaty Head Golf Club
has the honour to extend to

period of

Secretary

SEES BIG TURTLE WEEP AND LAY 100 EGGS

WASHINGTON (Canadian Press) —Thomas A. Stone, counselor at the Canadian Embassy here, experienced something a little outside the diplomatic routine the other night when he stood on a moonlit South Carolina beach and watched a barnacled, 500-pound turtle from the Gulf Stream lay 100 eggs in the sand, all the while shedding copious tears like the Mock Turtle of Alice in Wonderland.

Mr. Stone had heard the Carolina legend that if one were alert on a moonlight night in June, on an isolated stretch of beach, he might catch one of these ageless monsters laying its eggs. Friends arranged a picnic for him on Bulls Island, about eighteen miles from Charleston. When the moon was high the party walked about four miles along the beach to its most unfrequented stretches. They found a one-way turtle track leading away from the surf. About 200 yards inland they came upon a turtle about the size of an office desk, already depositing eggs in a shallow excavation. It's only apparent reaction to the curious group and their flashlights was to weep a flood of tears, until it had laid about 100 eggs the size of pingpong balls, and laboriously covered them with sand.

Then, Mr. Stone said, the turtle made what might have been a fatal error. Confused by the lights and the audience, it turned inland instead of heading back to the sea. In a moment it had fallen into a deep depression on the upper beach and, because it has only flippers for swimming instead of armed feet like land turtles, it could not crawl out.

The seven men in the group went down into the hole and heaved the helpless monster back to level beach and headed it for the surf. "It barely made the water," Mr. Stone said. "It would move a few feet and then take long gasping breathing spells before it would go on again. But when it got afloat it was right at home. Its flippers went into action like pistons and it swam, straight and fast out to sea, traveling down the path of the moon and heading for its playground far out in the Gulf Stream."

Mrs. A. Strassel - S. Mt. Rd
Mashaum Point
Mrs. Bedford, Mass.
6/10/43

...uest
...o, Oct. 1 (AP).—
A woman guest telephoned the Fairview Hotel clerk last night that "there's something moving around in fy drawer." A bellboy, armed with a club, went up and found a turtle in the dresser drawer. This morning the hotel received a telegram from a previous guiest reading: "Left pet turtle in dresser drawer. Please mail to me."

FROGS

By MARTIN CHESLEY

We are the featherless fowl of the marshes,
Winging our way through the deep lagoons;
We are the webfoot birds of the rushes,
We are the freckled and motley buffoons.

We are the nightingales down in the sedges,
Moaning sonatas as solemn as theirs;
We are the owls of the river-bank ledges,
We are the cuckoos of aqueous lairs.

We are the birds of the damp and the puddles,
Downless relations of coveys and doves,
Thumping our fiddles in nebulous huddles;
We are the frogs that the leprechaun loves.

While they go soaring over the beeches,
We must sit shivering down in our bogs;
Our aspiration is less than our reach is;
We proletarians, we are the frogs.

7/22/43

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

The Song of Solomon, ii, 10-12

NURSES' GROUPS WORK
TO ATTRACT RECRUITS

Delicately painted Chinese pap
have arrived at Charles R. Gra
& Sons, 686 Lexington Aven
tallic paint.
swirl-like motifs accented by n
embossed papers with all-o
terns from England are heav
soft white. Among the few p
the center of each, are printed
yellow, with dashes of brown
Huge blossoms of sunflowers
Gray Ground.
and white horses stampeding acr
suitable for a den, showing bla
backgrounds is a breezy pap
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lar patches of grasslands. Typi
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sandpipers and deep green bla
whimsical pattern has broa
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aut, Inc., 269 Madison Aven
Danish Group at Richard E. Thi
are featured in the machine-ma
Simple motifs and clear colo
scenes.
signs on panels for decorati
of the papers show traditional

The Board ... Golf Club

... period of

19 Secretary

Mrs. A. Strassel - S.M. 3/c
Mishaum Point
New Bedford, Mass.
6/10/43
U.S.C.G.P.

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Dear Mr. Swift Thurs 7/1/43

Received your card after returning from a few days absence. Was very glad to hear from you. Hope you are enjoying your summer over there. I hope to be able to see you sometime this Summer (pretty soon). Since I saw you last I was promoted to 2nd Class Petty Officer by luck. How's your golf game. I'm plenty stale myself but would like to give you a game. Sorry I couldn't answer sooner. Let me hear from you real soon I'll be around here.

Your Sailor Friend
George

FROGS

By MARTIN CHESLEY

We are the featherless fowl of the marshes,
Winging our way through the deep lagoons;
We are the webfoot birds of the rushes,
We are the freckled and motley buffoons.

We are the nightingales down in the sedges,
Moaning sonatas as solemn as theirs;
We are the owls of the river-bank ledges,
We are the cuckoos of aqueous lairs.

We are the birds of the damp and the puddles,
Downless relations of coveys and doves,
Thumping our fiddles in nebulous huddles:
We are the frogs that the leprechaun loves.

While they go soaring over the beeches,
We must sit shivering down in our bogs;
Our aspiration is less than our reach is;
We proletarians, we are the frogs.

7/22/43

Rise up, my love, my fair one,
and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past, the rain
is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds
is come,
And the voice of the turtle is
heard in our land.

The Song of Solomon, ii, 10-12

New-World Shangri-La Is Found on Nantucket

Nantucket, the "far-away is- ...l" is all things nice to all ... there to rest in ... atmo- ... days. ... lanes, ... he sea, ... ew trails ... hunt In- ... commune ... that war ... ppears to ... combine ... and sail- ... of private ... public re- ... give such ... uillty where ... o is one of ... unspoiled ... ce Dame in ... d." In this ... he mainland ... more than ... and the flow- ... an palettes of ... unds of activ- ... end one to a ... elsewhere leave ... ded almost as ... as at mid-after- ... le on Nantucket. ... ong the cobbles ... of youth. Nobody ... tion to clocks, ex- ... usement of count- ... rom the handsome ... hurch steeple at 9 ... whether the ringer ... requisite fifty-two ... w or gives a gener- ... e. Calendars are ... than watches and ... always a little lat ... ysis. ... ess- ... olling immunity helped to ... what causes hay fever. ... od-type classifications en- ... detectives to determine ... er the clothing of murde ... ns or of criminal suspect ... stained with their own bloo ... at of another person. ... Landsteiner's discoveries ... d that the blood of anth ... apes was more closely ... d to human blood than ... the lower orders of anir ... d thus, as he said, seeme ... ree with the theory that ... d apes are descendants ... ommon stock," rather tha ... an evolved from one of th ... His work also helped t ... ish blood tests as evidenc ... ternity. The courts of s ... the States as well as ... countries admitted such ... competent to show at lea ... ative result in cases of ... parentage.

...nts and Fruits and Vegetables!

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OPENS

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June 12—3t

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"BREAKERS" DINING ROOM

LARGE AIRY ROOMS AND COTTAGES

Private Beach

...and mate, and two ... snatched from the ... crew was able to ... cles, because the ... rapidly. ... The ... arti- ... in the ... On the 7th of ... ds that they were in la...

6/19/43

Nantucket the Same Haven ---Its Charm Ever New.

Underneath Its Charm and Hospitality the Island A "Going Concern." Outstandingly Represented In War Effort With 400 Men in Service.

By "Bill" Cunningham, in The Boston Herald.

The easiest way to tell how it's going to be with summer places is to check with the gas, the water and the electric light people. Such a canvass conducted here seems to say that Nantucket is going to be a fairly busy place this summer. Following the local custom of understatement, rather than overstatement, one says it that way, but, as a matter of fact, the famous old island may see at least a resemblance to the summers of yore.

Public thinking and some officially registered cases of personal nervousness have evidently shaken down on the war. Self-consciousness about taking vacations and fear that recreation and relaxation might be considered unpatriotic have sensibly vanished from the American scene. With all the wear and tear and mental stress, a little, or even a lot of relief from it all is necessary and never more constructive.

Thus, many people, here, and at other New England resorts, who didn't open their places last year are quietly planning to resume life as they know it. It's not that they aren't just as alert to the war. It's simply that they've seen what it is, what it calls for, and are calmer about it all. There won't be the big parties, the beach picnics and the old-time hullabaloo.

The personal nervousness aforementioned had something to do with the summer shutdown in these parts, for when the war first broke, with questions and rumors running wild, some of the elderly and timid were afraid that the Nantucket boats might be torpedoed or shelled, and even the island, itself, might be shelled or bombed.

It wasn't any cinch that it couldn't have happened in the early months, either, and in this war, the improbable is always the probable, but the authorities reveal that the water through which the Nantucket boats pass is too shallow for an enemy sub, and, anyhow, by now, we have such ample aerial protection and such quick listening devices that it is practically a *mechanical impossibility for any enemy unit of any sort to sneak in close enough to strike such a blow* without, at least, being opposed on the way.

** ** ** ** **

Gasoline Not So Vital At Nantucket.

As a matter of fact, Nantucket may really profit to some extent from the general restrictions on the mainland. Here is one spot where *gasoline isn't so vital to a visitor as it is in a lot of places.* Except for the moors and some of the beaches, everything is within walking distance of the old town. 'Sconset, at the other end of the island, is a different propcsition, but that's mostly an area of estates, not open to visitors anyhow.

The island here in mid-June is as lovely as ever, its quaintness and charm unchanged in the least. It's too early, of course, for the famous roses, but many of the gardens are already in bloom and the vegetable gardens are really something to see. The weather this week-end was sunny and beautiful. The war and the world seemed a million miles away.

That, however, was purely a week-end visitor's personal reaction to the complete change of scene. To the people of Nantucket, the resident stock, neither the world nor the war is away at all. Both are very real, and the town is doing its full part.

** ** ** ** **

Town Deserves a Salute in Passing—Soon Will be Debt-Free.

Too often a visitor, won by the charm and hospitality, fails to realize that underneath all this is a going concern that he can well afford to salute in passing—the town of Nantucket, as a town, a community, an organization.

It has a normal population of 3000, and it's very doubtful whether there's another community of similar size anywhere that can show a better picture.

Nantucket has, for example, a $200,000 public school system. It has $450,000 worth of sanitary facilities. It has five modern pieces of fire apparatus, which, with the building, represents an evaluation of $200,000. Nantucket has 100 miles of paved road, 65 miles of shore line, and 30,000 acres of moors, farmland and improved property. It has a tax value of $12,000,000 and an actual value of $13,000,000. Its highest tax rate was $27 in 1939. The present rate is $18. The town debt at the moment is but $40,000, and it expects to be absolutely free of all debt in four years. That must be the world record, net and gross, in times such as these.

** ** ** ** **

Outstandingly Represented in The War By Its 400 Service Men.

Nantucket would like some, but it has no war industries. The reason is obvious. Raw materials would have to be taken over by boat, the finished product returned the same way, which means manufacturing would be too costly. The war has brought to the island a Coast Guard headquarters, and some other installations typical of such locations in these times, but those are the only physical changes the war has wrought.

The island, which has always sent its men to all wars, is outstandingly represented in all the uniforms now. From this community of 3000 approximately 400 men have gone and 24 of these are commissioned officers. The town has had its losses. Bill Henderson, the policeman's son, was killed on Guadalcanal. Lt. Harrison Gorman, or Harry Gorman, as the town knew him. son of a member of the Chamber of Commerce, has been officially listed as missing for more than a year. The young fighter pilot of the U. S. Army air forces was on the *Langley* when she was sunk in the South Pacific, was picked up at sea, placed on the destroyer *Edsall* and headed for Java.

The *Edsall* was part of the fleet that Dutch admiral, Helfrich, sailed straight at the Japs in the Java sea. It was a gallant but strictly suicidal mission. A mighty Jap armada evidently fell upon the United Nations ships and sank them all. Nothing whatsoever has ever been heard of the *Edsall.* Not one survivor was ever picked up, not one scrap of wreckage ever found. It simply sailed over the horizon and disappeared.

The Nantucket lad was known to be on her. The island naturally hopes that he's somewhere a prisoner of war, but no news has ever come. His fate is simply unknown.

** ** ** ** **

Swain, "Fortress" Gunner—Walling, Submarine Skipper.

The island has its casualties, but it also has its heroes. There's Staff Sgt. Andrew Jackson Swain, for instance, thrice decorated rear turret gunner of a Flying Fortress that's been hammering the Japs in New Guinea. Young Swain is one of the old stock. His ancestors used to go whaling out where he is now. He's whaling the Japs all over the same waters.

Then there's Lt.-Commdr. John Walling, U. S. N., a young Annapolis product now commanding his own submarine. Decorated for sub-fighting in the Pacific, he recently came home on leave, handed his medal to his mother, and said: "Hide this in a bureau, somewhere, Ma, and don't tell anybody about it."

Ma didn't have to tell anybody. The story was duly released out of Washington. The papers all carried it and the young man seemed most embarrassed.

Nantucket is completely cleaned out of 1-A selectee material. Every able-bodied unmarried man has gone. Most of them volunteered. The head of the draft board tells me the next call will move into the family class. The record of service is complete.

** ** ** ** **

The Nantucket story is really a honey; the island, itself, the same pleasant haven. Its charm is ever new, no matter how often encountered; its people, the best, as the report above verifies.

New-World Shangri-La Is Found on Nantucket

Nantucket, the "far-away island," is all things nice to all people. Some go there to rest in fog-colored homes and an atmosphere closely tied to whaling days. Sightseers revel in quaint lanes, gardens and vistas of the sea, while adventurers blaze new trails across the silent moors, hunt Indian arrowheads and commune with a nature so peaceful that war anywhere in the world appears to be impossible. Others combine bathing, cycling, fishing and sailing with the gayety of private clubs and picturesque public resorts.

How Nantucket can give such an impression of tranquillty where there is so much to do is one of the mysteries of an unspoiled place, writes Lawrence Dame in "The Boston Herald." In this balmy air, where the mainland seems to be much more than thirty miles distant and the flowers are brighter than palettes of visiting painters, rounds of activity which would send one to a convalescent home elsewhere leave the convivial-minded almost as fresh at midnight as at mid-afternoon.

Time means little on Nantucket. Oldsters step along the cobbles with the spring of youth. Nobody pays much attention to clocks, except for the amusement of counting the strokes from the handsome old Unitarian Church steeple at 9 p. m., to see whether the ringer pulls out the requisite fifty-two bells for curfew or gives a generous fifty-three. Calendars are more popular than watches and everybody is always a little late.

...es controlling immunity helped to explain what causes hay fever. His blood-type classifications enabled detectives to determine whether the clothing of murder victims or of criminal suspect was stained with their own blood or that of another person.

Dr. Landsteiner's discoveries revealed that the blood of anthropoid apes was more closely related to human blood than that of the lower orders of animals and thus, as he said, seemed to agree with the theory that man and apes are descendants of a common stock," rather than that man evolved from one of the...

His work also helped to establish blood tests as evidence in paternity. The courts of some of the States as well as those of countries admitted such tests competent to show at least negative result in cases of disputed parentage.

Beach Chairs
Beach Umbrellas

PRICE FIVE CENTS

MAKES WEEKLY VISITS "EVERYWHERE"

"Loss of The Essex" One Hundred Years Ago Today.

Continued From First Page.

and avoid the whale, but the words were scarcely out of my mouth before he came at full speed and struck the ship with his head, just forward of the forechains.

"We realized at once the dreadful accident which had befallen us. During this time the whale had passed under the ship, grazing the keel, and came up to leeward, where it lay for the space of a minute, apparently stunned. He then started off to leeward.

After recovering in a measure from the consternation that had seized us I concluded that the whale had stove a hole in the ship and I must set the pumps to work. The men had not been long at it when I saw that the ship was settling by the head, so I ordered the recall signal for the boats.

"I had scarcely done this when I saw the whale, apparently in convulsions, about a hundred rods to leeward. He was continually thrashing around and smiting his jaws together as if in anger. Remaining thus for a short time, he then started off to windward across our bows. By this time the ship had settled down, and I gave her up as lost, but kept the pumps going.

"I turned my attention to clearing away the boats and getting ready to embark in them, and while thus employed I was aroused by the cry that the whale was coming for us again. He was about a hundred rods ahead, coming for us full speed, and this time he struck the ship under the cathead and completely stove in the bow, so that the ship commenced to fill at once. The whale passed under the ship to leeward and was seen no more."

Essex Sank One Thousand Miles From Nearest Land.

This occurred in mid-ocean, more than a thousand miles from the nearest land. Mate Chase cut the spare boat adrift and prepared to launch her. The steward had been sent into the cabin and he was able to save two quadrants, two navigators and two trunks belonging to the captain and mate, and two [illegible] were snatched from the [illegible] The crew was able to [illegible] articles, because the [illegible] rapidly.

south. It being now calm, rowing was resorted to; but the extremely enfeebled men made but slight headway, and they became much dispirited.

Finally Landed on Barren Island.

Miles and miles were covered by the boats during the month they were tossed about by the elements before land hove in sight, and the feelings of the shipwrecked men can well be imagined when they set foot on dry land Dec. 20, after such an experience. But the days and weeks which followed were by far the worst that human beings have been called upon to endure.

Owen Chase, as soon as he landed, took an observation, and found they were in latitude 24° 40′ S, longitude 120° 40′ W, and from these observations he concluded they were on land called Ducie's island. The only sign of the island having been visited before was the name of ship "Elizabeth" cut on a tree trunk.

After several days' search for water a spring was found, which could only be made available at low water. Some fish and a few birds were caught, and a few bird's eggs were found amid the clefts of the rocks, and everything eatable was speedily devoured uncooked. It was not until the 22d of December that the spring was found and some of the men drank so much water that they endangered their lives. The boats were hauled up on the beach and made as seaworthy as possible with the limited supply of tools which the men had.

The island was found to be entirely barren of vegetable growth, except for a small quantity of "peppergrass." Realizing that they could not keep alive on such a barren spot, which was far from the haunts of ships, they decided to set sail again. At the last moment three of their number (William Wright and Seth Weeks, of Barnstable, and Thomas Chapple, of Plymouth, England), concluded they would remain on the island, rather than face an uncertainty, and on the 27th of December, the remainder of the crew took farewell of their comrades and set forth with Juan Fernandez as the fixed destination. There were three colored men in the crew.

On the 7th of January, Chase's [illegible] that they were in lat-

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[illegible] N., a young [illegible]rine. Decorated [illegible] on leave, hand- [illegible]a bureau, some-

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ship was filling. Chase and his men hurriedly launched their boat and pulled away from the ship just before she fell over on her beam ends.

The boats of the captain and second mate had now come upon the scene and the ship's masts were cut away, whereupon she partially righted. A hole was cut through the deck, just above where some casks of bread were stowed, and from them about 600 pounds of dry bread was obtained.

Water was secured by scuttling other parts of the deck, so that each boat took aboard about 65 gallons. The men also procured some powder, a musket, a few files, rasps, nails, etc., and some turtle that had been taken from the Galapagos islands.

The weather became rugged, the wind blowing freshly, but the three boats were moored to the wreck of the ship. The following day (Nov. 21), the crew again visited the ship, and materials for rigging the boats were secured, and also some cedar boards to fit for a washboard for the deeply laden boats. On the 23d, consultation was held as to the best course to pursue, it being decided to endeavor to steer clear of the trade winds and head for the coast of America.

Boats Left the Essex Two Days After She Was Struck.

The boats left the scene of disaster at noon, on the 22d, and set sail to the south-southeast. This was in latitude 13 minutes north, longitude 120 degrees west. It was agreed that the three boats should keep company together as long as possible, the allowance of food being one biscuit and half a pint of water a day for each man.

In Owen Chase's chest many useful things were found, among them being writing paper, pencils, fish-hooks, a knife and a whetstone. The captain's chest contained a pistol and some ammunition.

Three days passed without incident and the men continued to keep the boats together. On the 25th Chase's boat sprung aleak, but after lightering her with the help of the other boats the leak was stopped in a degree, so that one man bailing constantly could keep her free. The weather was rough, the deeply laden boats shipped water, and some of the bread was spoiled.

During the night of the 27th the captain's boat was struck by some unknown fish and seriously damaged. By lightering her it was possible to reach the injured part and the leak was partially stopped, but in consequence of eating some of the water-soaked bread the men were overcome with thirst and from this time their extreme sufferings continued.

They longed for fresh meat, and schools of dolphins playing near by tantalized them, but all efforts to catch one failed. Three days later they killed a galapagos turtle and had a feast. Their supply of bread that had been wet lasted until the third of December. During the next night the boat of the second mate was lost sight of, but the little fleet was a few hours later reunited, and these spells of separation were thereafter quite frequent. This brought up thoughts and discussions as to whether it would not be best to separate.

On the 8th of December they had a sharp gale, and were compelled to unship the masts and abandon all control of the course of the boats.

By the 9th of December they had got to 17° 40′ south, and had become very much exhausted. Mr. Chase had locked in his chest the small supply of bread, and guarded it with care; and good fortune had sent some flying-fish against the sails, which, dropping into the boats, were quickly devoured, bones, scales, and all.

About the 16th of December, the allowance of bread and water was reduced one half. The wind had died out, and the sun was intensely hot. Some relief was found by bathing in the sea; this led to the discovery of barnacles on the boat's bottom, and they were scraped off and eaten with relish. Mr. Chase's boat was so leaky that it became necessary to put on a patch. In order to do this effectually, one of his crew named Benjamin Lawrence went overboard and held a hatchet against the wound, so as to enable the man inside to clinch the nails. They were then in 21° 42′ W. Three days later the first death occurred—that of second mate Joy. On the 12th a severe storm came up and the boats became separated and were never again brought together. This was in latitude 32° 16′ south, longitude 112° 20′ west.

One and a Half Ounces of Bread Per Day.

The allowance of bread in Chase's boat was reduced to one ounce and a half per day. In his boat were three of the colored men. One of them was caught in the act of stealing bread and was let off on a promise of abstaining in the future.

On the 15th of January a large shark joined company, and made several attacks on the boat, but finally left without doing any damage; on the 16th, they were surrounded by porpoises, but none could be caught for want of a harpoon; and on the 18th, whales were spouting round. On the 20th, one of the colored men named Richard Peterson died, and the next day he was committed to the sea in latitude 35° 07′, longitude 105° 46′ west.

Mr. Chase says, on the 8th of February: "Our sufferings were now drawing to a close; a terrible death appeared to await us; hunger became extreme; our speech and reason seemed to be impaired."

Isaac Cole became mad, and gave up in despair, and soon died. The next day preparations were being made for his burial. Consultation was held, and the terrible verdict rendered was that he must serve as food to save his companions. Chase's journal says:

"We separated his limbs from his body, cut off all the flesh, took out the heart, sewed up the remains in canvas, and committed it to the deep, and making a fire, partook of it, and preserved the remainder for future use. In this manner we disposed of our fellow sufferer, the painful recollection of which brings to my mind some of the most revolting ideas that it is capable of conceiving.

"We knew not to whose lot it would fall next, either to die or to be shot. Humanity shudders at the recital. The next morning, 10th February, we found the flesh spoiling, and made a fire to cook it to prevent its being wholly lost. For six or seven days we lived on it, not using of our remnant of bread. On the 15th, our stock of flesh was exhausted, and we were down to the last morsel of our bread, consisting of two cakes. Our limbs had become swelled and pained us excessively. We were still some three hundred miles from land.

"On the 17th we saw indications of land, which we hoped might be Massafuero. The next morning a boy named Thomas Nickerson lay down to die. I endeavored to convince him that it was wicked to abandon reliance on Providence while the least hope remained; but he felt unwilling to listen to my consolatory suggestions."

At 7 a. m. the next day there was a cry of "Sail ho!" and a vessel was seen about seven miles off. They went for her, were soon picked up, and given small portions of food made from tapioca, and in a few days they were considerably recruited. The vessel proved to be the brig Indian, Captain William Crozier, of London. The survivors were rescued in latitude 33° 45′ south, longitude 81° 03′ west. At noon on that day they saw the island of Massafuero, and on the 25th of February arrived at Valparaiso, where all their wants were promptly relieved. The three survivors in the mate's boat were Owen Chase, Benjamin Lawrence and the boy Thomas Nickerson, all of Nantucket.

Captain Pollard's Experiences.

The captain's and the second mate's boats had even worse experiences after the boats became separated than did Owen Chase and his men. Capt. Pollard, after the separation, continued to make his way towards Juan Fernandez, but the supply of food gave out and they were obliged to sustain life by eating human flesh from the body of a colored man named Charles Shorter, who had died. The stock of food in the second mate's boat had become wholly exhausted, and the men resorted to the flesh of a colored man named Lawson Thomas, who had died. Next, Stephen Sheperd, a colored man, died in the boat of the second mate, and another colored man named Samuel Reed died in the captain's boat. The flesh of both men was used to sustain life.

Finally, on the 28th of January, the captain's and second mate's boats became separated and the latter was never heard from again. The separation occurred in latitude 35° south and longitude 100° west.

On the 1st of February there was nothing remaining in the captain's boat; the captain and the three remaining men cast lots, and it fell upon Owen Coffin to die, who with great fortitude and submission submitted to his fate. Lots were drawn to see who should be his executioner, and the hard task fell on Charles Ramsdell. On the 11th. Barzilla Ray died, and on these bodies the captain and Ramsdell, the only survivors, subsisted until the morning of the 23d when they fell in with the whaleship Dauphin, Capt. Zimri Coffin, of Nantucket, in latitude 37° south, off the island of St. Mary's. Captain Pollard and his men arrived at Valparaiso on the 17th of March, 1821—two weeks after Mate Owen Chase and his men reached there.

Five men, all Nantucketers, held one of the most touching reunions on record and it was with tears in his eyes that Captain Pollard and Mate Chase joined hands and recited to each other the horrors they had been through, each having the thought of having been forced into cannibalism to face through the remainder of his life.

On arriving at Valparaiso, Capt. Pollard sought the captain of the U. S. frigate Macedonian, and implored him to go to Ducies island and rescue the three men left there. An English ship was bound to Australia, however, and the captain agreed to stop at the island and if the men were still living, to take them off. This he did, taking them to Sydney and thence to London, making a total of eight men who lived to tell the tale of the loss of the ship Essex, with her crew of twenty who set sail from Nantucket on August 12, 1819.

More than three months the crew of the Essex were in open boats, and at Ducie's Island. A touching incident of this dreadful tragedy occurred on board of the captain's boat, when it became necessary to draw lots to see who should die to save others. The lot fell on Coffin, who was cousin to Captain Pollard, and Pollard wished to take his place; but Coffin claimed the right to be sacrificed to save his companions. There is something touchingly sublime in this self-sacrifice.

* * * * * * * * * *

Captain Pollard, on his return to Nantucket, took charge of the ship Two Brothers, a whaler, and five months from home the vessel struck a reef somewhere to the westward of the Sandwich Islands, and became a total loss. He never went to sea again, and died in 1870, aged 81 years.

Owen Chase, on the other hand, was always fortunate. In 1832 a fine ship, the Charles Carroll, was built for him on Brant Point, Nantucket, and he filled her twice, each time with twenty-eight hundred barrels of sperm oil. He died in 1869, aged seventy-three.

There are two persons living on Nantucket today who perhaps can claim more than ordinary interest in the recital of the Essex story. Benjamin Lawrence, father of Mrs. Philip Holmes, and Charles Ramsdell, father of Clarence Ramsdell, were both members of the Essex crew and lived through these days and months of adventure and horror. In fact, when the men were finally forced to resort to cannibalism, and were "drawing lots" to see who should live and who should die, it fell to Ramsdell to take the life of one of his fellow sufferers in order that the others might have his flesh to eat. It is said that when the task fell to him, young Ramsdell, who was nothing but a boy, pleaded that the situation might be reversed—that he might be the one to die instead of the one to take the other's life. But his pleadings were in vain.

Nantucket Had Another Ship Sunk By a Whale.

Nantucket had another staunch ship which was sunk by a whale, the Union, which sailed in 1807, under command of Capt. Edmund Gardner. When twelve days out the vessel was attacked by a large whale and had her bows smashed in so that she soon sank. The captain and crew reached the Azores, after being in the boats seven days and eight nights.

There have been several other occasions when whales have attacked ships at sea. In 1826 the U. S. sloop-of-war Peacock, while under sail, going seven or eight knots, ran against a whale basking on the surface of the water. The whale turned on the ship and inflicted serious injuries, causing her to leak.

The ship Ann Alexander of New Bedford was sunk by a whale a few days after leaving port, in the early 50's, and her crew was rescued by Capt. Richard Gibbs of the ship Nantucket, of Nantucket, after being in the boats some hours.

In 1856 the ship Cuban, while on a passage from Demerara to Greenock, in latitude 43° 89′, longitude 26° 50′ west, was struck by a whale "so powerful as to heel her over several streaks and stop her headway." The whale appeared to be stunned by the blow, but after approaching the ship, as if for another attack, wheeled around in the opposite direction and smashed her side in with his tail, then diving from sight.

Many a Nantucket ship had its boats smashed, both by the jaws of the whale and by its tail, and many a man lost his life at such times, but never was there anything in the annals of the whale fishery which equalled the loss of the Essex.

Ten per cent. discount on any Blanket or Comforter in the store

and you may have it on credit. Furthermore we shall make the weekly payments so eas that you will not be burdened in payin

We have offered liberal discounts for cash and the retu have been grafifying. Now we are going to give our credit customers a chance.

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NEW YORK

NEW YORK

steiner Dead, Finder Of Blood Types

1930 Nobel Prize Winner, Eminent Immunologist at Rockefeller Institute

Dr. Karl Landsteiner, the world's foremost authority on immunology, whose researches made blood transfusions safe medical procedures and opened vast new fields of understanding of the physical nature of man, died yesterday morning of a heart ailment at the hospital of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, Sixty-sixth Street and York Avenue. He was seventy-five years old.

The Austrian-born scientist, who won the Nobel Prize in medicine in 1930, was stricken Thursday morning while at work in his laboratory at the institute. He was immediately removed to the institute hospital, where he failed to rally. He lived with his wife in a small apartment near the institute.

Although he continued his researches to the end, Dr. Landsteiner had not been an active member of the institute since 1939, when he was retired with the status of member emeritus after seventeen years of active service there.

Funeral services will be private.

Discovered Blood Types

Dr. Landsteiner's medical researches in the field of immunology were so extensive and yet so integrated that it was said of him that he had founded a new school of thought. His classification of human blood into four main groups was perhaps his greatest achievement, for it revealed to science that blood transfusions could succeed where the blood donor and the recipient belonged to the same blood-type groups.

This discovery paved the way for blood transfusion techniques later developed and today is yielding incalculable benefits to mankind on every battlefield on the globe.

His successful transmission of infantile paralysis to monkeys opened up a new understanding of the nature of virus diseases of the nervous system and became of fundamental significance in the study of human heredity and of anthropology.

His studies on the chemical nature of the substances and processes controlling immunity—which is a fundamental condition of human existence—gave new light on how man resists infectious disease.

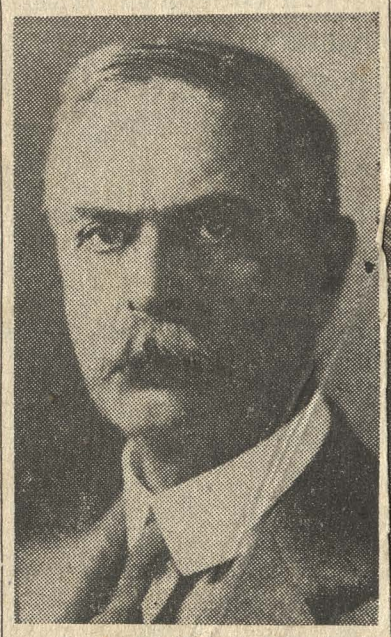
Paralysis and Hay Fever

These broader researches led into many other by-paths. The Landsteiner experiments with monkeys, for instance, resulted in the discovery of a serum valuable in the early stages of infantile paralysis. His experiments with the processes controlling immunity helped to explain what causes hay fever. His blood-type classifications enabled detectives to determine whether the clothing of murder victims or of criminal suspect was stained with their own bloo or that of another person.

Dr. Landsteiner's discoveries r vealed that the blood of anth poid apes was more closely lated to human blood than of the lower orders of anir and thus, as he said, seeme agree with the theory that and apes are descendants common stock," rather tha man evolved from one of t

His work also helped t lish blood tests as evidenc ternity. The courts of s the States as well as countries admitted such competent to show at lea ative result in cases of parentage.

Medical Research Expert



Dr. Karl Landsteiner

Isabel Irving Dies; Actress A Half Century

Was Leading Lady at Old Lyceum and With John Drew; Retired in 1936

NANTUCKET, Mass., Sept. 1 (AP).—Isabel Irving, an actress whose career on the stage covered nearly a half-century, died today at her home here. She was seventy-three years old.

Old Lyceum Star

Miss Irving, who last appeared eight years ago [illegible] change in American government. There will be no i[illegible] tive to the French provisional assignment of a new representa[illegible] the United States is considering and prestige and disclosed that's stored to its former place of power that he wished to see France re[illegible] conference this morning, said Mr. Hull, speaking at his press

May Appoint New Envoy

One means of providing this responsibility, he said, would be to create a special committee made up of an equal number of Democrats and Republicans for the purpose of hearing all measures dealing with international agreements. Representative Judd told the House that under "our two-party system any agreement worked out in secret by the party in power and jammed down the throat of the minority party is bound to be rejected by the minority party. We can only work ut a just and lasting peace if both parties share the responsibility."

Minnesota, and Representative Brooks Hays, Democrat, of Arkansas.

Leading Lady of Old Lyceum

Isabel Irving

FOR THE CASH BUYER.

offered liberal discounts for cash and the ret
been grati[illegible]. Now we are going to give
our credit customers a chance.

ten per cent. discount on any Blanket or Comforter in the store

and you may have it on credit. Further
we shall make the weekly payments so
that you will not be burdened in p

Get your winter supply of warm
down and a weekly pa
us $1 and we will fill your orde
your own and a week

Former Bronxville Girl Weds Lieut. Burrows

Special to the Herald Tribune

OTTAWA, Ont., June 26.—Miss Elizabeth Roberts, daughter of Mrs. Edwin Roberts of Ottawa, formerly of Bronxville, N. Y., was married here this afternoon to Flying Officer R. C. A. F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Coulton Berkinshaw, of Toronto. The Rev. Robert Berkinshaw, father of the bridegroom, was the officiating clergyman. The bride was given in marriage by her father, Mr. Roberts, and was attended by Miss Marjory Lee Ashby, of Bronxville, as maid of honor, and Mrs. Edwin Charles McDonald Jr. was matron of honor. Bridesmaids were Miss Katharine Campbell, Miss Alexandra Stewart, Miss Emily Bryans, Miss Virginia Gardner and Miss Mary Louise Usher. Lieutenant T. R. Burrows was best man. Lieutenant Burrows, Dr. Keith Black, Dr. Luther P. Fincke, the pastor, of

8/11/46

Airplanes Make Nantucket Just

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By R...

Admits Harboring Nazi P...

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His arrest reduced to 42 the number of escaped prisoners of war still at large. Of many hundred thousand held ...aptive in this country during the war, ... Germans except those in hospitals ...ll at large, have been returned ... native land.

...ship was filmed ... Chase and his men ...

EVERYBODY JOIN FOR 1921!

R

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...or

...ly devoured, bones, scales, and all. ...ht. About the 16th of December, the al... ...ply of bread, and good fortune had sent some ...ure care; and good fortune had sent some ...ing-fish against the sails, which, ...are dropping into the boats, were quick... ...duced one half. The wind had died ...isu...lowance of bread. The wind had died ...out, and the sun was intensely hot. ...Some relief was found by bathing in ...the sea; this led to the discovery of ...barnacles on the boat's bottom, and ...they were scraped off and eaten with ...relish. Mr. Chase's boat was so ...leaky that it became necessary to put ...on a patch. In order to do this ef... ...fectually, one of his crew named Ben... ...jamin Lawrence went overboard and ...held a hatchet against the wound, so ...as to enable the man inside to clinch ...the nails. They were then in 21° 42' ...

...had locked in his chest the small sup... ...ac... ...ol... ...ni... ...do... ...got to 17° 40' south, and had become ...very much exhausted. Mr. Chase ...promptly relieved. The three survi... ...vors in the mate's boat were Owen ...Chase, Benjamin Lawrence and the ...boy Thomas Nickerson, all of Nan... ...tucket.

Captain Pollard's Experiences.

The captain's and the second mate's ...boats had even worse experiences af... ...ter the boats became separated than ...did Owen Chase and his men. Capt. ...Pollard, after the separation, con... ...tinued to make his way towards Juan ...Fernandez, but the supply of food ...gave out and they were obliged to ...sustain life by eating human flesh ...from the body of a colored man ...named Charles Shorter, who had ...died. The stock of food in the second ...mate's boat had become wholly ex... ...hausted, and the men resorted to the ...flesh of a colored man named Lawson ...

...vessel proved to be the brig Indian, ... Captain William Crozier, of Lon... ...don. The survivors were rescued in ...latitude 33° 45' south, longitude 81° ...03' west. At noon on that day they ...saw the island of Massafuero, and on ...the 25th of February arrived at Val... ...paraiso, where all their wants were ...promptly relieved. The three survi... ...vors in the mate's boat were Owen ...Chase, Benjamin Lawrence and the ...boy Thomas Nickerson, all of Nan... ...tucket.

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...and he filled her twice, each time with ...twenty-eight hundred barrels of ...sperm oil. He died in 1869, aged ...seventy-three.
There are two persons living on Nantucket today who perhaps can claim more than ordinary interest in the recital of the Essex story. Benjamin Lawrence, father of Mrs. Philip Holmes, and Charles Ramsdell, were both members of the Essex crew and lived through those days and months of adventure and horror. In fact, when the men were finally forced to resort to cannibalism, and were "drawing lots" to see who should live and who should die, it fell to Ramsdell to take the life of one of his fellow sufferers in order that the others might have his flesh to eat. It is said that when

In carrying out the vote of the re... ...cent town meeting, the selectmen ...have formally asked the Wannacomet ...Water Company to be kind enough to ...furnish the village of Siasconset with ...water. It is a very mi... ...and the selectmen have ti... ...as diplomatic as possible ...doubt very much if the w... ...pany will enthuse to any ...tent over the proposition.

Turkey market is very ... Leave your orders at Centre ...and not be disappointed.—... ...ment.

There will have to be ano... ...cial town meeting before lon... ...town and county treasury is ...low and the treasurer will ne... ...funds to keep the town's m... ...wheels greased until the ...

...ason
...h a Grasshopper
...n't be like him and let your ...us things all the time.
...on to your family. Where there ...close to the threshold of many ...the head of the house

...rance policy for $2,000 is a l... ...of one good cigar.
...ALBERT G. BROCK.

...N & CO.,
...DWARE
Telephone 199

Inherited Modern Airport

Thus in May of this year the town of Nantucket inherited a modern airport, a gift from government surplus, complete with runways, taxi strips, hangar, trucks, fire engine, snow plow,

WHERE STILL WATERS FLOW, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

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Picturesque Island, Once Accessible Only by Long Journey, Easily Reached

By Cecile Hamilton

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Consequently, to the permanent year-'round population of 3,000, there is added every summer a resident population of 20,000, and the quaint New England town is visited by another 20,000 tourists. That was where the matter stood when twice-daily boat service to the mainland was the only means of regular transportation.

However, recognizing the significance of aviation in such an isolated place, the air-minded city fathers purchased the land on which a small turf airport was located, and in 1940 an Army appropriation of $600,000 was allocated for construction of two 4,000-foot asphalt runways. In 1941 the field was taken over by the Navy as an auxiliary base for the war's duration.

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Admits Harboring Nazi P.

BOSTON, Aug. 27 (AP).—M... Anna Hamilton, forty, of N... York and Nantucket, tod... changed to guilty her plea to a charge of sheltering and harboring an escaped German prisoner of war and, while she sobbed in the courtroom, was placed on eighteen months' probation by Federal Judge Charles E. Wyzanski jr. Judge Wyzanski said there was no evidence that Mrs. Hamilton had collaborated with a foreign government, nothing in the record that showed her to be disloyal, that she had no criminal record and that she had already been in custody for a month. Testimony showed that Mrs. Hamilton met the prisoner, Fred Kammerdiner, while she was employed at Fort Devens. The court was told that she corresponded with him after she left, and that when he escaped he communicated with her, went to her Nantucket home and ...stayed there about six months.

Placed on Probation For Hid... Escaped German ...

Mrs. Anna Moshe... York who has h...

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...AIR between ...& NEW YORK

...by large passenger planes, fully ...tlying with every safety regulation. ...4th, leaving Nantucket 5:00 p. m. ...trip Friday, August 8th

... and Reservations
Charter Flight Bureau
47 West 56th St., N. Y.
Columbus 5-1483
13--tf

...Outing. August 9 to 17

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In June, Northeast Airlines established scheduled service between Boston, Hyannis, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and New York. An intrastate company, New England Central Airways, developed scheduled service to Boston and Martha's Vineyard, and two fixed-base operators, Nobadeer Air Service and Nantucket Flying Service, opened flying schools and offer sightseeing and charter services.

Several non-scheduled air lines call frequently at the field from Boston, Newark, Morristown, Princeton, Philadelphia and other points, scores of private and executive planes from as far away as California use the field regularly.

By July, air transportation was well on the way to becoming an indispensible factor in the life of the island. In one week, 2,164 passengers were flown to or from the field. In addition, Northeast Airlines carried 7,027 pounds of freight, mail and express, which included more than 10 per cent of all first-class mail; hundreds of pounds of meat, vegetables, fruits, and flowers; clothes, newspapers and even several dogs.

Hundreds of summer residents, many of whom have been visiting the island for thirty or forty years, have declared they will never make the rugged trip by boat and train again.

Islanders Learn to Fly

Impact on the islanders is illustrated by the fact that of the more than seventy-five flight students at the airport, almost 80 per cent are islanders.

To the casual tourist or one-week vacation visitor, air transportation has brought Nantucket within the reach of all, for they can now fly to the island as quickly as they can drive from New York to Jones Beach.

And there lies Nantucket's air-age problem. For, like Bermuda, New Zealand, Hawaii, the Canadian lakes and all other formerly isolated centers, Nantucket has come to the crossroads of its destiny.

While the islanders' thrifty Quaker background leads them to welcome volume tourist business, their shrewd New England foresight warns that a bird in the hand may well be worth two in the bush. They wonder what will happen to real estate values and retail trade when the pleasant seclusion and peace, which formerly attracted people of substance, is no longer a part of Nantucket's quaint charm. Will their island become just another crowded, modern resort—a playground for Boston and New York? Or can the City Fathers, by zoning and other municipal effort, hold the line before the onslaught of an age in which time and distance have been eliminated?

Recognizing that progress in the form of [illegible] transportation is in-

IF IT were not for the obvious ab-

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8/3/46

Taken by F. B. I.

A woman giving the name of Anna Hamilton, at whose home in 'Sconset the F. B. I. located Fred Kammerdiner last week, was taken into custody early Wednesday morning by the F. B. I., and was transported to the mainland on the early boat that day.

The woman has been residing in 'Sconset for some time, it seems, and since February it is alleged she has been sheltering Kammerdiner, who escaped from Fort Devens some 18 months ago, where he had been held as a German prisoner.

It is alleged that Anna Hamilton "fraternized" with the German at the camp, where she was employed as a civilian. Whether this was a fact, the German was found living with her at 'Sconset, and now she has been taken by the F. B. I. as well as the man.

The office of the F. B. I. in Boston issued the following information to the press Wednesday evening:

Mrs. Anna Moser Hamilton, also known as Anna Humphrey, 40, formerly of Astoria, L. I., and a resident of Nantucket Island since last January, was arraigned before U. S. Commissioner Martin T. Hall in the Federal building yesterday on a charge of harboring Fred Kammerdiner, an escaped German prisoner of war, from February 1 to July 24.

Mrs. Hamilton was arrested earlier in the day by FBI agents and Patrolman Wendell H. Howes of the Nantucket police at her cottage at Siasconset, where she is alleged to have kept Kammerdiner for almost six months until his capture a week ago.

Announcement of her arrest was made by E. A. Soucy, Boston FBI head. Kammerdiner, who escaped from Fort Devens, December 23, 1944, and remained at large 19 months, was turned over to Army authorities following his capture.

Mrs. Hamilton, described by Asst. U. S. Attorney Edward D. Hassan as twice married without benefit of divorce, and as having carried on an affair with Kammerdiner by means of secret notes when he was a prisoner at Fort Devens and she was employed there as a truck driver, wept at the arraignment during the reading of the complaint against her and again when she told Commissioner Hall how she took pity on Kammerdiner when he communicated with her in New York last December, when he was being hunted by the Army and FBI.

"He was hungry and looked terrible and I felt sorry for him," she tearfully told the commissioner as she dabbed with a handkerchief at her eyes.

Hassan said Mrs. Hamilton was employed at Fort Devens in 1943 and 1944 as a civilian truck driver and that she became acquainted with Kammerdiner some months before his escape. He said she admitted to FBI investigators that while at Fort Devens she and Kammerdiner exchanged notes in which the German prisoner professed his love for her, told her of his family history and promised to return to her after the war.

Hassan said that after Kammerdiner reached her in New York last winter, she purchased a cottage on Nantucket and took him there in February. On Nantucket he used the name of Robert LaForge.

Mrs. Hamilton wept again when Hassan asked the commissioner to set bail at $2500. She said she had paid only $1000 down on the cottage, which bears a $1500 mortgage, and that she had no money to put up for bail. She said her mother is now living at the cottage.

Commissioner Hall set bail at $2500 and continued the case to August 7. In default of bail, Mrs. Hamilton was lodged in East Cambridge jail.

8/11/46

Airplanes Make Nantucket Just A Suburb Now

Picturesque Island, Once Accessible Only by Long Journey, Easily Reached

By Cecile Hamilton

Air travel has wrought some mighty geographic changes throughout formerly isolated areas of the world, but perhaps nowhere in the United States has it more effectively abolished isolation than with the island of Nantucket.

Situated thirty miles out in the Atlantic and South of Cape Cod, Nantucket appropriately was known to the Indians as "the far-away island," and until air transportation brought it within thirty-five minutes' flight of Boston and ninety minutes of New York, it was a day's journey away by train and boat.

Due to its inaccessibility and to the fact that whaling in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was the only industry ever to be sustained on the island, it has withstood the rigors of industrial progress and today is perhaps the most untouched and historically American of all picturesque New England towns.

Long a Mecca for Vacationists

From its cobblestoned Main Street to the simple beauty of its stately mansions and gray-shingled eighteenth-century cottages, Nantucket has long been a mecca for travelers and vacationers who could afford the time necessary to reach it. It is not surprising that, after the whale-oil business died out in the 1860s, when "earth" oil came into the picture, the island's only industry, other than a small fishing fleet, became the tourist and summer resort trade.

Consequently, to the permanent year-'round population of 3,000, there is added every summer a resident population of 20,000, and the quaint New England town is visited by another 20,000 tourists. That was where the matter stood when twice-daily boat service to the mainland was the only means of regular transportation.

However, recognizing the significance of aviation in such an isolated place, the air-minded city fathers purchased the land on which a small turf airport was located, and in 1940 an Army appropriation of $600,000 was allocated for construction of two 4,000-foot asphalt runways. In 1941 the field was taken over by the Navy as an auxiliary base for the war's duration.

Inherited Modern Airport

Thus in May of this year the town of Nantucket inherited a modern airport, a gift from government surplus, complete with runways, taxi strips, hangar, trucks, fire engine, snow plow,

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WHERE STILL WATERS FLOW, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

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"THEI... ... ALWAYS JULIET"
by John Van Druten

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...E NAZI NABBED BY FBI

Escaped War Prisoner, 18 Months at Liberty, Caught on Nantucket--- Woman May Be Involved

1945

NANTUCKET, July 24—A German prisoner of war, who had been living as a free lance carpenter in the quiet island village of Siasconset since last February, was captured today by an FBI agent and a local police officer at the Siasconset home of a woman suspected of fraternizing with him while he was in the Fort Devens prisoner of war camp.

Continued on Page 2—Fourth Col.

...a hall.

...ime of his capture he was repairing the home of the ...oman, with whom he was ...have been friendly at Fort ...en he was imprisoned there. ...maintaining a close-mouthed events leading up to the ...d the capture itself, the FBI ...licated there may be sensa... ...lopments in the case. It was ...t action might be taken ...e woman who had sheltered ...i war prisoner. She was em... a civilian at Fort Devens German's confinement there. ...eless FBI agent, who with Wendell H. Howes of the police took Kammerdiner ...into custody, said he could not reveal the woman's name or the details of how the federal authorities had traced the ex-sergeant to this isolated hideout. As to the capture itself, the FBI man said:

Tells How He Lived

"It was just a one-two-three deal. He didn't have a gun, but he wouldn't have had a chance to draw one anyway. He admitted he was Kammerdiner."

Pending his release to military custody, he was being held by Nantucket police. At the police station, officers said they were under instruction not to discuss the case.

The arrest of Kammerdiner was announced tonight in Boston, by E. A. Soucy, head of the Boston office of the FFBI. In a prepared release, the FBI disclosed that Kammerdiner, after his arrest, told of how he had lived since his escape more than 18 months ago.

From Ayer, he told the agents, he made his way to New York and roomed there alone, earning his living washing dishes. He left there Feb. 1 of this year, moving to Nantucket, where he took the name "Robert LaForge" and became well known in the little village of Siasconset as a free lance carpenter. He represented himself as Swiss-French to account to islanders for his accent.

Kammerdiner was originally captured by the Allied forces in August, 1943, at Messina, Sicily, while serving with a German motorized unit. He was a native of Vienna, Austria, and had been employed in civilian life as a chemist.

His arrest reduced to 42 the number of escaped prisoners of war still at large. Of many hundred thousand held ...aptive in this country during the war, ... Germans except those in hospitals ...till at large, have been returned ...r native land.

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By Richard L. Tood...

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Scholl's
FOR MEN and WOMEN
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THE WEATHER

...ppeared Friday night is under way. ...Officials said it is possible the girl may ...have eloped. When last seen Friday ...night she was said to have been with ...a young man. Police were informed ...that later in the evening the girl was ...seen alighting from a bus in Law-...rence with a young man.

ESCAPED GERMAN PRISONER CAUGHT

Continued From First Page

Known to hundreds of villagers as "Robert LaForge," the man was revealed by the FBI after his arrest as Fred Kammerdiner, 31-year-old ex-sergeant in the German army, who had enjoyed one of the longest periods of freedom of any escaped prisoner of war. He escaped from Fort Devens in December, 1944, and had been sought by the FBI and military authorities in a nation-wide manhunt for more than a year and a half.

At the time of his capture he was engaged in repairing the home of the mystery woman, with whom he was known to have been friendly at Fort Devens when he was imprisoned there.

Although maintaining a close-mouthed silence on events leading up to the capture and the capture itself, the FBI tonight indicated there may be sensational developments in the case. It was hinted that action might be taken against the woman who had sheltered the escaped war prisoner. She was employed as a civilian at Fort Devens during the German's confinement there.

The nameless FBI agent, who with Patrolman Wendell H. Howes of the Nantucket police took Kammerdiner into custody, said he could not reveal the woman's name or the details of how the federal authorities had traced the ex-sergeant to this isolated hideout. As to the capture itself, the FBI man said:

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WHERE STILL WATERS FLOW, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

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Recognizing that progress in the form of air transportation is inevitable, islanders are keeping an

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By Richard L. Tobin

IF IT were not for the obvious absence of young men and the food prices, a visitor might never suspect a war was boiling in the lands and the oceans beyond this separated and ancient piece of sandy charm. Possibly it is the chowder-thick and justly famous Nantucket fog that keeps the place so far from earthly things. Yet in spite of the radio and the newspapers that are brought over on the afternoon boat, Nantucket is just about the same as it was in 1938, or 1838 for that matter.

Nantucket comes close to being the easternmost point of land in the United States, the land nearest to Adolf Hitler. When you visit at 'Sconset your hostess points over the ocean and says: "The next stop's Spain." Spain it is, or North Africa or Sicily or Crete, but the truth of the matter is that the world ends where the sight ends. And some days you cannot even see the ocean that is this castle's moat.

Nantucket is having a first-class season. Being well out to sea and edging on the Gulf Stream, Nantucket has a milder winter and a more comfortable summer than the corresponding mainland. Hence it is a holiday haven. The swimming is nearly as warm as Bermuda's and the nights are like Maine's. Naturally, there isn't much fishing now because there isn't any gasoline, but the sailing is the same and the wharf rats still make fishy talk on what is humorously called Straight Wharf. A great many of the mainlanders—the off-islanders—who own priceless eighteenth and nineteenth-century houses here are back again after one year's fright. Last year was a bad year, but the U-boat has now been driven to other fishing grounds.

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The thing that makes Nantucket a world apart, even in years like these present, is the peculiar economic story of the island. As almost true, original, early Colonial places of abode in so small a town.

There is a substantial reason for this. Nantucket grew rapidly as a place for whalers in the early years of the nineteenth century. One hundred years ago this summer the island reached its economic peak. Its captains were famous the world over—historic names like Folger, Coffin, Macy, Coleman, Grant, Swain, Chase, Starbuck, Gardner, Hussey, Clark, Joy, Worth, Luce, Brown, Barnard, Perkins, Kent, Davis and Mayhew. Its whaling ships brought the island's name into every seaport in the world. The nation's finest Navy men of 1812 and 1846 and 1861 came from these whaling ships—the Oak, the Amy, the Rainbow, the Norman, the Watchman, the Islander, the Eliza Jane, the Atlantic, the Homer, the Key West, the Nautilus, the Sea Ranger, the Hero, the Massachusetts, the Phenix, the Alpha, the Hamilton, the Lexington, the Three Brothers, the Richard Mitchell, the Peruvian, the Daniel Webster, the President, the Orion, the Susan, the Sophia, the Ontario, the Penobscot, the Ohio, the Primrose, the United States, the Constitution, the Walter Scott, the Columbia, the Harvest, the John Adams, the Levi Starbuck, the Nantucket, the Charles and Henry, the Mount Vernon, the Rambler, the Ganges, the Reliance, the Hazard, the Eagle, the Congress, the Niger, the Ploughboy, the John Jay, the Franklin, the Pacific and the Japan.

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The Pacific and the Japan were truly named, for when Atlantic whales began to run thin off the coast of Brazeel, the Nantucket whaling captains sailed to the Pacific Ocean. Off the islands of Japan they found better whaling than they had ever dreamed of, plenty of the high forehead sperm, with its extra quality oil. As a result Nantucket took on the three translations seem to recur—"Land Far Out at Sea," "Far Away Island" and "Sandy, Sterile Soil That Tempts No One."

One whaling captain went down to his ship one day, and as he gave the order to shove off he snapped his fingers as though he had forgotten something. His first mate asked if he could help. The captain shrugged his shoulders: "Forgot to kiss my wife good by," he said. "Ah, well, it's only a one year's cruise."

Our hostess's grandmother was married at sixteen to the famed Captain George Grant. Soon thereafter he went away whaling and came back in four years. He wasn't certain which young woman on the wharf was his wife. Next time Mrs. Grant insisted on going along, and she and their small child shipped aboard the Niger. The Niger came back with Captain and Mrs. Grant four years later with three children, two of them born on coral knobs in the Pacific Ocean. Captain Grant lived to the age of ninety-two, his life one long, sweet, dangerous battle with seventy-five-foot whales and quantities of children and heavy seas.

* * *

Is that why Nantucket doesn't really reflect the war? The movie runs every night. The same picture was held over two days because the new films fell into the sea at Wood's Hole while loading. The town bells ring unmistakably at 7 a. m., noon and 9 p. m. to tell you what you're supposed to be doing. You may have ridden in the baggage car all the way from New York, as Sylvia and I did; your business may be the news of the world, as mine is; it may have been 97 degrees in New York. But in Nantucket it is peaceful and cool and the year may be 1843 for all I know. This is still the island town where a Folger, the mother of Benjamin Franklin, was born, and where no one can say truthfully to you, "Pardon me, but

1944

WHERE STILL WATERS FLOW, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

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The thing that makes Nantucket a world apart, even in years like these present, is the peculiar economic story of the island. As almost every one knows, Nantucket was once the whaling center of the world, not excepting New Bedford. The first whaling ship left Nantucket in the twelfth year of the independence of the United States. For the next eighty-one years whaling was Nantucket's breath and life. The Civil War ended the profession as much as the absence of whales, which had been fished out.

Melville describes Nantucket in the revered "Moby Dick." Hardly a seafaring author has neglected the island, which lies 30 miles south of Cape Cod and 103 nautical miles nearer Europe than Montauk Point. Thoreau wrote that Nantucket looked like a prairie, and Melville said that it occupied a true corner of the world and was so windswept the Nantucketers had to import Canada thistles and plant weeds because they wouldn't grow naturally.

* * *

Earlier visitors than Thoreau, Melville and several Presidents of the United States were the Northmen, who probably visited Nantucket in the tenth century. Bartholemew Gosnold was the next, some 600 years later than the Norse. Gosnold landed first at Cape Cod, then he touched Martha's Vineyard (usually Martin's Vineyard in old accounts), and then came upon Nantucket. In 1621, King James I created a Council for the Affairs of New England, which began to administer the mainland, Long Island and "the adjacent islands." The island began to attract permanent human life and by the end of the seventeenth century Nantucket was quite a port.

Jethro Coffin built a house in 1686 for his bride. The house still stands, one of America's true shrines. At that, the Jethro Coffin house is not so many years older than dozens of Nantucket houses still lived in the year around. Nowhere in America, I suspect, are there standing more true, original, early Colonial places of abode in so small a town.

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The Pacific and the Japan were truly named, for when Atlantic whales began to run thin off the coast of Brazeel, the Nantucket whaling captains sailed to the Pacific Ocean. Off the islands of Japan they found better whaling than they had ever dreamed of, plenty of the high forehead sperm, with its extra quality oil. As a result, Nantucket took on the strange aspect of a South Sea island off Massachusetts. Her streets were named after the Far East and her captains brought home the pillow on which the sainted Robert Louis Stevenson laid his head and the native blanket that was put over him when he died in Samoa. These I touched yesterday at the Whaling Museum when no one was looking.

* * *

It was a Nantucket captain, Mayhew Folger, of the ship Topaz, who rediscovered Pitcairn Island in 1808. Captain Folger found one survivor of the nine mutineers of the Bounty, and the story of their fate burst into being when Folger returned to Nantucket. Captain Folger's log telling of the mutiny on the Bounty also lies in the Whaling Museum. The lonely Pitcairn survivor described therein bears absolutely no resemblance to Clark Gable.

One hundred years ago this summer the seafaring nations of Great Britain and Holland discovered Nantucket's secrets of Pacific whaling. New Bedford was closer to the market, and New Bedford grew as Nantucket declined. In 1847 a disastrous fire swept Nantucket, and by the end of the Civil War the town had reached the nadir of her misfortunes. Not a ship remained to the island. All was silent save the lapping of waves on her sandy shores. And so Nantucket became a preserved Neanderthal footprint by sudden misfortune, or fortune, if you look at it my way. This perfect piece of Americana, preserved just as it was—a sort of Pompeii to be rediscovered by each new guest—lies less than five hours steaming from the continent of America, and yet remains in flavor and outlook the Nantucket of seafaring in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The name Nantucket is Indian. Its meaning is obscure, but three translations seem to recur—"Land Far Out at Sea," "Far Away Island" and "Sandy, Sterile Soil That Tempts No One."

One whaling captain went down to his ship one day, and as he gave the order to shove off he snapped his fingers as though he had forgotten something. His first mate asked if he could help. The captain shrugged his shoulders: "Forgot to kiss my wife good by," he said. "Ah, well, it's only a one year's cruise."

Our hostess's grandmother was married at sixteen to the famed Captain George Grant. Soon thereafter he went away whaling and came back in four years. He wasn't certain which young woman on the wharf was his wife. Next time Mrs. Grant insisted on going along, and she and their small child shipped aboard the Niger. The Niger came back with Captain and Mrs. Grant four years later with three children, two of them born on coral knobs in the Pacific Ocean. Captain Grant lived to the age of ninety-two, his life one long, sweet, dangerous battle with seventy-five-foot whales and quantities of children and heavy seas.

* * *

Is that why Nantucket doesn't really reflect the war? The movie runs every night. The same picture was held over two days because the new films fell into the sea at Wood's Hole while loading. The town bells ring unmistakably at 7 a. m., noon and 9 p. m. to tell you what you're supposed to be doing. You may have ridden in the baggage car all the way from New York, as Sylvia and I did; your business may be the news of the world, as mine is; it may have been 97 degrees in New York. But in Nantucket it is peaceful and cool and the year may be 1843 for all I know. This is still the island town where a Folger, the mother of Benjamin Franklin, was born, and where no one can say truthfully to you, "Pardon me, but your nerve ends are showing."

Yet far below the widow's walks that sit astride every roof there is a town board listing the names of the young men in service of their country. More than four hundred have gone from Nantucket already—well above the average—and there are already several gold stars. Most of the dead and most of the living are in service at sea, for this is an island race, and islanders by nature come to recognize true distress whenever and wherever it may be in the salt water about them.

...KET ISLAND, MASS.

1944

Martin's Vineyard in old accounts), and then came upon Nantucket. In 1621, King Jame

end of the Civil War the town had reached the nadir of

The sentry of the safe deposit vault at an East Side branch of the Chase National Bank probably is not concerned with whether his

Notes on Harmonicas

* * *

top hat with brown shoes?"

silly," retorted the private. "A

you wear that, too?" "Don't be

was the reply. "Then, why don't

when you were a civilian?" "Yes,"

sarcastically, "have a top hat

"Did you also," snapped the sarge,

he'd had them in private life.

wearing. The recruit explained

1944

WHERE STILL WATERS FLOW, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

6/26/43

8/18/43

6/26/43

Victoria Tilney, Bank Trainee, Is Betrothed to Chips C. Page

The engagement of Victoria Merritt Tilney to Chips Chapman Page has been announced by Mr. and Mrs. Norcross Sheldon Tilney of Lawrence, L.I., parents of the future bride. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie M. Page of Forest Hills, Queens.

An October wedding is planned.

Miss Tilney, a graduate of the Lawrence Country Day and Miss Porter's Schools and of Trinity College in Hartford, is in the commercial lending training program at the Bankers Trust Company. She made her debut in 1971 as a member of the Junior Assembly and is a provisional member of the Junior League of New York.

Her father, a vice president of Davis, Palmer & Biggs, was formerly owner and manager of the Norcross S. Tilney Company, investment counselors.

The future bride is a granddaughter of I. Sheldon Tilney of Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N.J., a former member of the New York Stock Exchange, and of the late Augusta Munn Tilney, who was co-owner with her brother, the late Orson Munn, of Scientific American, the magazine founded by their uncle, the late Charles Alan Munn.

Victoria M. Tilney

Mr. Page, a graduate of the Trinity School and Syracuse University, class of '66, received an M.B.A. degree from Babson College. He is vice president of Page Importers and Manufacturers, a wholesaler of lighting fixtures. His father is president of the family-owned company.

"Every c n a walking
trip over th living in the
open air, wit hstant exercise
and the mind in fallow knows true ease and quiet.

"The irritating action of the brain is set at rest; we think in a plain unfeverish temper: little things seem big enough, and great things no longer portentous: and the world is smilingly accepted as it is."

"Every one who has been upon a walking trip over the 'Sconset moors living in the open air, with the body in constant exercise and the mind in fallow knows true ease and quiet.

"The irritating action of the brain is set at rest; we think in a plain unfeverish temper: little things seem big enough, and great things no longer portentous: and the world is smilingly accepted as it is."

Dear Ben: -

This is a treasure trove -
It needs remounting. It
needs page numbers -
It needs identification of
people in snapshots - New Glue -

Mary, Jerry & I have done the
best we can - Teddy & Stanley - Bown
could assist -

Just keep it around -

Ly

(Note written June 1975 or 1976 says Mary D Herbert
Sept 1987

WHERE THE SEA MAKES IN, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

Petticoat Row

4/21/48

Former Teacher Finds Contentment In 197-Year-Old Home, Garden Near Ocean

Through the square panes of a window above the desk in Miss Mildred G. Burgess' living room of her snug Siasconset home, the sea gleamed in the pale Spring sun.

Within the quiet room, Miss Burgess, realtor, manager of her own tearoom for 17 years in Norton and former Island teacher, rested comfortably in a deep chair. Her eyes roamed affectionately to the many family heirlooms, to water-colors painted by friends and to the white walls of her 197-year-old house, built by John Gardner, an early ancestor, in approximately 1751.

Essentially human, Miss Burgess enjoys her constantly changing contacts with those who come to her in a business way. She characterizes her small living-room as "Grand Central Station" for, during the season, so many come to her for advice, practical help and a friendly chat—a condition concomitant with the real estate business.

She is a blend of two points of view—the off-Island [illegible] she has learned [illegible] and the Islan[illegible] first home. [illegible] two ways a[illegible] caused an [illegible] within her [illegible] the self-con[illegible] dignity of [illegible] ist, as hap[illegible] time ago.

Clad in [illegible] Burgess wi[illegible] knees loose[illegible] plants in [illegible] when a lo[illegible] her. Look[illegible] willowy, o[illegible] with floa[illegible] tinkling [illegible] den. Aft[illegible] introducto[illegible] woman ir[illegible] this was [illegible] Then, not[illegible] swer, aske[illegible] off-Island.

A[illegible] Miss B[illegible]

(Cont[illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

(Continued from Page 1)

SUNSET IN THE HILLS, NANTUCKET ISLAND

THIS WEEK!

[illegible] they never will."

[illegible] never failed me and I am sure [illegible] enabled to find it. They have [illegible] refresh me enough so that I am [illegible] bond my garden and the beach [illegible] problem, music and the sea be[illegible]

[illegible] none [illegible]

[illegible] ter Department [illegible] Superintendent

[illegible] specifications contact [illegible]

[illegible] enue, Siasconset, Mass.

[illegible] one six-inch Water Main

WANTED

8/1/43

Tel. 1390

[illegible] OF ALL KINDS

(Next to Allen's Diner)

[illegible] SH MARKET

APRIL 15

CARD

For the tribute paid Robert A. Henderson in recent memorial services, we would like to express our heartfelt appreciation to the Sidney and Robert A. Henderson Post of the VFW and Auxiliary, the Byron L. Sylvaro Post of the American Legion and Auxiliary, the Selectmen and other town officials, and the community as a whole.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Henderson

[illegible] School Committee Chairman Stuart B. Day, the Rev. Claude Bond and Father Albert Shovelton.

The banquet committee consists of Joseph Souza, chairman; Byron Dunham, Joseph Visco, Clifford Ryder, Frank Hardy, John R. Ray, Albert Fee and Mr. Sylvia.

Proceeds of the event are to be given to the school athletic fund.

Petticoat Row

4/21/48

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Essentially human, Miss Burgess enjoys her constantly changing contacts with those who come to her in a business way. She characterizes her small living-room as "Grand Central Station" for, during the season, so many come to her for advice, practical help and a friendly chat—a condition concomitant with the real estate business.

She is a blend of two points of view—the off-Island which she has learned to understand and the Island which was her first home. This trait of seeing two ways at once has often caused an impish glee to rise within her if she is faced by the self-conscious, over-dressed dignity of a Summer vacationist, as happened one day some time ago.

Clad in scarlet slacks, Miss Burgess was on her hands and knees loosening soil around the plants in her terrage garden when a long shadow fell across her. Looking up she found a willowy, older woman, decked with floating fripperies and tinkling bracelets, in the garden. After a few minutes of introductory conversation, the woman inquired graciously if this was Miss Burgess' home. Then, not waiting for an answer, asked if she had ever been off-Island.

A Dry Humorist

Miss Burgess, unable to re-

(Continued on Page 3)

SUNSET IN THE HILLS, NANTUCKET ISLAND, M

TOWN CRIER

Petticoat—

(Continued from Page 1)

sist the patronage of the stranger, answered, with tongue in cheek, "No, this is my home. I have never been away. All I need is right here . . . my house, my friends, the sea, music, books and magazines. Why should I want to leave?" And she dropped back to her gardening, politely indicating the end of the conversation.

A few minutes later, the stranger returned and still gracious, made a classic comment which delights Miss Burgess even yet, "My dear, I want you to know how happy you have made me. I am now able to return to 'America' as you villagers so amusingly call the mainland and tell my friends that I have met a *real* native. I am so grateful." And she vanished forever from Miss Burgess' view.

Not all the wanderers through the home and garden of Miss Burgess are of that caliber, however. Many who buy her houses regard her with respect for in leading up to a sale, she will carefully point out the weaknesses of the property as well as its good points. This frankness has given her a reputation for fair dealing which resulted one day in the flattering remark, "You stand four square and solid on whatever you do."

In speaking of her years of managing a tearoom in the town of Norton, where Wheaton College and House-in-the-Pines, a junior college, are situated, said that during those 17 years she learned a great deal about young people. They thronged her popular eating-place, filling it with chatter and comment of their own problems and others. A thoughtful consideration of all she heard and saw gave her a firm basis for approaching the teen-age young.

She nodded to a photograph standing on an old drop-leaf, maple table. "That's my niece. She's a lovely girl but dreadfully muddled. If I have to straighten her out, as happens frequently, I give her the facts of her problem directly. Perhaps she doesn't always like it but she comes to me the next time she is tangled in the pains of growing-up."

While still running the Norton tearoom, Miss Burgess managed the Reuben Joy Homstead on Nantucket, across the street from where her birthplace stood, for several Summers.

Of a long line of Nantucket Quakers, for her great grandparents were Mark and Nancy Folger, the feeling for family and her native town is strong in her. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Burgess returned to the Island after their daughter and two sons, Harrison Gardner and Guy Burgess, had completed their grammar and high school education in Springfield, Mass.

Taught School Here

It was natural for their daughter to enter the Nantucket schools as a teacher. For four years she taught first and second grade in the old South School on Orange street.

After the death of Mrs. Burgess in 1936, Mr. Burgess became superintendent of the Siasconset water works and father and daughter moved to Siasconset to live. A year later she wound up her business in Norton in order to clear the decks for the new venture in village real estate.

Miss Burgess when not poring over the typewriter answering the letters of her clientele, fills her days with several enthusiasms. Once, years ago, when the Nantucket Yacht Club was the old Athletic Club, she thoroughly enjoyed amateur theatricals, a feature of the club at that time. She delighted in comedy parts which gave her lively sense of humor full play.

Now, she is content with the many books and current magazines which fill her house. Often in the evening with the moonlight soft on the restless sea, the five rooms of the old house echo with the classical compositions of Beethoven, Brahms and other of the masters. Listening to the rich flow of music, fingers busy with her knitting, she knows a fine satisfaction with the simplicities of her way of living.

Miss Burgess adds a further revealing comment which is an index to her invigorating personality when she says, "If I an answer to a disturbing problem, music and the sea beyond my garden and the beach refresh me enough so that I am enabled to find it. They have never failed me and I am sure they never will."

8/1/43

8/1/43

SUNSET IN THE HILLS, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

A rose that bloomed in a desert land
Sighed in its loneliness
A little bird that was singing near
Was touched by its distress
Why are you so sad, sweet rose, he said
Why do you weep and sigh
Ah: said the rose
If I had wings to other lands, I'd fly
Why do you linger here, dear bird
Why do you weep and sigh
Because I love your scent, sweet rose
In this lone land I'd stay
I'd linger in this solitude
To cheer you with my song
Ah: said the rose, bear me away
Your spreading wings are strong
The little bird raised the sweet rose
And spread his pinions far
He flew away across the sea
Thro the bright summer air
But when he reached his nest at last
He sang a sadder lay
His joy was hushed
The lovely rose had faded, quite away.

And encourage the bees till they die.

A rose that bloomed in a desert land
Sighed in its loneliness
A little bird that was singing near
Was touched by its distress
Why are you so sad, sweet rose, he said

The climbing roses of Sconset, are joyful sisters
Who could never say, No: to a bee
They are astoundingly prolific
And wantonly cheeful, but not the pure type
They have remarkable staying powers
And bloom passionately all summer
And encourage the bees till they die.

A PICTURE

By Anna C. Starbuck.

Over the road to 'Sconset,
That dear old, sea-blown place,
The dreamy fisher-hamlet,
Where smiles the ocean's face:
Over the road to 'Sconset
I 'M riding all alone:
And the sunset's sweet reflections
Are warmly akin to my own.

Alone, save the grim old driver,
Who sits on the forward seat,
Lazily jerking his pony,
And leaving my silence complete.
I nestle far back in the corner,
Am reckoned asleep by his chart,
But 'tis summer-tide over the moorland,
And summer is flooding my heart.

Asleep? I am reading the poem
That nature is shimmering down:
I am quaffing each delicate odor
That comes from the heather brown:
I am answering the eyes of the mosses
That peer with a welcoming grace
Up from their sandy roadway,
In search of my happy face.

A PICTURE continued

I am noting the stretch of the "commons,"
The prairie-like roll of the land:
I care not to number the mile-stones,
That flaunt me their faces so bland.
No monotone burdens the journey,
Each wheel turns a fresh internode,
For I love every inch of the distance,
Each sod and each rut of the road.

There's a breath from the sea, a-quiver
With health and new guerdon of life:
And my heart to the heart of the Giver
Is throbbing with gratitude, rife.
So over the road to 'Sconset
I 'm riding all alone:
And the sunset's sweet reflections
Are warmly akin to my own.

81712

WATER HAZARD, SANKATY HEAD GOLF CLUB, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

81390

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"HARP O' THE FOUR WINDS", NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

SACACHA POND AND POLPIS ROAD, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

NANTUCKET MOORS

By Caroline Parker Hills.

Here are pines for perfume,
    Golden-rods and fern:
Briers, with their berries,
    That like the ruby burn:
Meadow larks for music,
    Fluttering to their nest:
'Mid the grass the heather
    Sit we here to rest.

Here are lakes for brightness,
    Wondrous in their hue:
Fairy lakes sequestered,
    With only me and you.
On the wing are sea-gulls:
    The hawk soars high for prey:
In the sedgy hollows
    The marsh wren hides away.

You and I for comrades,
    On heath so weird and wild:
Ocean billows surging,
    Where sunset clouds are piled.
How each path enchanted
    Woos us to return,
Scented with the brier
    And perfumed with the fern.

List the dwarf pine sighing,
    Here the larks complain:
'Tis the hour of parting,
    And parting means but pain.
Farewell, bird and blossom:
    Farewell, flower and vine:
Ah: what grief to sever
    Such hearts as mine and thine.

COPR. MARSHALL GARDINER, NANTUCKET, MASS.

81 857 SQUAM HEAD, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

81708

TWILIGHT, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

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"WHERE THE SEA BIRDS NEST", NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

NANTUCKET CLIFF.

By Caroline Parker Hills.

High on a cliff, o'erlooking land and sea,
A cottage, vine-clad, woos the summer skies:
The robins freely give their mistrelsy,
The meadow-lark from hidden covert flies.

The hay-fields, ripening, waft their fragrant breath,
In verdant contrast with the sea's vast deep:
And here the farmer gleans the after-math,
And there the white-sailed shallops glide or sleep.

How silver-toned the distant village bell,
That rings the matin and the vesper chime,
Like blissful dream, the lingering sounds that tell
The onward flight of swift eluding time.

O days so brightly blest, so ample crowned:
O nights, where ocean breezes blandly play:
Could way-worn pilgrim better shrine have found
Than where the sea-tern takes her devious way?

Though storms ere long may dark above them lower,
Yet He who guides the bird through mist and foam
Will not forget to shelter with His power
The happy dwellers in their island home.

(THEY SPEAK A STRANGE DIALECT ON SANKATY BLUFF)

"I kinda like to sit here in this spot, that the good Lord must have chosen for his porch, in my rocking chair, kinda of all "unlaxed" and everything, watching the "stationary" gardener trimming my "roses of "sheridan" bushes and them "doghouse" trees, or sometimes just playing a game of "solitary" all by myself alone, and I do feel good until a slight breeze comes up and I commence to worry about that "hooking" cough that I had last year, and if my "perniminent" wave is going to be put out of business, and I decide to call it a day. And then in the evening, that is to say after dark, I like to go out on the "terra cotter" and look up at "juniper" and "Venice" and "decompose" myself before retiring, as in these days of rapid "tramsum", the wear and tear on the old "physic" is hard. And now in these here war times the lights have to be turned out so early it is d-- seldom where any comfort is to be had otherwise, and you commence to wonder if we are going to have them "blackouts" in the daytime too, and I don't want them to drop any of them "bums" on our house. I wish we had old General "Perishing" back with us again, as he was always a "prodigy" of mine. He could get a "transport" from Washington and a bushel of hand "grenadines" and go over there and blow all of them "Hosenhollans" to bits, as they know no more about running a war, spite the hell.

Jen

P.S- I am 78 yrs old & feel pretty "fragil" at times

Y COUNTRY PEOPLE—LIKE PORCH, STARE INTO SPACE

y FRED RAE 7/15/45

slowly millions of their, lights flickering the stillness is broken by nocturnal
night. over the meadow like the lanterns

Rest of Countrymen

ncy Clothes,

ST

P WYLIE

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cause if clothes make the man, the
is a dangerous chance to run. Be
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that they will get the gilt of a
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Camp Sankaty Head C

SONG

SEASON OF

WAITING DAYS

August drags out its days on sticky, muffled feet and the monotone symphony of insect wings is heard on the land. The sun reluctantly pulls itself above horizon's rim and starts its course across a washed-blue sky. Ragpuff mists blossom briefly on the lowlands. Twice in each cycle of months comes a period of quietness. Each hushed period precedes a time of activity. February and August are times of muted music.

Now waters creep quietly on the way to the sea and tall elms in the meadows stand motionless through humid hours. Golden pollen dusts from corn tassels to green skeins of drooping silk beneath. Goldenrod raises its banners beside stone walls and wild asters make patches of blue in field corners. Sumac pennants are changing from russet brown to wine red. On pasture hillsides stiff-stemmed hardhack lifts timothy-like spires in the hot sun.

Quietness rests thickly on the countryside. Occasionally a song sparrow takes his stance on the garden gate and tosses an aria to an indifferent world. From the sugar bush high on the hillside may come intermittent querulous squawks of young crows. Big bumblebees drone phlegmatically from sweet william to asters, and ruby-throated hummingbirds hover before the second-blooming delphiniums. Dusk tiptoes hesitatingly down from the hills after scarlet sunsets. Night's curtain is drawn on smoothly-running pulleys. Chimney swifts twitter softly in their nests and night hawks' thin, hollow booms come from above the oat stubble. Tree toads blow their monotone clarinets and crickets blow their alto notes. Fireflies draw red dashes on night's dark page. These are waiting days—waiting for the first cool scouts of autumn to foretell a new season.

Y COUNTRY PEOPLE—LIKE
PORCH, STARE INTO SPACE
y FRED RAE 7/15/45
slowly millions of their, lights flickering
night. over the meadow like the lanterns
the stillness is broken by nocturnal
Rest of Countryme
F WYLIE
put on the peculiar pieces imagine
that they will get the gift of a
silver tongue—which went with the
duds in the case of Bryan. But it
is a dangerous chance to run. Be
cause if clothes make the man, the
such out-of-date numbers may s

(Music—Marching Song from "Naughty Marietta")

(Chorus)

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, along the fairway,
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, from tee to tee,
Hunting balls in every by-way,
The caddy camp are we!
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, along the fairway,
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, from tee to tee,
We never smile at all, when players whiff a ball,
Caddy Camp of Sankaty, Caddy Camp of Sankaty.

Verse

We're caddies at Sankaty Golf Club,
We've learned what caddies should be;
We never are talking; we're standing or walking;
We're all deaf and dumb as can be.
We're caddies at Sankaty Golf Club,
The best of all clubs by the sea;
They're players who praise us and players who haze us,
San-ka-**tee Golf** Club caddies are we.

(Second Policemen's Chorus—"Pirates of Penzance")

There are many things about our own employment, own employment
Which induce us to come back here ev'ry year, ev'ry year;
But alas some players give us no enjoyment, no enjoyment;
That we'll get those players often we all fear, we all fear!
Our own feelings we with difficulty smother, 'culty smother;
But a caddy's duty always must be done, must be done;
Oh take one consideration with another, with another,
A caddy's lot is not a happy one!
OH! Since a caddy's duty always must be done, must be done
A caddy's lot is not a happy one!

It is hard to give some players satisfaction, satisfaction,
Ev'ry time they dub a shot we are to blame, are to blame!
Their harsh criticisms drive us to distraction, to distraction,
But we bear it as it's in the caddy's game, caddy's game.
Our own feelings we with difficulty smother, 'culty smother,
But a caddy's duty always must be done, must be done,
Oh take one consideration with another, with anoher,
A caddy's lot is not a happy one.
OH! Since a caddy's duty always must be done, must be done,
A caddy's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

(Music—Jingle Bells)

Every morning now, we rise at half past six
And after we have chow, we carry bags of sticks
We hike o'er hill and dale until our feet are sore
And then we hunt for little balls and then we hike some more.

Hike along! Hike along! Hike along all day
That's the life a caddy leads for very little pay
Hike along! Hike along! Hike along all day
From early morn he hikes along until he hits the hay.

The player's game is bad, he blames it all on us
And if we don't look sad he makes an awful fuss
He hits the ball our way and doesn't holler "Fore!"
And then the caddy has to smile and hike along some more.

(Music—Cassions Are Rolling Along)

Over hill, over dale we will hit the grassy trail
For the caddies are hiking along.
Should it rain, should it shine, you will find us all in line
For the caddies are hiking along.

Then it's Hi! Hi! Hee! the finest caddes we
Shout out the signal loud and strong: "Fore! Fore!"
Where e'er we go you will always know that the caddies
are hiking along (Keep 'em hiking)
For the caddies are hiking along.

Y COUNTRY PEOPLE—LIKE
PORCH, STARE INTO SPACE
y FRED RAE 7/15/45
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night. over the meadow like
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P WYLIE
put on the peculiar pieces imagine
that they will get the gilt of a
silver tongue—which went with the
duds in the case of Bryan. But it
is a dangerous chance to run. Be
cause if clothes make the man, the
such out-of-date numbers may

Y COUNTRY PEOPLE—LIKE PORCH, STARE INTO SPACE

7/5/45

Y FRED RAE

lowly millions of their, lights flickering
night. over the meadow like the lanterns
cross the of a host of elves. You try to trace
the the flight of one but it is lost in
reason h de of madly swirling flashes.
have bee nated, you stare at nature's
the war s fireworks. Nothing man-
ublic in salin an surpass it. You could sit
over t on your porch watching
pros
ment.

he midsummer night is at
. The air grows cooler and
the stillness is broken by nocturnal sounds which have been the same for countless ages—the cry of the night hawk, the wail of a fox, the spine-tingling call of the great horned owl and the whip-poor-will's monotonous song,

This story answers the question repeatedly asked by city folk: Why do country folk sit on the porch in the early evening hours and stare vacantly into space?

Rest of Countrymen

P WYLIE

put on the peculiar pieces imagine
that they will get the gift of a
silver tongue—which went with the
duds in the case of Bryan. But it
is a dangerous chance to run. Be
cause if clothes make the man, the
such out-of-date numbers may s

(Music—Hinky, Dinky, Parlez Vous)

Mister, want you a caddy bright? Parlez vous,
Mister, want you a caddy bright? Parlez vous,
Mister want you a caddy bright? Then don't keep crabbing day and night,
Hinky, Dinky, Parlez vous.

Mister why the bag so fat? Parlez vous,
Mister why the bag so fat? Parlez vous,
Mister why the bag so fat? You'll never use all the clubs in that,
Hinky, Dinky, Parlez vous.

Mister keep your eye on the ball, Parlez vous,
Mister keep your eye on the ball, Parlez vous,
For Mister, when you miss the ball, it isn't the caddy's fault at all,
Hinky, Dinky, Parlez vous.

(Music—Wearing of the Green)

Oh caddy dear and did you hear, the news that's going round
A player worse than Cameron has on the links been found
He's the most disgusting golfer that ever I have seen
His ball is always in the rough when it should be on the green,
And he always blames the caddy, for that's the way they do,
And if he has a belly ache he blames the caddy, too.
It's the most distressful pastime of all the sports there are
The player really is a dub but he thinks he is a star.

HERE'S WHY COUNTRY PEOPLE LIKE TO SIT ON PORCH, STARE INTO SPACE

By FRED RAE 7/15/45

The midsummer day is slowly giving itself into the arms of night. Long shadows [illegible] meadow and [illegible] billowing grass. [illegible] breeze ceases to toss the [illegible] about and rustle fragrant clover in the green sea of

The earth drowses wai[illegible] the excitement of the [illegible] waiting complacently for the refreshment of falling dew and the night breeze. Longer are the shadows and the robins begin their late afternoon song. The air is very still and mellow with the softening [illegible]ight and the fragrance of [illegible]itless blooming things.

[illegible]ainst the woods at the far edge [illegible]he meadow a reddish brow[illegible] which might have been [illegible] of sorrel suddenly moves an[illegible] deer, moving gracefully [illegible] dly out from the safe [illegible] oods to graze in clover. [illegible] s head frequently to listen [illegible]rts its white flag of a tail a[illegible] over a ditch.

SERENITY

[illegible]neadow makes itself quiet [illegible]ne in order not to disturb [illegible] forest creatures. The sun [illegible]er until the whole meadow [illegible]dow, with only [illegible] the [illegible] still bathed in [illegible] light. The deer melts into [illegible]he deep shadow at the woods' edge [illegible]and is gone.

Birds have gone worriedly to bed and the robins are singing madly to ward off the coming darkness, but it is of no use. Darkness steals [illegible]oftly over the meadow. The robins [illegible]t, [illegible] trees where they still sing for [illegible]is [illegible]ll, and then with a few alarm-[illegible]e- [illegible]scrip," scrips" they subside.

[illegible]n- [illegible]ow there is the translucent light [illegible]as the afterglow to temper the [illegible]re kness and the dew is falling. A [illegible]ng breeze springs up and bears [illegible]t- [illegible]n its breath the sweetness of [illegible]a, [illegible]neysuckle. The air is intoxicat-[illegible]is in the hour of magic.

A mist rises from the dampness of the meadow and blends with the light of a moon breaking with startling suddenness over a hill. The combination becomes a white blanket of silvery mist and moonbeams, like a cloud seeking rest on the earth

NIGHT SHOW

But, look! What is that? A tiny white light, brighter and more piercing than the stars, flashes in the meadow mist. There's another, diving like a miniature comet. Still another appears, shooting straight up in the air as if trying to unleash itself from nature's bonds. Now they're dancing, thousands of them, in and out of the mist.

The fireflies, nature's neon signs, have come! Now there seem to be millions of their lights flickering over the meadow like the lanterns [illegible] the stillness is broken by nocturnal [illegible]

Sankaty Head G

SONG

SEASON OF

WAITING DAYS

August drags out its days on sticky, muffled feet and the monotone symphony of insect wings is heard on the land. The sun reluctantly pulls itself above horizon's rim and starts its course across a washed-blue sky. Ragpuff mists blossom briefly on the lowlands. Twice in each cycle of months comes a period of quietness. Each hushed period precedes a time of activity. February and August are times of muted music.

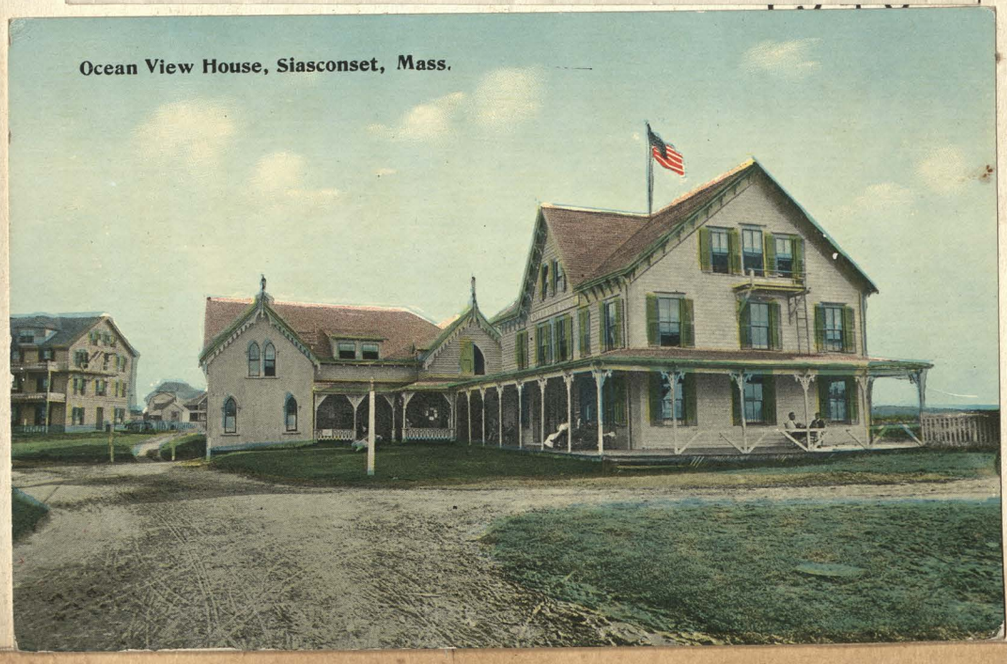
Now waters creep quietly on the way to the sea and tall elms in the meadows stand motionless through humid hours. Golden pollen dusts from corn tassels to green skeins of drooping silk beneath. Goldenrod raises its banners beside stone walls and wild asters make patches of blue in field corners. Sumac pennants are changing from russet brown to wine red. On pasture hillsides stiff-stemmed hardhack lifts timothy-like spires in the hot sun.

Quietness rests thickly on the countryside. Occasionally a song sparrow takes his stance on the garden gate and tosses an aria to an indifferent world. From the sugar bush high on the hillside may come intermittent querulous squawks of young crows. Big bumblebees drone phlegmatically from sweet william to asters, and ruby-throated hummingbirds hover before the second-blooming delphiniums. Dusk tiptoes hesitatingly down from the hills after scarlet sunsets. Night's curtain is drawn on smoothly-running pulleys. Chimney swifts twitter softly in their nests and night hawks' thin, hollow booms come from above the oat stubble. Tree toads blow their monotone clarinets and crickets blow their alto notes. Fireflies draw red dashes on night's dark page. These are waiting days—waiting for the first cool scouts of autumn to foretell a new season.

Lo: There hath been dawning another blue day
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away
Out of eternity this new day is born
Into eternity at night, will return.

Behold it aforetime, no eye ever did
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid
Here hath been dawning another blue day
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away.

So try in your own true way
To make of this life some useful day
To help each other in all we do
To live & be good the whole life thro.



"And another little song
wouldn't do us any harm."

1.

NANTUCKET.

(Lord Geoffrey Amherst)

Oh, Nantucket Island lies out forty miles from shore;
It's the place where we love to be;
Everybody who has been here always comes back here
for more,
Of the joy here afloat at sea,
Of the joy here afloat at sea,
There is golf for all the golfers,
And the sea for those who swim;
There are courts where balls and racquets sing,
There are Jimmie Coffin's clambakes
Which go very well with gin;
There is dancing for the lovers of the swing.

(Chorus)

Nantucket! Nantucket!
'Twas a name known to fame in days of yore;
Whaling winds blow
On the Rainbow,
While the rum flows on forever more.

(Repeat Chorus)

NO HEALTH RESORT.

(Tune: Parlez Vous)

There's no initiation fee
At Sankaty;
But find another thing that's free
At Sankaty ! !
They charge for soda and for ice!
Of keno pots they take a slice!
Their health is good at Sankaty!

They charge for wives and children too
At Sankaty;
Next year they'll charge us for the view
At Sankaty;
There is no use to make a howl,
We'll soon be paying for a towel!
Their health is good at Sankaty!

You find the caddies short or gone
At Sankaty;
You double up or "roll your own",
At Sankaty;
But though the double works for two,
The cost is just the same to you;
Their health is good at Sankaty!

The same old gang is sitting tight,
At Sankaty;
They can't be moved with dynamite!
At Sankaty;
Of losing out they have no fear;
They elect each other every year!
Their health is good at Sankaty!

THE LOCKER ROOM SONG.

(Air: Woodpecker Song)

Each Spring as Summer days draw nearer
At Sankaty we sniff the air,
As bird songs ring out clear and clearer
The golfers leave their Winter lair.
Hear them working on a melody,
Same old chorus ringing loud and free;
In the locker room is where they'll be
With their song.

(Chorus)

The serenade's a symbol
You've had a glass that's brimful—
And when you hear that
La-la-lala, La-la-lala,
La-la-lala, sing loud and strong—
Bring out your bass or tenor—
The loudest is the winner—
Just listen to that
La-la-lala, La-la-lala,
Loud resounding Locker Room Song.

SWEET ADELINE

Sweet Adeline (Sweet Adeline),
Sweet Adeline (Sweet Adeline),
For you, dear heart (for you, dear heart),
Alone I pine (alone I pine),
In all my dreams (in all my dreams),
Your fair face beams (your fair face beams);
You're the flower of my heart,
Sweet Adeline.

(Repeat Locker Room Chorus)

SWEET GENEVIEVE

Oh, Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve,
The days may come, the days may go.
But still the hands of mem'ry weave,
The blissful dreams of long ago.

(Repeat Locker Room Chorus)

BEER BARREL POLKA

Roll out the barrel,
We'll have a barrel of fun,
Roll out the barrel
We've got the blues on the run
Zing! boom! ta rar rel
Ring out a song of good cheer
Now's the time to roll the barrel
For the gang's all here.

4.

TEN WEEKS IN A BAR-ROOM.

(Tune: Clementine.)

On an island called Nantucket,
Anchored in the ocean brine;
There's a gang of human blotters,
In the good old summer time.

On the Island! On the Island!
Drinking whisky, rum and wine;
Oh, it's ten weeks in a bar-room,
In the good old summer time!

Golf and sailing, bridge and poker,
And My Darling Adeline!
Where's my wand'ring boy by moonlight?
In the good old summer time.

On the Island! On the Island!
Drinking whisky, rum and wine;
Oh, it's ten weeks in a bar-room,
In the good old summer time!

5.

HONEY, DAT I LOVE SO WELL.

(Words and music by Harry Freeman, 1898.)

Away down Souf in de lan' of roses,
Dar's a honey dat I love so well,
She's the sweetest bud 'mong all dem posies,
Is ma honey, dat I love so well;
I los' my heart to her one day,
An' I ain't ashamed to tell,
Dat I been true to her ebber since,
To ma honey dat I love so well.

Honey! Honey! Bless yo' heart!
Oh, honey dat I love so well,
I done been true, my gal, to you,
Ma honey, dat I love so well.

I dreamt las' night while de moon was beamin',
Of ma honey, dat I love so well,
An' I tried my bes' to keep on dreamin'
Of ma honey, dat I love so well,
But a nightingale he woke me up,
And in his song done tell,
Dat de same ole moon was a-shinin' down
On ma honey dat I love so well.

Honey! Honey! Bless yo' heart!
Oh, honey dat I love so well,
I done been true, my gal, to you,
Ma honey, dat I love so well.

6.

WHERE THE WURZBURGER FLOWS.

Take me down, down, down
Where the Wurzburger flows, flows, flows,
It will drown, drown, drown
All my sorrows and cares and woes,
Just order two seidels of lager or three,
If I don't want to drink it
Please force it on me;
The Rhine may be fine
But a cold stein for mine!
Down where the Wurzburger flows.

(Repeat)

7.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY.

Just around the corner of the street where I reside,
There lives the cutest little girl that ever I have spied;
Her name is Rosie O'Grady and, I don't mind telling you,
That she's the sweetest little rose the garden ever grew.

Sweet Rosie O'Grady,
My dear little Rose,
She's my steady lady,
Most ev'ry one knows;
And when we get married,
How happy we'll be;
I love sweet Rosie O'Grady
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

8.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

In the shade of the old apple tree,
When the love in your eyes I could see,
When the voice that I heard, like the song of a bird,
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me.
I could hear the dull buzz of the bee
In the blossoms as you said to me
With a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you
In the shade of the old apple tree.

9.

PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET.

On the old farm-house veranda
There sat Silas and Miranda,
Thinking of the days gone by.
Said he, "Dearie, don't be weary,
You were always bright and cheery,
But a tear, dear, dims your eye."
Said she, "They're tears of gladness,
Silas, they're not tears of sadness,
It is fifty years today since we were wed."
Then the old man's dim eyes brightened,
And his stern old face it lightened,
As he turned to her and said:

"Put on your old gray bonnet with the blue ribbon on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay,
And through the fields of clover we'll ride up to Dover
On our golden wedding day."

10.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR.

One, two, three, four!
Sometimes I wish there were more.
Ein, zwei, drei, vier!
I love the one that's near!
Eeny, meeny, meiny, mo!
So says the Heathen Chinee,
So, girls, beware and boys, take care!
One, two and three!

11.

THE BANKS OF THE WABASH FAR AWAY.

Round my Indiana homestead wave the cornfields,
In the distance loom the woodlands clear and cool.
Oftentimes my thoughts revert to scenes of childhood,
Where I first received my lessons, nature's school.
But one thing there is missing in the picture,
Without her face it seems so incomplete.
I long to see my mother in the doorway,
As she stood there years ago her boy to greet !

Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay.
Through the sycamores the candle-light is gleaming,
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

Down in Indiana every heart is turning
To the boy who is the country's hope and pride,
And throughout the land with zeal we all are burning
To elect him with a sweep that's nation wide.
For a man has come to save our land of freedom,
And Elwood is the home town of his clan;
And the Wabash flows serene and proud and happy,
For Willkie is the man who will and can.

12.

HOME ON THE RANGE.

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

(Chorus)

Home, home on the range, where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely on down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along,
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

(Chorus)

Oh, air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and bright,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

(Chorus)

Oh, often at night when the heavens are bright,
With the light of the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed, and asked, as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

(Chorus)

13.

HIGHBALL SONG.

(University of Penn.)

Drink a highball at nightfall,
Be good fellows while you may,
For tomorrow may bring sorrow,
So tonight let's all be gay.
Tell the story of glory
Of Sankaty Golf Club.
Drink a highball and be jolly,
Here's a health to Sankaty.

14.

SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN.

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
When she comes;
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
When she comes;
I can hear that engine pantin'
And the passengers a-chantin'
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
When she comes;

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
When she comes;
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
When she comes;
If she hits a cow on Sunday,
Then we'll all have beefsteak Monday,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
When she comes.

15.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

(Chorus)

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling,
"Old Black Joe".

Where are the hearts, once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

(Chorus)

16.

PIG SONG.

It was back in last November,
How well do I remember,
I was staggering down the street in drunken pride;
When my feet began to stutter,
So I lay down in the gutter
And a pig came up and lay down by my side,
As I lay there in the gutter,
My heart was all a-flutter,
And a lady passing by was heard to say:
"You can tell a man who boozes
By the company he chooses."
And the dog-gone pig got up and walked away;

17.

THE TATTOOED LADY.

I gi'e a shillin' to see the French tattooed ladee.
Tattooed from head to knee, she is a sight to see.
And under her jaw is the Royal Flying Corps;
And on her back is the Union Jack
How could you ask for more?
And up and down her spine is the King's own royal line,
And all around her hips is a fleet of battleships,
And over one kidney is a bird's eye view of Sydney;
But what I like best is upon her chest,
My home in Tennessee.

18.

THE SOUSE FAMILY.

Drunk last night,
Drunker the night before,
Going to get drunk tonight, if I never get drunk any more.
When I'm drunk I'm happy as can be,
For I am a member of the Souse Family.
Glorious, glorious!
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Glory be to God that there are no more of us,
For any of us can drink it all alone.

19.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY.

A winning way, a pleasant smile,
Dressed so neat but quite in style,
Merry chaff your time to wile,
Has little Annie Rooney;
Ev'ry ev'ning, rain or shine,
I make a call 'twixt eight and nine,
On her who shortly will be mine,
Little Annie Rooney.

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau;
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe;
Soon we'll marry, never to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

20.

GIVE US A DRINK, BARTENDER.

Oh, give us a drink, Bartender, Bartender,
For we love you, as you know.
And surely you will oblige us, oblige us,
With a little drop or so.

We want no wine of a foreign vintage,
Or beer of a special brew,
But just one drink of good red liquor,
That's all we ask of you.

So, give us a drink, Bartender, Bartender,
For we love you, as you know.
And surely you will oblige us, oblige us,
With a little drop or so.

AH: MAY THE RED ROSE LIVE ALWAY.

Ah: May the red rose live alway
To smile upon earth and sky
Why should the beautiful ever weep
Why should the beautiful die.

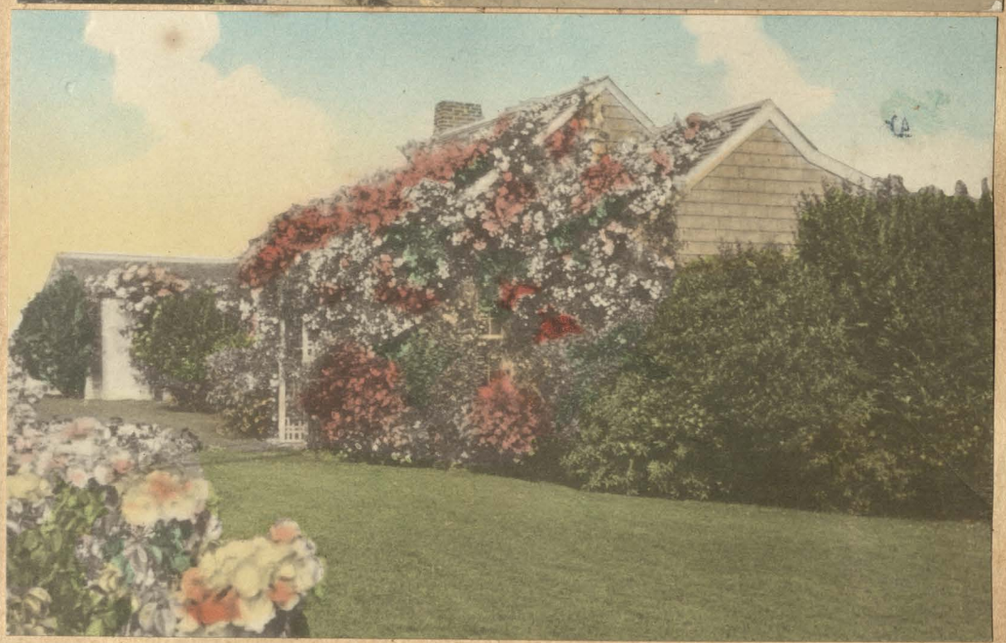
Lending a charm to every ray
That falls on her cheek of light
Giving the zepher kiss for kiss
And nursing the dew drops bright.

Ah: May the red rose live alway
To smile upon earth and sky
Why should the beautiful ever weep
Why should the beautiful die.

Lulled be the dirge in the cypress bough
That tells of the parting flowers
Ah: that the butterflies gilded wings
Fluthered in ever green bowers.

Bowed is my heart for the blighted plant
It's pleasures are aye and brief
They bloom at the young years joyfull call
And fade with the autumn leaf.

Ah: May the red rose live alway
To smile upon earth and sky
Why should the beautiful ever weep
Why should the beautiful die.



7/15/44

7/15/44

8/15/45

6/15/44

July 1944

Mrs Swift
Stanley Swift
Mlle Reuche
Helene Haubner } lived next door to the Swifts, one house to the south

from France

They taught French at
Dana Hall Wellesley, Mass., in
30's & 40's.

(note by Mary Dickinson Herbert Sept. 1987

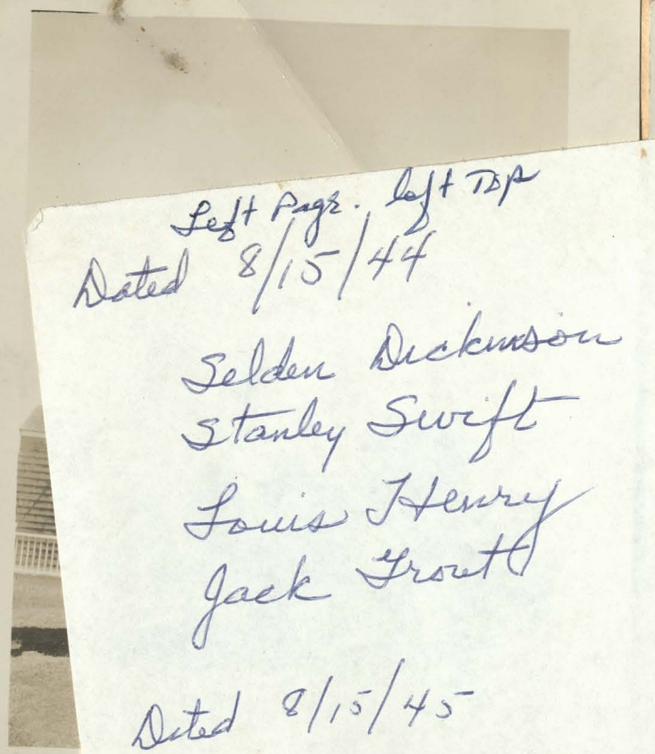
I think the dark haired little girl is Jackie Coles (sp.?) daughter of Stanley Swift's niece. The niece inherited the house when Mr. Swift died. Jackie was a friend of Beverley in the early 1950's - and I was born in 1945, so the little girl in 1944 would be somewhat older but I know I played with Swift's niece daughter Jackie

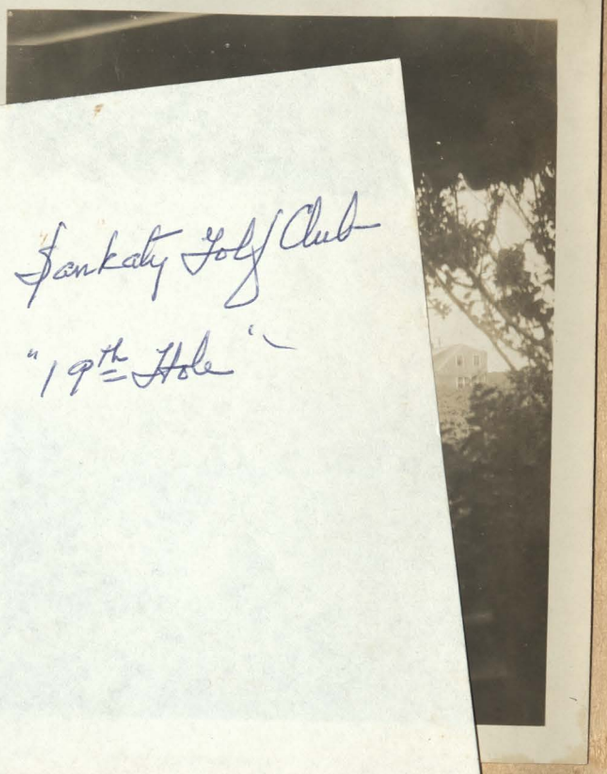
Mary Dickinson Herbert Sept 1987

June 1944

6/5/44

July 1944





Left Page: Left Top

Dated 8/15/44

Selden Dickinson
Stanley Swift
Louis Henry
Jack Grout

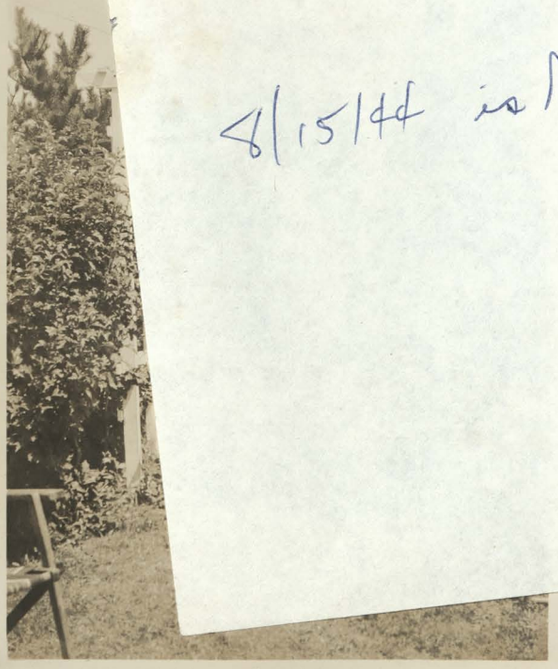
Sankaty Golf Club
"19th Hole"

Dated 8/15/45

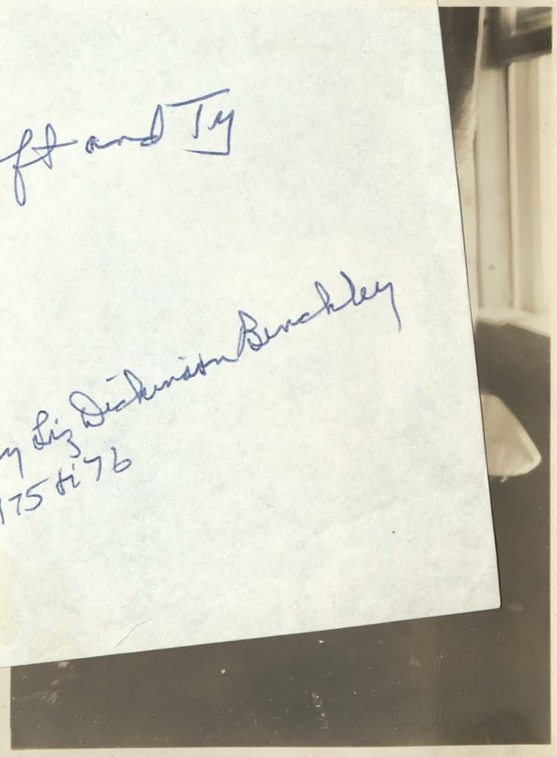
Ty -
Stanley Swift -
Jay Henry ???
Louis Henry —

8/15/44 is Mrs Swift and Ty

notes by Liz Dickinson Buckley
1975 & 76



8/15/44



1944

8/15/44

July 1945

8/15/44

1944

Gibbs Penrose, Mrs. Penrose and little William Newman request the pleasure of your company at a Head Dress Party to be held at the Old 'Sconset Golf, August 16, 1946. Time 5 p. m. until

THE

Lawrence Dame V
Summer on N

Continued from S

as they are fiercely in
additional emphasis.
of one-day excursion
steamer, one realize
tucket is a national
man can spoil if h
none has ever yet

It is at the Pac
learns about Henry Co
which lay blue-shelled eggs (a fact!);
about Chief Mooney's entrance into his
34th year as an obliging bluecoat and
his 11th as top executive; about the
success of the summer theatre in Nan-
tucket Town and in tiny, beautiful
'Sconset on the other side of the is-
land; about the renaissance of the
Yacht Club; about the exhibition ten-
nis match staged by two visitors—
Wayne Sabin, who married Boston's
Claire Hannon seven weeks ago and
who was national indoor champ in
1941, and Welby Van Horn, national
champ last year.

From this window, too, we saw the first ice cream cone ever eaten with a spoon, wielded, of course, by a prim Nantucket granddam sitting on a sidewalk bench.

But on Nantucket one must not spend more than a few minutes in-doors, come fog or sunshine.

It is good to cycle anywhere on an island which, no matter how crowded, always has room on its rustic roads. It is good to visit the wharves and to learn that the most delicious of New England fish, plaicefish (fluke), are still coming in from the place where groundfish flourish, though not so large and thick just now as yester-year.

And, out on the South Shore for a swim in the rollingest surf north of Palm Beach, it was good to come upon a solitary figure scanning the sea from a spot where Coast Guardsmen

Four members of the Board
lectmen were present at the
meeting on July 12 this week. W
No. 28 was presented and bills t
amount of $11,231.31 ordered pa

Manuel Barboza was grante
permit to conduct a dance in Le
hall on July 20th.

Harold S. Fox, of the Portland
ment Associat

The Selectmen.

Chances—Mrs. Ralph H.
chairman; Shirley Harwood,
Harwood, Helen Seager,
Lindsay.

Door-men—Dr. William E.
Edward S. Cuddy.

House Committee—Mrs.
Crosby, chairman; Mrs.
Davis, Miss Grace Brown
Mrs. Harry B. Turner, M
W. Cochran, Mrs. George
mond.

Sale of British War Re
—Miss Cara Cooper.

Display of work done a
Relief Sewing Rooms—M
Norton.

Tea—Mrs. Ernest H. Menges,
chairman; Mrs. Joel
Oscar Ceely, the M
Anges, Helene Bailey,
Alice Jones, Dorothy
Flanagan, Nancy Sch
Smith, Connie Brooks,
Ceely.

Gift Table—Mme. de Moncl
man; Mrs. H. L. Davenport, Mrs. Wil-
lard P. Hardy, Mrs. F. Fischer Meyer,
Mrs. Booth.

Shell Specialty Table—Mrs. George
B. Yerkes, chairman; Mrs. Chamblis
Hugh MacDougall.

White Elephant Table—Mrs. Hailes,
chairman; Mrs. Hugh MacDougall,
Mrs. Burnham N. Dell, Mrs. Grace
Hutaff.

Utility Table—Mrs. Robert Elder,
chairman; Miss Gould, Miss Tenner,
Mrs. Sidney Ball, Mrs. W. L. Righter,
Mrs. Spencer Cosby, Mrs. Buell P.
Mills, Mrs. Henry Warland.

Food Table—Miss Emily Marshall,
chairman; Mrs. Harvey Young, Mrs.
George Sykes, Mrs. Frank W. Rams-
dell.

Webster.

Popular Screen Plays Billed at the Movies.

Manager Hull has arranged an in-
teresting list of moving picture fea-
tures for the coming week which will
delight the fans. With two shows
scheduled for each evening, "The
Story of Dr. Wassell" is to be shown
three nights—Saturday, Sunday and
Monday.

In connection with this picture the
issue of "Life" magazine for the week
of July 10 makes the following quo-
tation from a broadcast by President
Roosevelt on April 28, 1942:

"To an ever-increasing extent, our
soldiers, sailors and marines are
fighting with great bravery and skill
on far distant fronts to make sure
that we shall remain safe. I should
like to tell you one or two stories
about the men we have in our armed
forces.

"There is for instance, Dr. Corydon
M. Wassell. He was a missionary,
well-known for his good works in
China. He is a simple, modest, retir-
ing man . . . but he entered the service
of his country and was commissioned
a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy.

"Dr. Wassell was assigned to duty
in Java, caring for wounded officers
and men of the cruisers Houston and
Marblehead, which had been in heavy
action in the Java seas.

"When the Japanese advanced
across the island, it was decided to
evacuate as many as possible of the
wounded to Australia. But about
twelve of the men were so badly
wounded that they could not be
moved. Dr. Wassell

Johns Manville Asbestos Products

and Supervision of Properties
during the winter months.

10 Prospect St. TELEPHONE 382

-Piles Building Mover

ACTOR ❖ BUILDER

ORE SWAIN

FOUND—At the corner of Federal and Main streets, 15 cents which the owner may have by calling at this office and proving property.

Sale and Tea in

That "f
anything a
Mr. Obser
the owner
calling at t
But no own
disappointed

We would
of identificat
could have b
ways—15 pe
pennies, 2 nickels and 5 pennies, 3
nickels, 1 dime and 1 nickel, 1 nickel
and 10 pennies, etc. Easy enough for
the person who lost the 15 cents to
identify it, but no one appeared. It is
still in the till, awaiting identification.

Lawrence Dame Writes About Summer on Nantucket.

Continued from Second Page.

as they are fiercely independent, gains additional emphasis. And as hordes of one-day excursionists flow from the steamer, one realizes anew that Nantucket is a national monument which man can spoil if he will but which none has ever yet been able to sully.

It is at the Pacific Club that one learns about Henry Coleman's hens which lay blue-shelled eggs (a fact!); about Chief Mooney's entrance into his 34th year as an obliging bluecoat and his 11th as top executive; about the success of the summer theatre in Nantucket Town and in tiny, beautiful 'Sconset on the other side of the island; about the renaissance of the Yacht Club; about the exhibition tennis match staged by two visitors—Wayne Sabin, who married Boston's Claire Hannon seven weeks ago and who was national indoor champ in 1941, and Welby Van Horn, national champ last year.

From this window, too, we saw the first ice cream cone ever eaten with a spoon, wielded, of course, by a prim Nantucket granddam sitting on a sidewalk bench.

But on Nantucket one must not spend more than a few minutes indoors, come fog or sunshine.

It is good to cycle anywhere on an island which, no matter how crowded, always has room on its rustic roads. It is good to visit the wharves and to learn that the most delicious of New England fish, plaicefish (fluke), are still coming in from the place where groundfish flourish, though not so large and thick just now as yesteryear.

And, out on the South Shore for a swim in the rollingest surf north of Palm Beach, it was good to come upon a solitary figure scanning the sea from a spot where Coast Guardsmen not so long ago sought submarines.

Dewey Sandsbury has started his vigil as an avid fisherman. He is waiting for the watermelon odor which the bluefish give before they're even seen, although he really doesn't expect them to arrive much before August 10th, the 1945 date on which he caught the season's first, a fightin' four-pounder.

As solace, though, the striped bass are now running when the shore water is not too stirred up with sand, and weakfish right now give some good sport.

Back on the streets again, one becomes aware that the island is more than ever a haven for well-heeled foreigners and refugees. It's a select though still democratic sort of melting pot where they fit in, and where their languages—French, German, Italian, Polish, etc.—are no more strange than the accents Nantucketers used to bring home from world-wide whaling grounds.

Unique projects being lined up this summer for next winter include a survey of all farms once active on the island. The Rev. Dr. William E. Gardner (retired), J. Gibbs, the town bell-ringer, and Alex Hoyle, architect, will do the job as volunteers. About 1850 there were more than 125 farms on Nantucket, where as many as 300 children were reared at one time. Many were at Polpis.

Oh, yes, about that town clock. As we sat in the Pacific Club gamming with Dr. Gardner and Harry Turner, the clock rang four times at 11:15 a. m. It was not Sexton Gibbs' fault. When he rings the 52 strokes at 7 a. m., noon and 9 p. m., he does so by hand and he never faulters. But something has happened to the clock's automatic hour striker atop the Unitarian Church, and while experts have been down from Boston to look things over, they haven't hit the solution yet.

Why 52 strokes? Well, it seems that decades ago it was voted at a town meeting to have the clock peal out vigorously for 2 minutes three times a day. The ringer soon discovered that 52 strokes just about used up two minutes, and as he was a fellow who feared to wear out his own watch by taking it out of his pocket too often, he chose the easier way of measurement.

And when 51 or 53 strokes are sounded, (many people count them

...enrose and little William

...re of your company at

...d at the Old 'Sconset

...p. m. until

SATURDAY. MORNI...

Another "Chatty"

In Response to Repeated Requests From Men in Service, Here's Another "Chatty" Epistle to The Boys Who Are Far From Home.

Those in service will be interested to know that the season at home has actually opened with the arrival of the organ-grinder and his monkey.....The Old Mill is again doing business.....Several 10-year-old lads have equipped themselves with home-made outfits and are doing a nice business shining shoes....."Pat" Gardiner, daughter of the late H. Marshall Gardiner, has been improving the appearance of the front of the Art Store.....Her older sister, "Milly Lou," is taking a course at Columbia this summer.....The Sea Cliff porter and bell boys have donned new uniforms this season.....Howard Chisholm still sings his song at the gang-plank, although past the three-score-and-ten.....Frances Raymond is selling tickets at the Straight Wharf Theatre.....Mitch Ray has a new car—a gift from one of the summer residents who admires Mitch and his work as a basket-maker.....Ed Olderich, who received an honorable discharge from the Army, is working for Ashley.....Frank Chadwick, a retired railroad engineer, has returned to his native isle and is staying with his friend, John H. Bartlett, at Ocean View Farm.....The Bartletts, by the way, now have a herd of well over one hundred head of cattle..... Annette Moore (that was) is working the cash register at The Spa..... Florence Ingall has arrived from her winter home in California and is another young lady residing on Easy street.....Chief of Police Mooney has donned a new uniform.....Screens have been put on the windows of the Service Men's Club.....The Pullman is in full swing, with diner and dining-room both in service.....Cliff and Bill Allen are putting in long hours helping Pa and Ma serve the hungry populace.....Both Cliff and Bill have recently received honorable discharge from the Naval Reserve; they were formerly civilian air pilots.....Warren's blacksmith shop has been sold and the rickety old structure will be removed from the land.....Sergeant Leroy Anderson has been home on furlough after months spent in far-off New Caledonia.....Barbara Holmes Strout has come home and is working in the Pacific Bank.....Gilbert Wyer, who saw months of hard service with the Ambulance Corps over in Africa, is home and working for Irvin Wyer.....Katherine Hatch Dunham and Lois Farr are working in Buttner's.....The hydrangeas are in bloom.....Robert Currie is now in Los Angeles with the T. W. A. .....Bob is not a flyer but is attached to the commercial end of the business.....Albert R. Coffin has sold his goat to Melvin Hardy and bought some hens of Charlie Thurston.....Joe Cahoon had his leave extended a week in order that he might peddle the loaves of bread while his wife is recovering from a bum knee.....Lester Ayers has called off his cribbage games until winter, as his job as operator at the movies keeps him busy every night.....Owing to the pressure of business, Ashley's Market is frequently obliged to close its door in the afternoon in order that all of the clerks can turn to and put up the accumulation of orders.....Heaviest business ever witnessed on Main street.....Lucille Elizabeth Ayers has taken a position in Brock's insurance office.....Doris Mack, who has been there a number of years, tendered her resignation.....Rumored that Alexander Schmid, one of the popular members of the school faculty, has accepted a position over in Chatham.....Kathryn Raub is working with Evelyn Gardner at the beauty shop on Petticoat Row.... So many people seem to have read the Nantucket article in the "Geographic" that *The Inquirer and Mirror* office is besieged with visitors every day.....All are welcome to come in and look around and see the historic press that turns off the largest page in America..... Alexander Schmid, one of the teachers, is busy this summer driving the bathing beach bus for Laura Pease.....Orin Coffin and Carll Appleton meet promptly at 7:30 each morning on the drug-store corner to talk over town topics.....One of the broody hens in Nantucket adopted a litter of kittens and houses them under her wings each night....Florence (Warren) McLean is once more at one of the oars in Ashley's Market.....Oscar Hamblin, who has four sons in the Army, reports progress at Gold Dollar Farm out on the Madaket road.....The new street list prepared by the Registrars of Voters is out.....Robert and Richard Smith are both in service and stationed out at San Diego.....Nina Terry is delivering specials for the post office.....Lester Ayers is to have a new sidewalk..... Walter Sisson is running shy of corn to pop for the patrons of the movie theatre.....Says he has no assurance that another barrel of kernels will be shipped to him.....Marcus Ramsdell is busy running the Tuckernuck ferry, with the island's summer colony having a number of new arrivals this week....Nancy (Walling) Sims, who was at the ticket office on the wharf last season, this summer is serving at the telephone switch-board in 'Sconset ..... The porters and bell-boys who line up at the gang-plank this year present a variety of colors: The Sea Cliff boys wear rich green coats and trousers; the Breakers chaps wear dark brown; the White Elephant boys don bright red; and the Gordon Folger boys wear jackets of blue.....Janet Elise Lamens has become quite adept at catching the bundles of way-bills tossed to the wharf by the officers of the island boats while they are swinging into their berths.....John Hussey Bartlett, Jr., has been shearing his flock of sheep.....By the way, "June" observed his 45th anniversary on July 9th.....Irvin Wyer drives the only "three-seater" in town.....Lorraine Pettipaw is working for Miss Stevens at her shop on Petticoat Row this season .....Over 450 telephone poles are being set by a gang of linemen from America.....Pawguvet Lane is down near the bathing beach .....The concrete streets are being patched.....Dorothy Ceely is working in the office of the Registry of Deeds.....Tom Giffin is home from another voyage.....Buster Coffin has also returned from a voyage and has been spending his shore leave at his retreat on Tuckernuck—one place in the world where Buster is happy..... Helen (Tice) Cook is handling correspondence for the Publicity Committee.....Don't ask for another "chatty letter" too soon, boys! It is too much of a strain for the linotype!

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Having weathered the war years as ll as its old grey houses have re- ted all manner of storms for cen- ries, the "Faraway Island" is hold- g its own, thank you, through the reatest summer invasion in its istory.

For this is a bonanza postwar sea- on, with rooms at a premium, shops nd restaurants booming, and so much motor traffic on cobbled Main street that the town clock, which normally strikes 52 strokes three times a day, including the 9 p. m. curfew, has gone out of kilter.

Yet, miraculously enough, Nantuck- et Island remains unspoiled. Nobody has gone hungry or has had to sleep on sidewalks. There is plenty of room on the South Shore beaches for bathers who want two or three square miles of something like coral sand all to themselves. The marvellous moors are not bristling with nightclubs, even though there is a new one in the town. And if anyone tried to erect such a thing on the greensward, there'd be something awfully close to a lynching on a customarily peace- ful isle.

That's the wonderful feature of Nantucket—room for all to do just about what they please within decent bounds. Undesirables who now and then inevitably appear soon take off for places where old-fashioned atmo- spere does not press heavily upon them.

Cobwebs in Chief Lawrence Moon- ey's lockup attest the fact that crime is virtually unknown, and, in general, all goes well on this beloved haven 30 miles at sea.

However, Nantucket is a whole lot nearer what is called America than it used to be. In fact, it is as close as 35 minutes to Boston instead of the customary seven hours.

Air travel has brought about this change, and if air travel is banally commonplace elsewhere, it still seems a marvel here.

From the door of our Beacon Hill home to our family's summer house on Union street took exactly three hours the other day. This time includes taxicab rides, delays in getting lug- gage, breakfast, the pleasant little wait at Martha's Vineyard airport and the actual aerial flight. No complaint, yet we refuse to admit that the air- plane really has come to stay until it transports our roving French bicycle, Rozy, to Nantucket.

Perhaps a lot of people do it faster. At any rate, an estimated total of 2,154 air passengers travelled on Northeast and New England Central airlines to Nantucket in one week alone, July 1 to 7. Northeast says present bookings at capacity through August 9th!

Not only is passenger traffic revo- lutionized, but restaurants like Si Kaufman's Green Coffee Pot are using air for shipments of meat and other vital perishables. We zoomed over turqoise and emerald waters as lovely as those of Bermuda, Nassau, and Corsica, with commercial beefsteaks eaten the very next night.

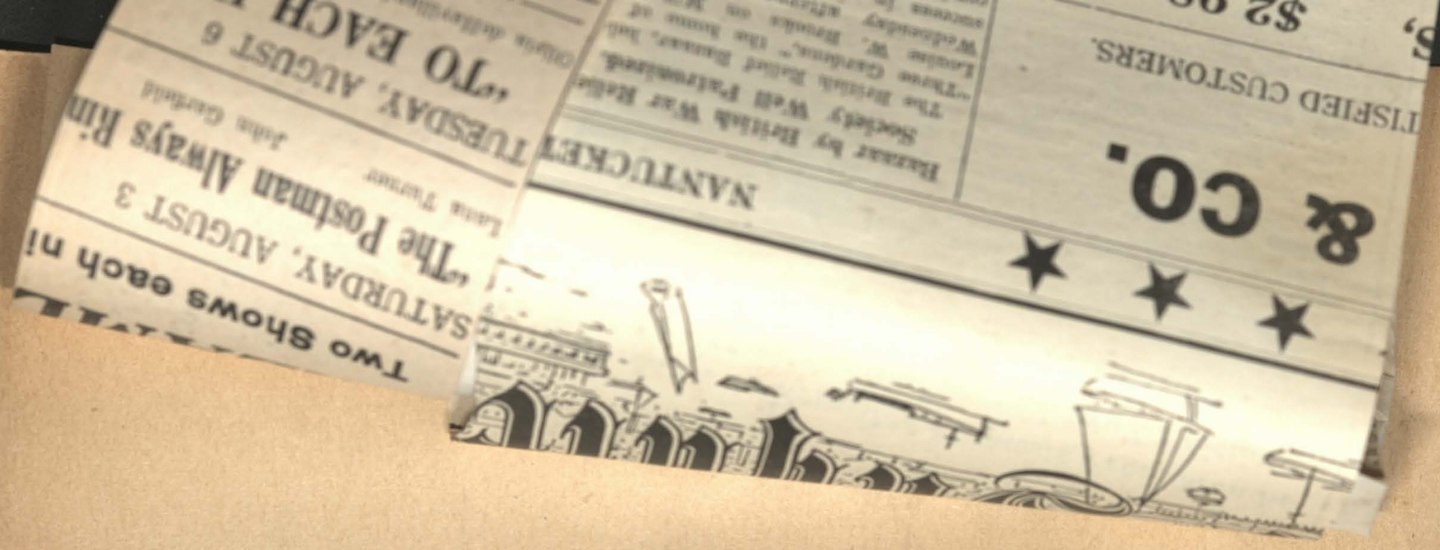
Whether you can get steaks is un- important, though, when the salty island air stays permeated with the scents of roses, honeysuckle, and what must be the tallest privet hedges in the world.

People have formed a habit of going to Main street as early as 5 a. m. to start a line for choice food purchases at certain stores. But that is unim- portant as long as the benches which they move from the traditional north- ern side of the quaint thoroughfare to the opposite sidewalk are back again during the day for oldtimers who love to chat at a "gam" session or watch the constant promenaders. And who would mind a line, even, when such stalwart island philosophers as Hugh Lumbert of the stentorian voice and Jesse Dunham of the literary turn of mind feel in the mood for entertain- ing, as they often do?

Then, too, the odoriferous motor traffic is tempered by the fact that more horse-drawn surreys are about this year than for many moons. To be sure, there are only seven dobbins.

7/4/44

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Van Wolf, of Chicago, are at the "Gables" on Bay- berry Lane.



That Fifteen Cents.

The Boston Post's "Observant Citizen" commented one day the past week about fifteen cents which the editor found at the corner of Main and Federal streets and properly advertised it as "found", as all good people are supposed to do when finding something that someone had lost. The Citizen's comment was as follows:

Miss Alice Rooney of Conrad's ad department is just back from a 10-day stay on the Massachusetts island of Nantucket. While she was on the island, Miss Rooney was a reader of its excellent newspaper The Inquirer and Mirror, the paper with the "largest page in America," and naturally she read the ads, among which she found the following gem:

"Found—At the corner of Federal and Main, 15 cents which owner may have by calling at this office."

The Inquirer's rate is 50 cents for four lines. Well, the finder of that 15 cents is honest.

That "found" notice did not say anything about any note of 50 cents, Mr. Observant Citizen. It said that the owner could have the 15 cents by calling at this office and identifying it. But no owner appeared and we were disappointed.

We would have enjoyed the process of identification. The fifteen cents could have been made up in various ways—15 pennies, a dime and 5 pennies, 2 nickels and 5 pennies, 3 nickels, 1 dime and 1 nickel, 1 nickel and 10 pennies, etc. Easy enough for the person who lost the 15 cents to identify it, but no one appeared. It is still in the till, awaiting identification.

FOUND—At the corner of Federal and Main streets, 15 cents which the owner may have by calling at this office and proving property.

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and Tea in

7/1/44

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Then, too, the odoriferous motor traffic is tempered by the fact that more horse-drawn surreys are about this year than for many moons. To be sure, there are only seven dobbins. But they make up in sweet picturesqueness for what they lack in number. Some of them have a suspicious resemblance to farm beasts that interes not a whit with the pleasure of drive.

For those who want community inging, night time on Main street is lled with warblers. Herbie Brownell, the blind musician, plays his accordion as usual near Drugstore Row, and Miss Helen Cartwright McCleary arrived on the island a few weeks ago as a voluntary aide who actually plays the bones every Saturday night. Soon workaday duties in Boston will release Bill Fitzgerald to lead the songsters as usual.

Not since we left Southern France had we heard a workman sing at his work until the other morning. Then, at about 6, as we were cycling to Charlie Sayles' wonderful ship model shop and Nikita Karpento's pottery, a painter on a house opposite "Our Island Home" (which people in some Yankee villages still call the poorhouse) bellowed out a mariner's ditty.

And in the field of art, which we treat more at length in our art column in this same Sunday issue, Nantucket is booming. The Kenneth Taylor Gallery harbors several groups who would be fighting with each other anywhere else. The island is attracting more and more painters as the years progress.

The Wharf Rat Club is thriving this summer. Dealing largely in anecdotes, sage commentaries on current life and nautical issues symbolized by the welcoming cannon salute as members arrive by steamer, this wharf sanctuary near Easy street keeps Commodore Herb Coffin and his cronies progressively young.

"Everything's going well, and you can't tell what'll happen next," cheerily reports the Commodore. "A woman came in the other day to ask if I'd mend her nylons in my spare time. Jee-hosaphat!"

If you want to know what community spirit is, examine the current drive for $20,000 to help carry on the Nantucket Cottage Hospital another year. Running through August 5th, this drive musters the combined efforts of islanders and off-islanders every year. For the hospital has charm as well as utilitarian value, with its five little weathered grey houses where nobody, rich or poor, has ever been refused treatment among flowers and greenery. It is one of the finest features of island life.

Once the island doctors had to send patients off-island for hospital treatment. But in 1911, Dr. John S. Grouard started things moving and a new hospital got under way. Eighty-two persons contributed to the initial fund. Now, when the normal island population of about 4,000 doubles and trebles in the summer, everybody pitches in one way or another.

To bolster the cause, ancient mansions like those of Bob Stark, ex-commodore of the Yacht Club, are opened to the public, and Harry Turner of the immortal Inquirer and Mirror, "biggest" paper in size in or off the United States, gives generous space to publicity.

Another chief event of the season will be the sidewalk art show on August 15th.

Speaking about old houses, one of the questions most frequently asked Chief of Police Mooney, Sergt. Chadwick and Patrolman Wendell Howes is, "Where's Marjorie Mills' home?"

Actually, the Herald-Traveler radio and women's page star has four lovely houses here, two on Union street, one on Upper Main street and one next the windmill on Mill Hill.

One of our favorite places to watch "the pass", as the parade of persons up and down Main street is called, is the old Pacific Club. In the captains' room, adorned with harpoons, ship models, old photographs and various souvenirs of the whaling days that made Nantucket famous and rich, we sit with other members near the broad front window. Our feet hold a rail round the accordion stove. We regret only the fact that our non-smoking and chewing habits do not allow us to make full use of the sand boxes on the floor.

There one may cogitate upon the freedom of costume allowed Nantucket visitors. The traditional tolerance of sturdy island folk, who are as kind

Continued on Third Page.

There is Nothing Like An Island.

7/15/44

No. 21

To a Friend Who Never Saw Nantucket (Contd.)

We have, more than once, pictured ourselves walking across the moors of Nantucket with our friend R.

Up Main and along Pleasant Street we would have walked together very much as usual. Occasionally R. would have been a few steps ahead of us, getting a first glimpse around a corner, or a few steps behind as he would stop to examine, more closely, a fence or a doorstep. But, once the moors opened up we would resign ourselves to the erratic habit of our friend of taking sudden side-trips off the beaten path.

We have often thought that R. got more out of an ordinary afternoon stroll than we did. For instance, R. had a peculiar interest in rabbits! He always seemed to want to follow them —to find where they lived. On a walk to Surfside you can well imagine this curiosity would have led him on many a detour, during which he, no doubt, would have discovered many a hidden bunch of heather unseen by anyone sticking to the road.

On a round trip walk to Surfside, R. would easily have covered two miles to our one. During a summer R. would have discovered far more of Nantucket than we. We still regret that he never visited the island.

The name of our friend was "Rags." He was a dog.

Rags died a good many years ago. We wrote a few lines to his memory one day. They may as well be quoted here, in his memory. After all, Rags would have been a lover of Nantucket:

To Rags.

"Rags" dead?
There's many a man could go and leave
A smaller place. You touched our hearts
And, in that touch, came very near
Our immortality.

You never faltered in your love,
Your heart was true when trials came,
You bore your share of all we bore
And thought it good if only we were by
To call your name.

We'll miss you, Rags, on winter nights
As you came in to find the fire
And looked, with sidewise glance, to see
If you were welcome there. You welcomed us
By day or night; our guests were yours,
Our friends. Shall you be less to us
Than they? Or live in shorter memory?

One spot upon the Flats will be
Forever yours and, though no flowers bloom
The grass you loved shall be your grave.

You'd ask no more for friendship past
Than this: The love of those you loved shall last.

Nantucket Not "Sunk" or Even in Peril

8/7/48

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

As a member of a family that has constantly improved island properties and that has attracted many acceptable people here, I am interested in the controversy about desirable and undesirable visitors. I cannot accept Bassett Jones' gloomy prediction that Coney Island is going to move 30 miles at sea. Nantucket is able to retain its charm despite the summer influx and could hardly exist, charming or otherwise, without that influx.

As a part of the United States, and a comparatively democratic part, Nantucket cannot bar visitors casual or otherwise. I'd like to know if those so interested in making this island exclusive would be willing to subsidize completely the natives who normally must depend for their livelihood upon the summer traffic, trippers and otherwise.

And how could we expect to get decent steamer service if travel were reserved only for those down for the season and not for the day, week-end or fortnight. Not even the State would support a line under such conditions.

No, Nantucket must make up its mind to remain a friendly, hospitable place, with open arms for those who appreciate or can grow to appreciate its unique delights.

If there is danger of the island turning Coney or Revere, let me point out that those teeming resorts did not get that way through abuse by the public in the first place. They became "undesirable" through exploitation by vulgar, unscrupulous, wholly commercial-minded persons.

Nantucketers will find (and most of them know) that the best way to keep our beloved island beautiful is to guard jealously against exploitation. If undesirables appear, you can't put them off forcibly, but if they try to buy their way in you can be careful to whom you sell your property. You can make sure that your town government remains constantly aware of its duty in barring licenses to dubious enterprises.

Those who are not wanted or who seek excitement that Nantucket does not care to provide will soon enough go elsewhere. Some of them might even be converted into desirables under Nantucket's subtle spell. At any rate, judging by this year's crowd, I cannot see any great peril. The prophets of doom ought to look at the brighter side of things and practice that tolerance for which true Nantucketers are famous.

Lawrence Dame.

* * * *

A. F. Bomber Station in nnounces the following re- t. Psaradelis: 7/8/44

al Sergeant James J. Psar- of Mr. and Mrs. Christy of Siasconset, has been vith the Air Medal, by order mmanding general, Eighth

nt Psaradelis is a top-turret gineer on a B-17 Flying and a veteran of many heavy issions over Germany and upied Europe. The citation companies the presentation oration reads:

exceptionally meritorious ent, while participating in combat missions over Ger- nd enemy-occupied Europe. rage, skill and coolness dis- by Technical Sergeant James adelis on these occasions re- eat credit upon himself and med forces of the United "

e joining the A. A. F. in 1941, employed as a landscape ar- and florist by his father. He ed and has a brother, Francis B. delis, serving with the Marine in the South Pacific.

There

7/6/44

The Sea boatloads larger a men, w from Mai from the and down tennis ba courts; t its kalaid brellas; the fenc set are full of of shop the ligh the bat from t time m of dish restaur lunch-

You and ne chimin hear t cobble whistl round

The see t have what view will

N

F ahe hol an sh ra a

Hospital Ship "Naushon" Plying tween France and England.

1-44

fantrymen wounded in the fight- on the beach-head in France were rned to England on a hospital which was formerly the steamer ashon of the island steamboat line. geant Robbins, of Falmouth, tes home that he got quite a thrill en he found he was placed aboard Naushon, a craft that had been miliar to him during the years when plied the island route.

he Naushon is now a floating hos- al, painted white with a large red oss on each side of her hull. She rries a complete staff of physicians, rgeons and nurses; has modern perating rooms and emergency quipment, with accommodations for aking care of a large number of pa- ients. The boat plies between the ridgehead in France and ports in England.

There is Nothing Like An Island.

7/15/44

No. 21

To a Friend Who Never Saw Nantucket (Contd.)

We have, more than once, pictured ourselves walking across the moors of Nantucket with our friend R.

Up Main and along Pleasant Street we would have walked together very much as usual. Occasionally R. would have been a few steps ahead of us getting a first glimpse around a corner, or a few steps behind as he would stop to examine, more closely, a fence or a doorstep. But, once the moors opened up we would resign ourselves to the erratic habit of our friend of taking sudden side-trips off the beaten path.

We have often thought that R. got more out of an ordinary afternoon stroll than we did. For instance, R. had a peculiar interest in rabbits! He always seemed to want to follow them —to find where they lived. On a walk to Surfside you can well imagine this curiosity would have led him on many a detour, during which he, no doubt, would have discovered many a hidden bunch of heather unseen by anyone sticking to the road.

On a round trip walk to Surfside, R. would easily have covered two miles to our one. During a summer R. would have discovered far more of Nantucket than we. We still regret that he never visited the island.

The name of our friend was "Rags." He was a dog.

Rags died a good many years ago. We wrote a few lines to his memory one day. They may as well be quoted here, in his memory. After all, Rags would have been a lover of Nantucket:

To Rags.

"Rags" dead?
There's many a man could go and leave
A smaller place. You touched our hearts
And, in that touch, came very near
Our immortality.

You never faltered in your love,
Your heart was true when trials came,
You bore your share of all we bore
And thought it good if only we were by
To call your name.

We'll miss you, Rags, on winter nights
As you came in to find the fire
And looked, with sidewise glance, to see
If you were welcome there. You welcomed us
By day or night; our guests were yours,
Our friends. Shall you be less to us
Than they? Or live in shorter memory?

One spot upon the Flats will be
Forever yours and, though no flowers bloom
The grass you loved shall be your grave.

You'd ask no more for friendship past
Than this: The love of those you loved shall last.

THE HOBBY SHOP
Phone 316
Mrs. Fred J. Martin (Prop.)
For Room Reservations Call

* * * * *

The A. A. F. Bomber Station in England announces the following regarding Sgt. Psaradelis: 7/8/44

"Technical Sergeant James J. Psaradelis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Christy Psaradelis, of Siasconset, has been decorated with the Air Medal, by order of the commanding general, Eighth AAF.

"Sergeant Psaradelis is a top-turret gunner-engineer on a B-17 Flying Fortress, and a veteran of many heavy bomber missions over Germany and enemy-occupied Europe. The citation which accompanies the presentation of his decoration reads:

"'For exceptionally meritorious achievement, while participating in bomber combat missions over Germany and enemy-occupied Europe. The courage, skill and coolness displayed by Technical Sergeant James J. Psaradelis on these occasions reflect great credit upon himself and the armed forces of the United States.'"

Before joining the A. A. F. in 1941, he was employed as a landscape architect and florist by his father. He is married and has a brother, Francis B. Psaradelis, serving with the Marine Corps in the South Pacific.

There is Nothing Like An Island.

7/1/44

The Season's On!

The Season's on! The week-end boatloads of summer visitors are larger and larger. Voices of men, women, boys and girls from Maine, Montana, Idaho, Texas, from the west and the south, echo up and down Main street; the "ping" of tennis balls is heard on the Yacht Club courts; the bathing beach has sprouted its kalaidescopic summer crop of umbrellas; the wild-roses are pink along the fences; the million roses of 'Sconset are a-bloom; the hotel porches are full of chairs and the stores are full of shoppers; the moors shimmer in the light of the summer sun; there is the babble of voices, hurrying back from the morning swim to the noon-time meal; and there is the rattling of dishes in the kitchens of tea-rooms, restaurants and hotels, cottages and lunch-wagons.

You hear greetings of old friends and new acquaintances; you hear the chiming of the Town Clock bell; you hear the clap-clap of horses on the cobblestones of Main street and the whistle of the noon and evening boats, rounding the Point.

The long-time visitors to the Island see the same, old familiar scenes that have made Nantucket mean to them what it does and the new-comers see views they have never seen before and will never forget.

Nantucket has its welcome for all.

From now on there are busy days ahead for the sun, stars and tides; hollyhocks and beach-plums; sea-gulls and sand-pipers; buoys and bell-hops; shopkeepers and sailboat captains; ration-point experts and real-estate agents!

Here's Hail! and Good Luck! to Nantucket and the Season of 1944!

We'll be with you soon!

Paull Hayden

College Point, N. Y.

7-1-44

Hospital Ship "Naushon" Plying Between France and England.

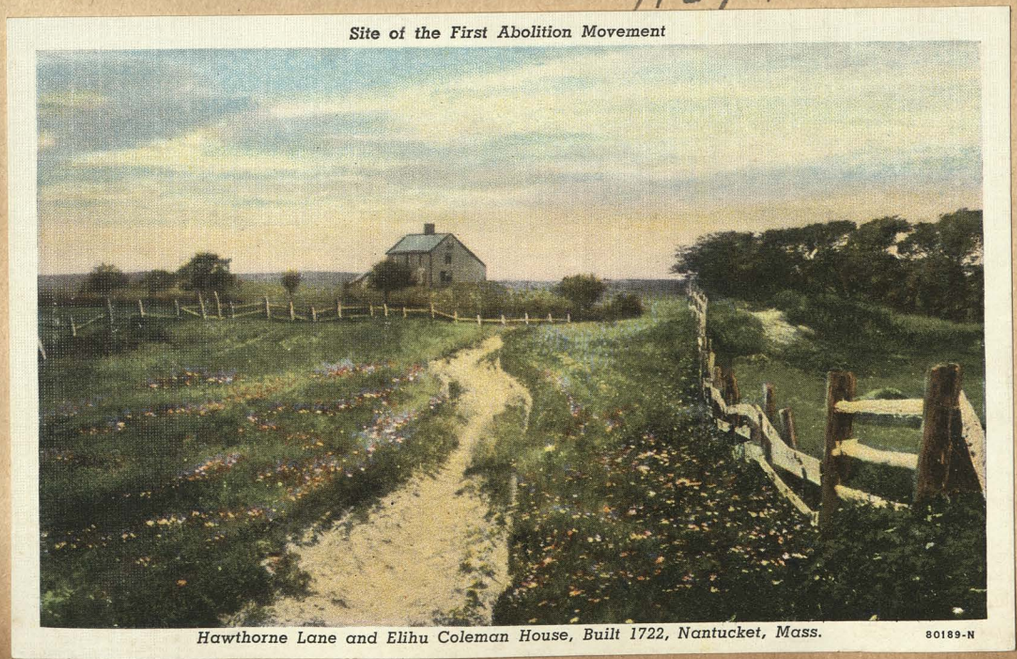
Infantrymen wounded in the fighting on the beach-head in France were returned to England on a hospital ship which was formerly the steamer Naushon of the island steamboat line. Sergeant Robbins, of Falmouth, writes home that he got quite a thrill when he found he was placed aboard the Naushon, a craft that had been familiar to him during the years when she plied the island route.

The Naushon is now a floating hospital, painted white with a large red cross on each side of her hull. She carries a complete staff of physicians, surgeons and nurses; has modern operating rooms and emergency equipment, with accommodations for taking care of a large number of patients. The boat plies between the bridgehead in France and ports in England.

A wise man, holds himself in check,
Fools & ports, run ahead,
One must be credulous,
Or sit, forever, with the living dead

A wise man, shuts the door at night
And draws the bolts, & drops the bars,
One must go trustful, thro' the night,
To earn the friendship of the stars.

6/16/44

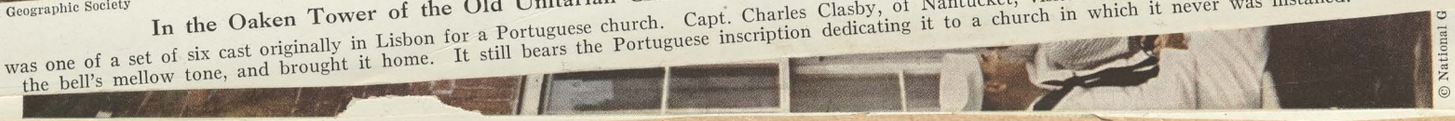


Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

© National Geographic Society

In the Oaken Tower of the Old Unitarian Church Hangs the Lisbon Bell, Gift of a Sea Captain

The bell was one of a set of six cast originally in Lisbon for a Portuguese church. Capt. Charles Clasby, of Nantucket, visited the foundry in 1812, was charmed by the bell's mellow tone, and brought it home. It still bears the Portuguese inscription dedicating it to a church in which it never was installed.



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Nantucket Bathers May Plunge into the Atlantic's Surf, or Swim in the Still Waters off the North Shore Cliffs

This public beach fronts the ocean on the north side of the island, which lies 25 miles below Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Nearest land to the east is Europe; to the south, the West Indies. In colonial days many Nantucketers were better acquainted with Europe and South America than with their own mainland.

© National Geographic Society Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

Where Nantucketers Once Made Sperm-oil Candles, They House Precious Whaling Relics

One room is filled with century-old implements and weapons brought back by whalers from the South Seas, where their grandsons and great-grandsons today are fighting the Japs. In 1842 this tiny island was the largest whaling port in the world. Her Quaker seamen sailed the Pacific from Australia to above the Arctic Circle.

© National Geographic Society

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Gaily Colored Catboat Sails Flash in the Sun as Nantucket's Rainbow Fleet Scoots Across the Starting Line

Many [illegible] in the armed forces around the world are finding useful the lessons in seamanship and [illegible] handling they learned here. Normally,

© National Geographic Society

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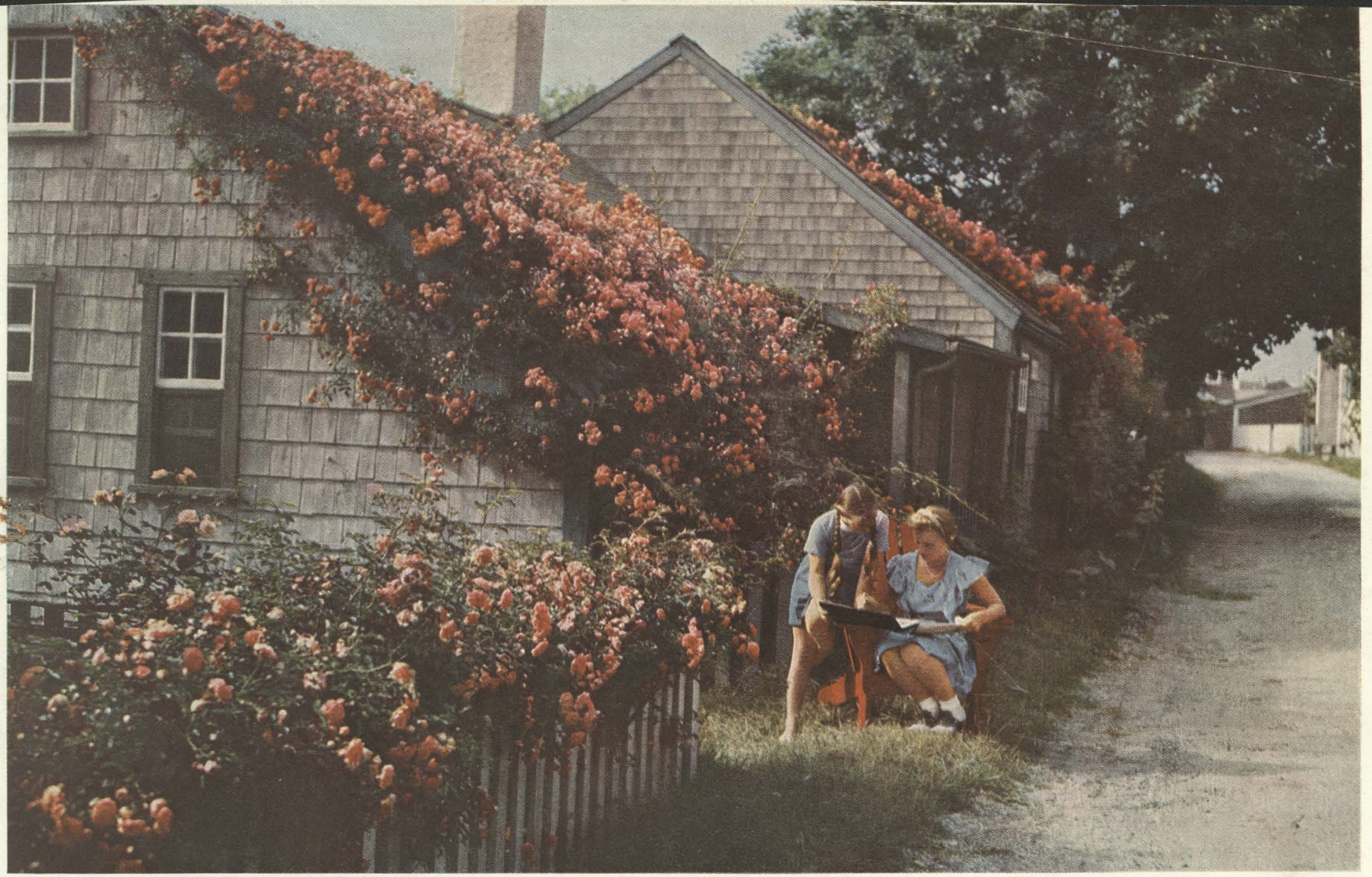
Since 1850, Sankaty Head Lighthouse Has Warned Mariners of Nantucket's Treacherous Reefs and Shoals

The light, 166 feet above the water, on the eastern shore of the island, flashes a white beam of 720,000 candlepower, visible 22 miles at sea. Near here the "CQD" message of the sinking *Republic* was picked up in 1909—first celebrated use of wireless in saving life at sea.



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Once the Homes of Humble Fisherfolk, Sconset's Tiny, Rose-covered Cottages Now Shelter Fashionable Summer Guests

George Fawcett, Marie Dressler, DeWolf Hopper, and other stage celebrities "discovered" Siasconset, at the eastern tip of Nantucket, about 1900. For many years it was a theatrical colony. One lane was named Broadway. Still a refuge of Spartan simplicity, its only concessions to modern recreation are a casino and golf course.

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Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

From Ship Figureheads to Carved Oddities, Nantucket's Antiques Smack of the Sea

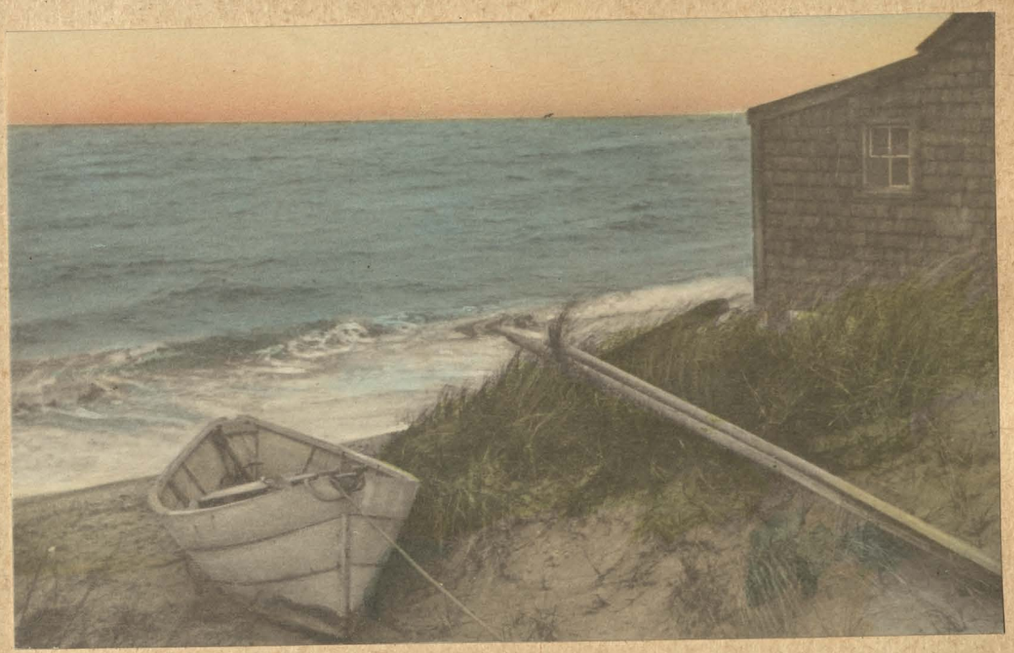
Collectors' items from all parts of the world are displayed, but most of them came into the shops directly from old island houses. Sailors brought them home at the height of the whaling era. Then it was not unusual for little girls to play with dolls found for them by their fathers in the Gilbert and Solomon Islands.

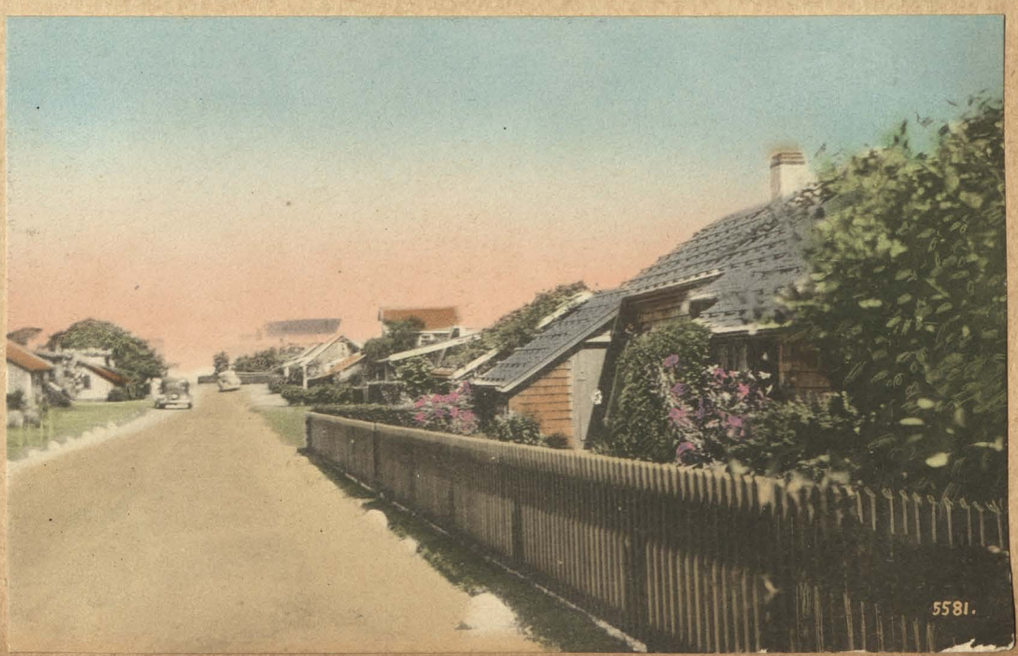
© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

Motto of Nantucket's Famous "Wharf Rats" Is "No Seats Reserved for the Mighty"

Members gather informally about the stove in the fishermen's store of Herbert Coffin (with pipe), on Old North Wharf, and spin yarns. There are no dues, no initiations, no rituals. President Roosevelt is a member. Capt. Robert Bartlett has flown the Wharf Rat emblem in the Arctic, Adm. Richard Byrd in the Antarctic.

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of dogs

[illegible]	Edgewood Bob	F. Dale	Killed on Guy Park Ave. about 1918 came in 1914
2nd	Bantam Sammy	N. Y. Kennels	came in 1918 Poisoned 1919
3rd	Duke	Haverall	Trim ears, came in 1920 Killed on Market St. 1922
4th	Ty Cobb 1st	Rickets & flop ears.	Came in 1923 Killed on Grant Ave. in Nov. 1925 (cottage)
5th	Ty Cobb 2nd "Golf Ty"	Berce of Springfield	Came in 1926 Killed in Sconset 7/1 1939
6th	Ty Cobb 3rd (Lew's dog)	Ideal Kennels	Came on ~~August~~ July 19 1939 Killed Sconset Sept. 11-14 1940
7th	Ty Cobb 4th	Ideal Kennels	Came Sept. 12, 1940 Born July 3, 1940

until I see him. He seems to know just where the balls are usually lost on each hole, as he never bothers looking for a ba along a hole which does not have rough. During his golf care he has found, I imagine six or seven hundred golf balls or so on an average of six to nine balls each time he goes around, he very seldom marks them up with his teeth. He stands pe still on the putting greens as he seems to know what to do serving the other players and does the same thing. I nev

October 28, 1937

Ty is quite a golf dog and has a host of friends on both his home course and the Sankaty Head Golf Course at Siasconset, who admire him for his knowledge of the game, customs, etiquette, apparently the rules of golf and for his unassuming and friendly habits. While following a foursome on the golf course, Ty is really a character and has followed me in various games over a period of about twelve years during which time he has picked up a real knowledge of golf and knows how to act according to golf etiquette in going around with the foursome. He will never walk past one who is playing a shot and will stand perfectly still opposite the player until all have played and then move along with the foursome. He will not touch a ball on the fairways, but after the foursome starts along, he begins to hunt along the rough or in the woods or bushes along the course and when he finds a ball he will bring it out to me on the course. He finds the golf balls mostly by scent and when he finds one he will pick it up and will bring it out and stand still with it on the fairway until I see him. He seems to know just where the balls are usually lost on each hole, as he never bothers looking for a ball along a hole which does not have rough. During his golf career he has found, I imagine six or seven hundred golf balls or so, on an average of six to nine balls each time he goes around, a he very seldom marks them up with his teeth. He stands perf still on the putting greens as he seems to know what to do b serving the other players and does the same thing. I never

to instruct or teach him in any way regarding his actions on the links. He has never been known to touch a ball on the fairway, except in one instance and that was when another member drove through our foursome, his ball coming up to us after we had played our second shot ahead toward the green. Ty had seen our four balls go ahead up the fairway, but I saw him looking back at the fifth ball slightly behind us on the fairway and then ahead again to our four balls on the fairway farther along. He could not quite figure out why this fifth ball should be there and he finall turned around and picked it up and brought it up to me. Another time he was busily engaged in pulling out a small log which was embedded in the bottom of a creek right next to the tee where we were driving off. He had some trouble in getting this loose and made quite a comotion but as each member of the foursome got up to drive his ball, Ty stood perfectly still in the water up to hi neck watching and desisting operations until the shot had been played. One of the unique things he did last summer was when I was practicing pitching balls to the green 100 yards away with a mashie, with about fifty balls, Ty laid on the green watching th shots strike the green, when one of the balls went into a trap a side of the green, whereupon Ty got up and went down in the tra and brought up the ball and dropped it on the green with the re of the balls. Another time a shot was played off the tee by of our players and it sliced about two hundred yards off into wood. Ty saw this shot and the flight of the ball and after others had driven he immediately went to the spot in the wood disappeared and by the time we had reached the green he was with the ball with the player's initials on it. Ty alway

the extreme edge of the putting greens when the foursome were getting their puts off, watching each put with the greatest of interest as they went towards the hole. One day his attention was distracted as he was watching me getting ready to put from the opposite edge of the green and when he had looked back to where I was, I had picked up my ball, however in the meantime. Not seeing the ball on the green, he apparently gave me credit for having hold the put, as he got up and walked over to the hole and looked down in it for the ball. He lost one of his eyes about four years ago and the other one has a cataract on it which now in the latter years of his life makes him almost blind, but does not hinder him in finding of balls which he does with the aid of his sensitive nos as I noticed him running along the edge of the course until suddenl he stops with his nose in the air and then goes in the bushes and starts digging after the ball if it is covered up. The man on the bench with the white shirt is his owner and the gentleman sitti by me is Mr. Gene Byrnes, the well known cartoonist and author of "Reg'lar fellers."

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING NANTUCKET.

Village of Sconset was started about 1758. (See "Nantucket Landowners")

Sachem deed in 1691.

Quidnet was started before 1700. (See"Nantucket Landowners")

Quidnet deeded in 1687. Means "At the point".

Sesachacha Village was built in 1676? (From argument settlers)

Sachacha in existance for 140 years.

The last house moved to Sconset in 1820.

Many houses built in Sconset in 1830.

Nantucket Island discovered in 1602 by Gosnald at Sankaty Head.

Indian population was 1500.

Was settled in 1659 by Macy family and Ed. Starbuck and Isaac Coleman.

Indians reduced to 700.

Flagg lots on Sankaty Bluff laid out in 1883.

Sconset pump dug in 1776.

Nantucket started as summer resort in 1872.

S. H. S. arrived 1879.

The Atlantic House was in Sconset in 1848.

Sankaty Light opened in 1850.

Whaleling started to decline in 1843.

Casino opened in 1900.

Golf club in 1921.

Ocean View Hotel torn down in 1919.

Siasconset means "Near the great bone."

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Sachacha deeded by Sachem in 1682 to Richard Gardner.

Means "Rattlesnake Hill".

Sankaty deed in 1691. Means "Cool Hill".

John Swain House at Polpus and The Horseshoe House "Oldest House" were built about 1690.

Practically all houses on Nantucket were built after 1717.

Elihu Coleman House built in 1724.

Crispus Gardiner House on Pleasant St. was built 1745. Built by Jonathan Folger, conveyed to his son-in-law, Stephen Chase in 1745 and owned by his decendents ever since. Gardiner married Marg. Chase, daughter of Stephen, who conveyed to their daughter, Lydia, wife of Cyrus Hussey, who conveyed to their daughter, Margaret Cary. Home of Cyrus Hussey, who wrote The Mutiny of the "Globe" and from which he departed to go on that voyage in 1821.

Nantucket means "The Land Far Off At Sea".

Nantucket Has Ex[tra] Vacati[on]

From the Bost[on]

Nowhere in America [can] be found a more perfect setting, historically or architecturally, for the complete enjoyment of your vacation than on Nantucket Island.

Once a great whaling center, Nantucket has retained the salty flavor of a Colonial seaport. It is still rich in the traditions of men who sailed the seven seas in search of whale oil, men whose portraits, journals, tools and souvenirs of far lands are preserved in Nantucket's museums, men who came back to the "Little Grey Lady" to build lasting and fitting monuments to a colorful area.

With riches won from the sea, they built handsome mansions, charming "saltbox" homes on the winding and cobbled streets of their beloved island town, streets that still retain the quiet dignity thase hardy seamen bestowed on them.

Starting with the first settlement at Sherburne in 1673, Nantucket has grown simply and informally, has retained to this day the atmosphere of forthrightness and peace, even the characteristic grayness of its Quaker beginnings; has lived to become a charming [illegible] of contentment for

Great stretches of moorland were originally the common property of the island's inhabitants....used chiefly for sheep pasturage....and known as The Commons. Here, from shore to shore, over Saul's Hills and into the lowlands of the cranberry bogs, is a panorama of purple heather, green bayberry shrubs, scrub oak, huckleberry, holly, pine, cedar and a profusion of wild flowers, a sun and wind-swept land of constant contrast and ever-retreating objectives that seem limitless miles from the hurly-burly of city pavements.

Hard dirt roads crisscross the moors [illegible] direction, and one can drive [illegible] a new and in-

[illegible] repot [illegible]

89 cents failed to produce sales in Bluefield, West Va. Alin Austin offered new one dollar bills for 89 cents as a means of advertising his new store. Most people thought there was a catch in it and business was reported as "pretty slow". Some of the hard-to-please customers complained that a dollar isn't worth 89

An effort to sell one dollar bills for [illegible] U S work for five

One-fourth of all of the municipal

The coal miners' walk-out cost the nation 53,400,000 tons of coal and the many tons of steel that a normal supply of coal would have produced.

The nation's largest Indian reservation of 16 million acres, occupied by the Navajo Indians, is located in New Mexico.

Land is fertile.

More than half the area of Russia is forest, nearly one-fifth is desert and only one-eighth of the remaining

live to be between 200 and 300 years.

[illegible] and giant tortoise, it is claimed, [illegible] goose, parrot, [illegible] antiquities

Held "International Party."

A party of considerable interest and enjoyment was held on Monday evening at the Sankaty Head Golf Club. Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt H. Merriam, of Sankaty Road, 'Sconset, arranged the affair, inviting many of their friends to join in a summer get-together. Announcement of the party was made in a rather novel way —Judge Merriam sending around a "town crier" several days before, who presented "summonses" to the guests. Many amusing acknowledgements were sent in reply and acceptance to these unusual invitations.

The dining room of the Club was fitted up as an entrance hall, and the lounge was turned into the dining room. Musicians and costumes were flown in from Boston. The "international" aspect of the affair was created through the variety of the foods served.

Among the guests present were: Mrs. Robert Atkins, Mrs. Malvern-Hall Barnum, Miss Sally Boyce, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beinecke, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beinecke, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Byrnes, Mrs. Emory Buckner, Mrs. Charles Boissevain, Mrs. John T. Brush, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Chittenden, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Collins, Sr., Walter Collins, Jr., Mrs. Kathleen Cunningham, Col. and Mrs. Fred Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Selden Daume, Miss Agnes Everett, Mrs. Natalie Gates, Col. C. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Grout, Mr. and Mrs. C. Raymond Hanlon, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hecker, Sr., Miss Betty Hurlock, Jack Hodges, Mrs. Louis Hoster, Mr. and Mrs. Regan Hughston, Capt. and Mrs. Booth McKinney, Mr. and Mrs. Leeds Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newman, William Newman, Robert O'Connor, General and Mrs. Conger Pratt, Albert Porter, Clifford Olsen, W. Schoentzeler, Col. Roderick Tower, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Cupancy, Mrs. Ford Wallick, Mrs. James Whitelaw, Col. and Mrs. Livingston Watrous, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Wood.

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In one of Nantucket's old-time horse-drawn surreys,—in a luxurious motor car, if you prefer—or afoot, if you enjoy leisurely, stimulating walks —view the aristocratic mansions that whale oil built—the lovely shingled houses, snug in their pleasant gardens, that line the winding lanes—the busy and always interesting wharves —the broad, richly colored moors—the historical monuments—the majestic marine views.

At least once each summer, for the benefit of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital, many of the island's oldest and most interesting homes are opened to the public.

Indeed, wherever you look,—there are always fascinating scenes that transport the beholder back to the days when the United States of America was but a dream.

The Nantucket Historical Society has preserved enough of the past so that visitors can readily reconstruct in their minds the exciting period of early days. You will visit the Historical Museum which also houses the Old Quaker Meeting House, the Whaling Museum, the Old Mill and the Old Jail.

On Nantucket, old New England has retained her full rich flavor and simplicity. Only on an island—30 miles at sea—just inaccessible enough today to save it from being overrun with modernity—could have been preserved the simple beauty, the rugged architecture and handicraft, the homelike, hospital atmosphere of Colonial America.

Only on such an island as Nantucket—and there is no other island like Nantucket—can be found the sun-drenched moors, the ocean-washed, health-giving air, the miles and miles of silver beaches, the vastness of the sparkling water.

On Nantucket are maintained the olorful traditions of a long gone steryear, the treasured antiquities ...o centuries, bl... -day heart... with the tempo of present... ful outdoor recreation and relaxation.

Here the "curfew" still rings out at nine o'clock on summer evenings.... Here the grass grows between the ancient cobblestones of Main street, for life is like that for the vacationist on the island of Nantucket.

But in the up-to-date services, modern accommodations for pleasant living, ready availability of sports and entertainment for the guest from "the Continent", Nantucket leaves nothing to be desired. Nantucket provides the newest of the new both in spirit and in fact. Here, in every taste and purse are all the facilities of modern living.

In addition to Nantucket town, there are lovely and interesting communities at Siasconset, Wauwinet, Madaket, Polpis, Monomoy, Quidnet and Surfside. Motor car or bicycle trips may be arranged to all of these historic places. Nantucketers who act as guiides have rich stores of legend and fact. Fine scenery everywhere.

On a bluff, overlooking the sea in the direction of Spain, is the beautiful village called 'Sconset. Once the rendezvous of island fishermen it later became the most famed theatrical resort in America and is today a delightful garden spot of summer homes. You will be charmed by the narrow streets, the miniature houses of surprising roominess, the colorful gardens. The 'Sconset Casino is the center of summer social life. There are two golf courses close to 'Sconset and a broad beach where you may enjoy the charging surf.

Here is a spot designed to charm the outdoor lover. Wauwinet rests between the quiet waters of Nantucket harbor and surf-pounded beaches of the Atlantic, offering a pleasant choice to all bathing tastes. Sailing facilities are second only to Nantucket. Wauwinet has a fine hotel and casino which add much to the gaiety of life in the colony.

Great stretches of moorland were originally the common property of the island's inhabitants....used chiefly for sheep pasturage....and known as The Commons. Here, from shore to shore, over Saul's Hills and into the lowlands of the cranberry bogs, is a panorama of purple heather, green bayberry shrubs, scrub oak, huckleberry, holly, pine, cedar and a profusion of wild flowers, a sun and wind-swept land of constant contrast and ever-retreating objectives that seem limitless miles from the hurly-burly of city pavements.

Hard dirt roads crisscross the moors in every direction, and one can drive or cycle for miles on a new and interesting country side.

Nantucket excels in offering exhilarating sports and every good recreation under ideal conditions of climate and terrain. Clean, blue waters, salty and buoyant, tempered to a mild 74 degrees by the friendly gulf stream, make Nantucket an ideal bathing resort for all from year-old babies to octogenerian invalids. There are two well-equipped, broad, white-sand beaches on beautiful Nantucket Sound (no surf), where a gay bathing society gathers; a children's beach on the shore of the sheltered harbor, within a stone's throw of the steamer wharf; and, in addition, over 80 miles of sandy coastline for informal swimming and sunbathing; surf bathing at 'Sconset, Wauwinet and South Head, glorious, stimulating salt water throughout the length and breadth of Nantucket with "still" and surf bathing to suit your fancy.

Held "International Party."

A party of considerable interest and enjoyment was held on Monday evening at the Sankaty Head Golf Club. Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt H. Merriam, of Sankaty Road, 'Sconset, arranged the affair, inviting many of their friends to join in a summer get-together. Announcement of the party was made in a rather novel way —Judge Merriam sending around a "town crier" several days before, who presented "summonses" to the guests. Many amusing acknowledgements were sent in reply and acceptance to these unusual invitations.

The dining room of the Club was fitted up as an entrance hall, and the lounge was turned into the dining room. Musicians and costumes were flown in from Boston. The "international" aspect of the affair was created through the variety of the foods served.

Among the guests present were: Mrs. Robert Atkins, Mrs. Malvern-Hall Barnum, Miss Sally Boyce, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beinecke, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beinecke, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Byrnes, Mrs. Emory Buckner, Mrs. Charles Boissevain, Mrs. John T. Brush, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Chittenden, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Collins, Sr., Walter Collins, Jr., Mrs. Kathleen Cunningham, Col. and Mrs. Fred Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Selden Daume, Miss Agnes Everett, Mrs. Natalie Gates, Col. C. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Grout, Mr. and Mrs. C. Raymond Hanlon, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hecker, Sr., Miss Betty Hurlock, Jack Hodges, Mrs. Louis Hoster, Mr. and Mrs. Regan Hughston, Capt. and Mrs. Booth McKinney, Mr. and Mrs. Leeds Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newman, William Newman, Robert O'Connor, General and Mrs. Conger Pratt, Albert Porter, Clifford Olsen, W. Schoentzeler, Col. Roderick Tower, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Cupancy, Mrs. Ford Wallick, Mrs. James Whitelaw, Col. and Mrs. Livingston Watrous, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Wood.

"Lo here hath been dawning another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day is born:
Into eternity at night will return.

"Behold it aforetime no eye ever did:
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning another blue day,
Think wilt thou let it slip useless away?"

One hundred years ago, Nantucket had two excellent summer hotels in operation—the Ocean House in town and the Atlantic House in 'Sconset. Both hostelrys were well patronized by a lively group of summer-time enthusiasts. 8/16/48

A EULOGY

I love this place of mine
I love the ocean at my door
I love the golf course at the back
I love the little house itself.

For the strong pure air that envelopes it
For the sweet scent of the roses
For the little feathered friends that hover near
For the dear little pond for gold fish.

And for the lovely fields of bayberry and wild rose
That hold it close to their bosom
For the graceful shrubs and plants
That the moors and swamps have sent me as guests
For the bold and rugged bluff which guards it all.

I give humble and hearty thanks
And am at peace and content.

'Sconset 10/2/43

SHOW THE FLAG

Show the flag and let it wave
As a symbol of the brave:
Let it float upon the breeze
As a sign for each who sees
That beneath it, where it rides,
Loyalty to-day abides.

Show the flag and signify
That it wasn't born to die:
Let its colors speak for you
That you still are standing true,
True in sight of God and man
To the work that flag began.

Show the flag that all may see
That you serve humanity
Let it whisper to the breeze
That comes singing through the tree
That whatever storms descend
You'll be faithful to the end.

Show the flag and let it fly,
Cheering every passer-by
Men that may have stepped aside,
May have lost their old-time pride,
May behold it there, and then,
Consecrate themselves again.

Show the flag: The day is gone
When men blindly hurry on
Serving only Gods of gold:
Now the spirit that was cold
Warms again to courage fine
Show the flag and fall in line.

10/1/47

Mrs. Stanley H. Swift

Elizabeth Kellogg, wife of Stanley H. Swift, died this morning at 3 o'clock at her home, 28 Grant Avenue.

A member of one of Amsterdam's pioneer families, Mrs. Swift was born in this city August 20, 1878, a daughter of George and Susan Chase Kellogg. Her maternal grandfather, Welcome U. Chase, was a leading citizen of early Amsterdam and her paternal grandfather, John Kellogg, was a successful industrialist of that time, being a foremost member of the oil production firm of Kelloggs & Miller.

She attended the Misses Bell's School here and was graduated from Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass., following which she attended Miss Ely's School in New York City. June 16, 1909, she was married to Stanley Holbrook Swift, Detroit, Mich.

As a young woman, Mrs. Swift figured prominently in the social life of Amsterdam but in late years she had taken little or no part in outside activities, dividing her time between her home here and the Summer home at Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Mass., where she and Mr. Swift spent several months of each year and from which she had just returned Sunday night. A woman of graciousness and charm, she was beloved by those close to her for her vivacity of spirit and generous nature and her death will bring a deep sense of loss to her many friends.

Mrs. Swift was a member of St. Ann's Episcopal Church.

Surviving besides her husband are one uncle, Lauren Kellogg, this city, and four cousins, Mrs. Robert G. Hankin, Lauren and John D. Kellogg, Amsterdam, and Mrs. George Strowbridge, Syracuse.

Died

SWIFT—October 1, 1947, Mrs. Stanley H. Swift. Funeral at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon at the home, 28 Grant Avenue, the Rev. William D. Orr officiating. Interment in Green Hill Cemetery. Omission of flowers is requested. Friends may call at the home after 1 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

THE HOME AT SCONSET

Write it down that here I labored,
Here I sang and laughed and neighbored:
Here's the sum of all my story,
Here's my fortune and my glory:
These four walls and friendly door
Mark the goal I struggled for.
Never mind its present worth,
Here's one hundred feet of earth
Where the passer-by can see
Every dream which came to me.

Write it down: my life uncloses
Here among these budding roses:
In this patch of lawn I've tended,
Here is all I've counted splendid:
Here's the goal that's held me true
To the tasks I've had to do.
Here for all the world to scan
Is my secret thought and plan:
Through the long years gone before,
This is what I struggled for.

Write it down, when I have perished:
Here is everything I've cherished:
That these walls should glow with beauty
Spurred my lagging soul to duty:
That there should be gladness here
Kept me toiling, year by year.
Here in phlox and marigold
Is my every purpose told:
Every thought and every act
Were to keep this home intact.

See O'ren = 'grudd'

DIED

Eve. + Mirror 12/11/47

In Amsterdam, New York, October 1, Elizabeth Kellogg Swift, wife of Stanley H. Swift. She was the granddaughter of the late John Kellogg, pioneer oil manufacturer. Mrs. Swift was a summer resident at 'Sconset for many years. Her husband is the only immediate survivor.

To Boss

12/28/44